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PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

10¢

AUGUST



DY GARLAND

WO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

CAN'T PRINT THAT ABOUT HOLLYWOOD! By Dorothy Kilgallen

When comfort means so much



- Put *comfort* on your shopping list. Write down the name "Modess."
- You'll soon appreciate the difference Modess Sanitary Napkins can make in your comfort. For inside the snowy white surgical gauze covering of Modess is a filler so airy-light, and downy-soft that we've named it "fluff." Fluff is very *different* from the filler found in most other napkins.
- And because fluff is so *soft* and *gentle*, there's nothing quite like Modess for comfort. You'll find Modess is wonderfully safe, too! Read why in the pamphlet inside every Modess package. You can buy Modess at your favorite store. It costs only 20¢ for a box of twelve napkins.





Even if your Face is not your Fortune—

HEARTS WILL SKIP.. if your Smile is Right!

Smiles gain sparkle when gums are healthy. Help keep your gums firmer with Ipana and Massage.

COMPLIMENTS and popularity—a solitaire for your finger—phone calls, dances and dates. Even without great beauty they're yours to win and possess. Just bring your *smile* to its *sparkling best* and eyes and hearts will open to you!

Beauty, you know, is only smile deep. A sparkling smile lights the plainest face—lends it priceless charm. Without one, the loveliest face is shadowed! *Help your smile.* Never forget—a smile, to be sparkling and attractive, depends largely on *firm, healthy gums.*

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush —make a date to *see your dentist* immediately. You may not be in for serious trouble—but let your dentist make the decision.

Very likely he'll tell you your gums are weak and tender because today's soft, creamy foods have robbed them of work and exercise. And, like thousands of modern dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Use Ipana and Massage

Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is especially designed to aid the gums to healthy firmness. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues —helping gums to healthier firmness.

Get an economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today. Help keep your smile charming, attractive, winning.



"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

Beauty Experts of 23 out of 24 leading magazines agree

Yes, of the nation's foremost beauty editors, representing 24 leading magazines, 23 agreed that a sparkling smile is a woman's most precious asset.

"Even a plain girl," they said, "takes on charm and glamour if her smile is bright and lovely. No woman can be really beautiful if her smile is dull and lifeless."

Start Today with

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR



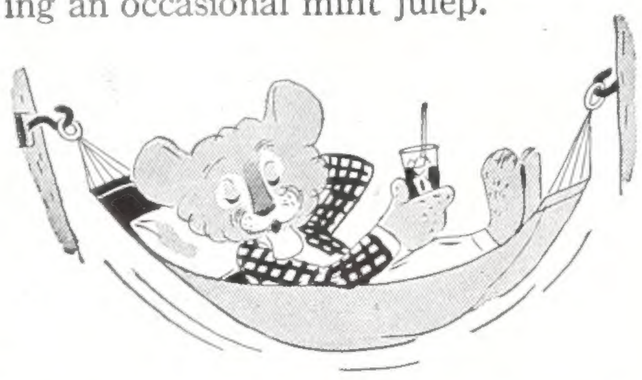
Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Boy, we're tired of the old high-pressure salesmanship. None of this hurry hurry hurry stuff for us.

★ ★ ★ ★

We're relaxing during the dog days. Swinging in our old hammock and taking an occasional mint julep.



Yes, we're willing to talk but campaigning is out. Our voice is soft, cooing, mellow.

★ ★ ★ ★

Especially since we're just going to drop a hint about two great films that are getting their final editing at those streamlined M-G-M studios.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Lady Be Good." One is an unusually gripping drama, the other an unusually rippling musical. Opposite, but twin, poles.

★ ★ ★ ★

Victor (GWTW) Fleming produced "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the famed Stevenson yarn. Of course, he had no talent to work with—only Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman and Lana Turner.



Director Fleming

★ ★ ★ ★

It is something to write home about, this Spencer Tracy interpretation. Or if you *are* at home, it's something to write away about. Mark our words.

★ ★ ★ ★

And "Lady Be Good." Nobody in that one either. Only Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Robert Young, Lionel Barrymore, John Carroll, Red Skelton, and Virginia O'Brien.



Norman (Comedy) McLeod has directed.

★ ★ ★ ★

We told you to mark our words about "Dr. Jekyll." Mark 'em as well about "Lady Be Good."

★ ★ ★ ★

We won't have to eat them.

★ ★ ★ ★

Even though we like alphabet soup.

—*Leo*

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

PHOTOPLAY combined with movie MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

HELEN GILMORE
Associate Editor

AUGUST, 1941
VOL. 19, NO. 3

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THE STAR-BRIGHT SONG-STUDDED HIT THAT'S MAKING *KISS*TORY

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

★ DON AMECHE
AND
★ MARY MARTIN
IN

"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"

(But they always come back for more)

★ WITH OSCAR LEVANT
★ CONNIE BOSWELL
★ AND ROCHESTER

—And wait till you hear Connie and those 20 Singing Secretaries sing "Sand in My Shoes"

"That's how I got my start"—sings Mary

"Ah sure wishes Mistah Benny could see me now"

It's musical, it's comical, it's romantic, it's everything to make you kiss the blues goodbye.

HEAR THESE HITS!

"SAND IN MY SHOES"
"I'LL NEVER LET A DAY PASS BY"
"FIND YOURSELF A MELODY"
"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"
"THAT'S HOW I GOT MY START"

Raymond Walburn • Virginia Dale • Barbara Allen • Elizabeth Patterson
Jerome Cowan • Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER • Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Dwight Taylor • Based on a Play by Clare Boothe

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

The SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



A fine, intellectually told movie: Geraldine Fitzgerald and James Stephenson in "Shining Victory"



Number one funny man in a number one picture: Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour in "Caught in the Draft"

✓ Shining Victory (Warners)

It's About: *The love story of a famous psychiatrist.*

RATHER heavy in pace, a bit slow in its unfolding while skirting dangerously over the foreboding topic of insanity, this nevertheless emerges a fine, intellectually told movie. Whether it will appeal to audiences favoring whoop-de-la is problematical, but for those who relish well-done, deeply thought out stories, this is a treat.

James Stephenson as the surly doctor advances his cause in the direction of stardom one long step further. Mr. Stephenson is not only a splendid actor but a possessor of great charm. We predict an avalanche of approval will roll over his head after this picture's release.

Geraldine Fitzgerald is so very good as his assistant. Barbara O'Neil, Donald Crisp, George P. Huntley, Jr., all fellow doctors in the Scotland asylum, are splendid.

We cannot recommend this excellent movie too heartily, providing you like different and quiet pictures.

Your Reviewer Says: A capable picture capably acted.

The Best Pictures of the Month

Blood and Sand — Shining Victory

Sunny — Billy The Kid

Caught in The Draft

Best Performances

Tyrone Power in "Blood and Sand"
Rita Hayworth in "Blood and Sand"
Linda Darnell in "Blood and Sand"

Anna Neagle in "Sunny"
Ray Bolger in "Sunny"

James Stephenson in "Shining Victory"
Geraldine Fitzgerald in "Shining Victory"

Bob Hope in "Caught in the Draft"

Robert Taylor in "Billy The Kid"

Abbott and Costello in "In the Navy"

✓ Caught in the Draft (Paramount)

It's About: *A movie actor who lands in the Army.*

BOB HOPE is the Hope of the motion-picture industry, no matter how bad the pun. He's the number one funny guy on the screen today and people somehow just laugh to be in tune with the infectious good humor of the lad who so obviously enjoys his role of clown.

The very idea of Bob, a spoiled movie actor who is afraid of loud noises, getting himself hornswoggled into the Army, is funny to begin with. By the time Bob gets through with the infantry, the tank corps, the parachute division and the potato peeling brigade, the fun has grown into a mess of plain old hysteria.

It could have been funnier but it needn't be to pack in the customers. Hope is just that good. Dorothy Lamour, the Colonel's daughter, is Bob's girl friend; Eddie Bracken and Lynne Overman, his pals. It's a picture that you won't want to miss.

Your Reviewer Says: A riot hits the Army.

(*Continued on page* 101)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 106

..."Kitty Foyle"...

..Academy Award...

..*and now*...The Picture of Her Dreams!

GINGER ROGERS





"TOM, DICK and HARRY"

with

Geo. Murphy
Alan Marshal
Burgess Meredith

R K O RADIO PICTURES

WE GUARANTEE
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN
A LOVE STORY LIKE IT!

Directed by GARSON KANIN
Produced by ROBERT SISK

Story and Screen Play by Paul Jarrico

Inside Stuff

All you'll know after reading this is the "Keep-It-Quiet" news that you don't find in the papers

BY CAL YORK



They're saying . . . that this is the guy who has Mickey Rooney tearing his hair. An intrepid soul, Bob Jolley takes out Linda Darnell, the Rooney's best girl, has a wonderful time at the Cocoanut Grove



They're saying . . . that these two bluebloods are taking a romantic detour on the Hollywood road. They're Cobina Wright Jr., N. Y. deb; Bob Stack, Los Angeles socialite

NEWS From the Heart Front: Judy Garland is expected to announce her engagement to Dave Rose any minute. While all Hollywood concedes Dave is a fine fellow, they definitely feel the difference in ages is a difficult handicap to overcome. Dave, the divorced husband of Martha Raye, is quite a bit older than Judy, who has just turned eighteen. Sentimental and romantically minded Judy has worked long and hard to reach stardom. Her studio feels marriage right now to an older man would jeopardize her career. . .

Since the marriage of Alice Faye and Phil Harris in Ensenada, Mexico, rumors are growing stronger and stronger that Lana Turner will announce her engagement to Alice's ex-husband, Tony Martin.

"No more elopements," Lana has promised, so we'll see. Lana's divorce from Artie Shaw will become final in September. . .

The newlyweds, Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, are living in a Beverly Hills apartment until their new home in Brentwood is completed. They couldn't be happier. . .

"No marriage," Priscilla Lane told us when we met her at the Warner lot recently. The romance stories between Priscilla and John Barry, young Victorville newspaper man, have been growing warmer in Hollywood these days. "Besides, John is leaving for an Army camp soon," Priscilla said, "so this is no time to talk marriage."

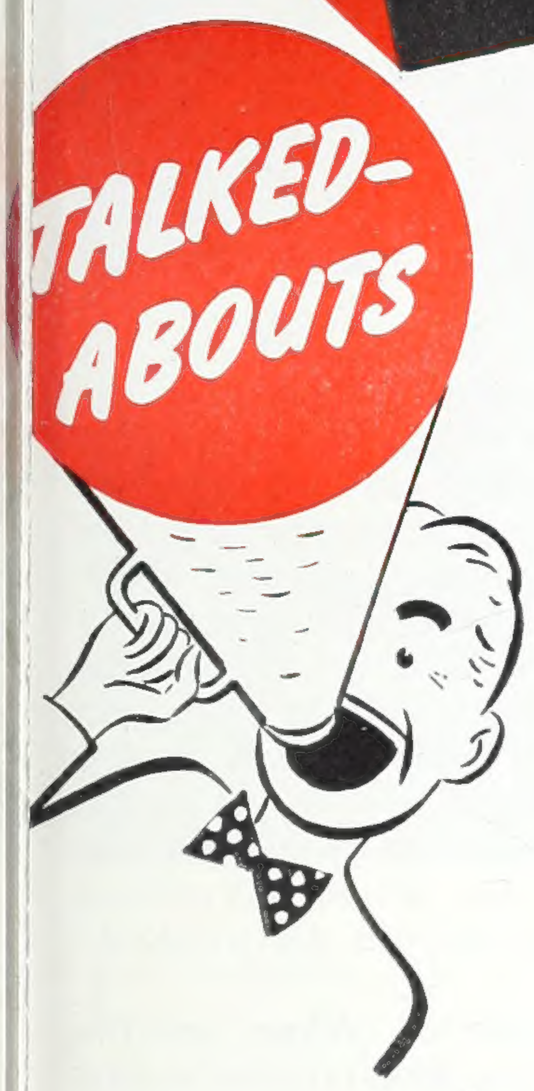
But mark you, Cal has long since given up any Nostradamus claims. We're no prophets where the heart is concerned.

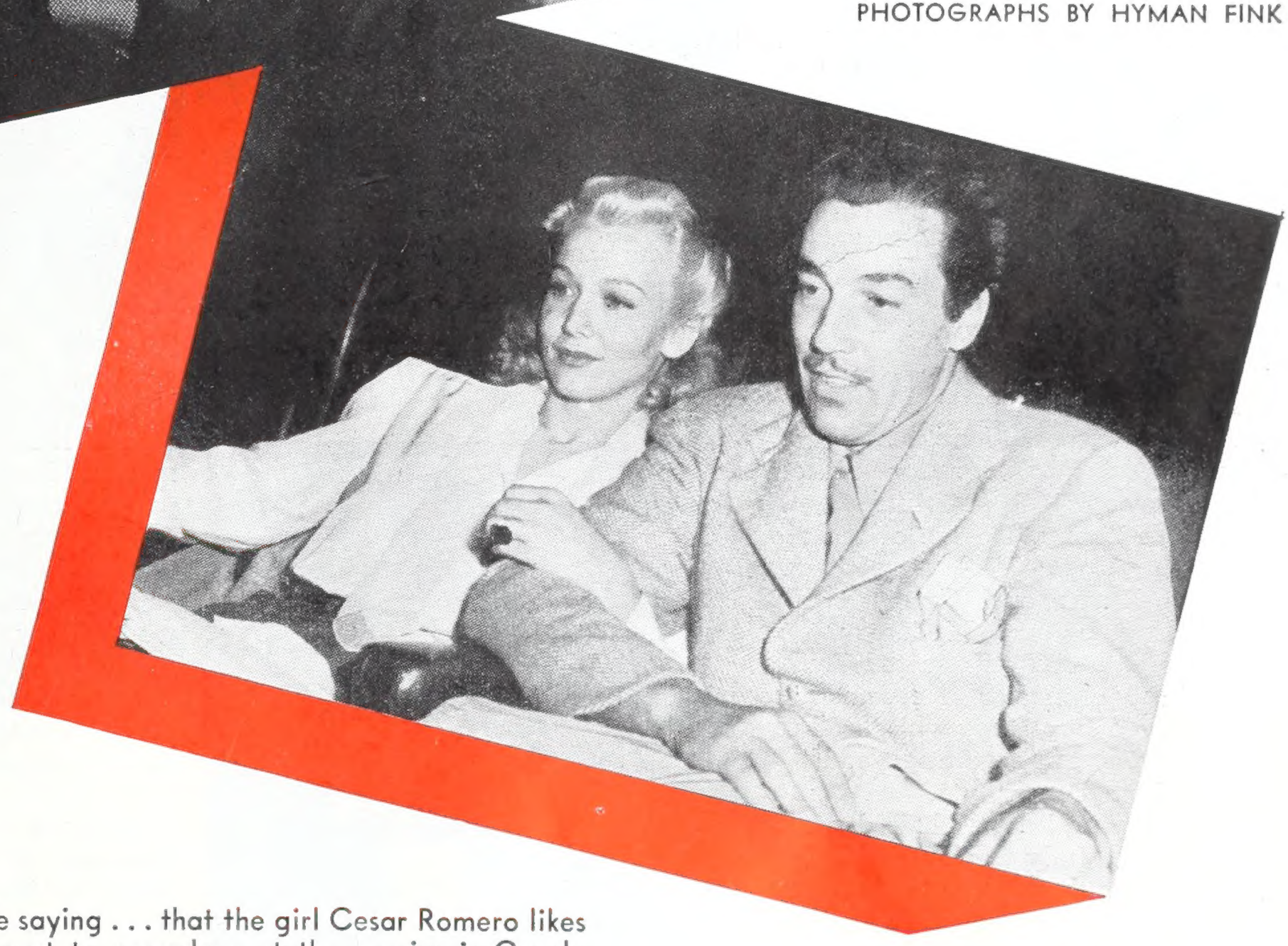
We only report the news as we get it. A lady can change her mind, you know. And some of them have, much to old Cal's embarrassment.



They're saying . . . that Ginger Rogers is a preferred name in French Jean Gabin's new English vocabulary. The way they look at the Rhum Boogie Club is the way they look any night at every night spot in Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK





They're saying . . . that the girl Cesar Romero likes to sit next to nowadays at the movies is Carole Landis, the pretty who used to date Franchot Tone

A Mystery—Solved: "What happened to Shirley Temple at M-G-M?" has been the question of the month in Hollywood. Such great plans had been made at the studio for the little star when the contract was recently signed. But before we knew it, Shirley, with no picture to her credit, was no longer at the studio. What had happened to all those plans for a big musical with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, the town wondered. Vague talk of a picture called "Kathleen" was hinted at and there the mystery stood.

Well, the answer is simple. When it came time for the tests, it was discovered Shirley had actually grown taller than the star, Mickey Rooney, and wham, the picture was dropped like a hot potato.

Shirley has now been signed by producer Edward Small, for (now hold on, everybody) a picture called, "*Little* Annie *Rooney.*" Shirley can't get away from the little Rooneys, it seems.

Events of the Month: Testimonials, slapstick frolics, previews and parties filled the month with exciting interludes.

The most fun since the Keystone Cops tore down Hollywood Boulevard was had at Milton Berle's old-fashioned swimming party held at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Clad in Gay Nineties bathing suits, the guests cavorted about as Grandma never did—we hope.

Judy Garland, who received a lovely gooey pie in her lovely young face, was the hit of the party. As long as boy friend David Rose threw the pies, it was okay with Judy.

Errol Flynn, Cesar Romero and that cute couple, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, were all over the place,

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Two "dress-alikes" who showed off sequins at Hollywood Guild's Red, White and Blue Ball at the Ambassador: Norma Shearer and Sylvia Fairbanks

with Joan Davis and Billy Gilbert furnishing the comedy relief—the relief from Berle's comedy, as Joan put it.

And hey there, Mickey Rooney! Bob Stack was most attentive to your girl friend, Linda Darnell. You should have been there, Mickey. . . .

Ten years in radio was the reason for Hollywood's biggest turnout to honor Jack Benny, the ace of the air funsters.

George Burns and Gracie Allen rivaled Bergen and McCarthy for sheer wit and everyone voted Rudy Vallee the best master of ceremonies to date. Even Bop Hope whispered to us, "Hey, that guy's getting good."

Praise from Caesar, yet.

Greer Garson, her red hair dressed in a long bob, Judy Garland with her tresses tied with a ribbon, the Gary Coopers and Tyrone Powers, Claudette Colbert and just about every star in the business were there to pay tribute to Jack and Mary. Even Jimmy Walker, former New York mayor, was on hand for the occasion. And, oh yes, Rochester had a better time than anyone there. For once he didn't have to worry about Carmichael, Jack's polar bear.

The Long and "The Shorts" of It: Hollywood dotes on feuds. If there isn't a feud around handy, you can bet they'll whip one up, just for the fun of it. At the moment the question of who first thought up shorts for evening wear—Joan Crawford or Paulette Goddard—has become an issue of vital importance between two factions in movie town.



Two who came to listen to Bing Crosby and a host of other celebrities go corny for charity were Mr. and Mrs. Jon Hall. She is Frances Langford



One who came to be a streamlined part of the oldtime burlesque lineup was Marie Wilson, who had the first ten rows cheering lustily

Two who came to buy peanuts from Henry Fonda, George Burns, Jack Benny and the other million-dollar butchers were Mr. and Mrs. John Payne



Joan's loyal adherents claim she originated the idea over a year ago and Paulette's clique claim the outlandish idea is her very own. To cinch matters, Paulette appeared at a formal party recently in sequin shorts, if you can bear up under it. (See page 108.)

Joan in New York is silent on the subject of Paulette's appearance. All we can say is, formal shorts, in our opinion, is the silliest idea yet and in the wrong hands, or should we say, on the wrong legs, would add nothing to our national defense. Or would it?

Who Is Fond of Whom at the Moment: Norma Shearer has a new beau in Baron Hubert Von Panz. Only Norma could make the graceful leap from George Raft to a Baron and make it seem logically simple. . . .

Joyce Hunter becomes the bride of Mischa Auer when he is legally free. . . .

Odd situation, that of the Auers', ladies, and one to ponder over. The minute Mrs. Auer grew svelte and smart, Mischa roamed from home. To further complicate the problem, Miss Hunter is smart and svelte, too.

Cal gives up. . . .

Folk out here claim Cesar Romero's attention to Carole Landis is only a cover-up for his real heart interest, socialite Priscilla Stillman. Despite the fact, Cesar and Mrs. Stillman, recently divorced in Reno, are seen dancing together at all the spots.

(*Continued on page* 10)



IF SOMEONE told you that you were guilty of halitosis (bad breath), you'd probably feel humiliated beyond words.

Unfortunately, friends do not tell you . . . the subject is too delicate. So you go blindly on, perhaps offending needlessly. Remember, halitosis is one of the commonest and most offensive conditions which anyone may have. Every woman should realize this threat and do something about it. Clever ones do so and their reward is an easier path to popularity. Wallflowers who overlook it can't complain if wallflowers they remain.

Take This Precaution

Instead of taking your breath for granted, remember that it may be "off color" and use Listerine Antiseptic every day as a mouth rinse. It is such an easy, delightful, and effective precaution . . . one which helps you to appear at your best socially or in business.

Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions, but most cases, say some authorities, are due to fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth, and gums. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath quickly becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

A Hint to Men

Men can be bad offenders in this matter, so if you adroitly suggest the use of Listerine Antiseptic to them, you'll be doing them a real favor.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



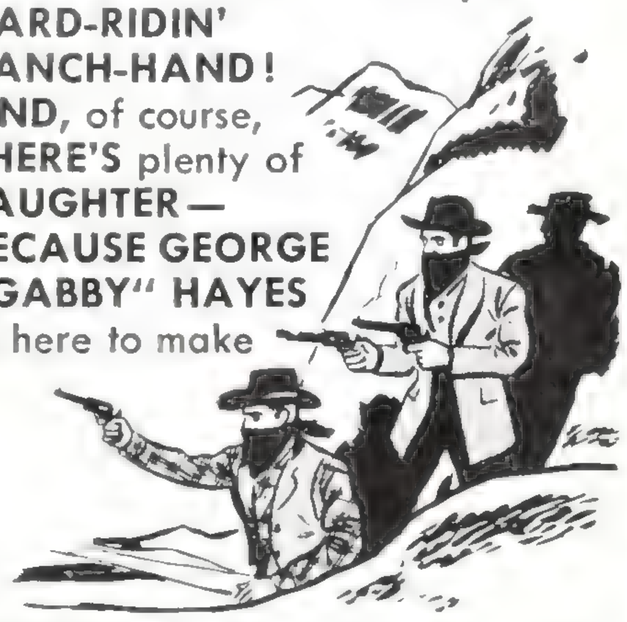
Let LISTERINE look after *your* breath

Straight-Shootin' Talk about a BIG PICTURE

"**NEVADA CITY**"... in the days **WHEN** that was where the law **STOPPED** and adventure began... **THAT'S** where **ROY ROGERS TAKES** you for his newest round-up



OF thrills, **ROMANCE** and **ACTION!** ride **WITH** Roy! This **DESERVEDLY POPULAR** Western **STAR** will take you **ON** a gallop that **WILL** make your **BLOOD** race **THROUGH** your **VEINS** with **EXCITEMENT! HE'LL** show you **RECKLESS** jousts **WITH** danger... **AND** then calm **YOUR** nerves as **HE** sings your **FAVORITE** songs, **BOTH** old and new, **IN** the fashion that **MADE** him famous...He'll bring you **ROMANCE**, too... for the heroine **OF** this tale is none other than **LOVELY SALLY PAYNE**—the **DREAM**-come-true of many a **HARD-RIDIN' RANCH-HAND! AND**, of course, **THERE'S** plenty of **LAUGHTER—BECAUSE GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES IS** here to make



YOU chuckle even while you hold **YOUR** breath in tense expectation **OF** the action-filled moments that **AWAIT** you at every turn with **ROY ROGERS** in "**NEVADA CITY**"...It's

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



Table talk with a Spanish accent and important government undertones: Norma Shearer and Vice Admiral Jose Machado de Castro e Silva of Brazil

. . . and Loretta Young with Vice Admiral Jose Guisasola of Argentina at the M-G-M luncheon for Latin-American naval chiefs

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*

(*Continued from page 8*)

Cesar loudly (methinks the lad protests too much) proclaims the fact he is Mr. Stillman's friend, too, and there is no romance between him and Priscilla. Besides, Cesar claims, all these rumors may lead to Mr. Stillman's doubting Cesar's true friendship.

Why do things out here have to get so complicated? Tell us WHY, oh, pretty please. . . .

Wayne Morris announces pretty Pat Stewart will become Mrs. Morris, Number Two. Number One was pretty Bubbles Schinasi.

How's Your Emotional Reaction, Lady? Do you know they are actually measuring the emotional kick in kisses in Hollywood? Yes, sir, Professor Joseph Cattron has invented a machine for measuring the—er—emotional reactions of a kiss, and they've tried it out on no less a person than Marlene Dietrich and young Bob Moore, a San Francisco State College lad. Zowie!

When the machine failed to register any emotion whatsoever for young Bob when kissed by the pretty co-eds of his school, the professor grew worried and brought both Bob and the machine to Hollywood to try it out with Dietrich.

The darn machine almost blew a fuse, Bob's reactions were so terrific.

Now, Dietrich says she's taken the machine home to try it out on—poor lamb—Jean Gabin.

Ooo-la-la-la.

Autographers Everywhere: Dorothy Lamour told us about an incident that happened recently while the star was vacationing at Arrowhead Springs. Early Sunday morning, Dorothy drove down to San Bernardino to church. A little girl in the seat ahead kept whispering to Dorothy for her autograph.



"Sh-h-h," Dorothy said, "I have no pencil."

Undaunted, the little girl leaned over and asked a well-dressed woman in the pew ahead for a pencil.

After church, Dorothy admonished the child, saying, "Aren't you ashamed asking Irene Dunne for a pencil in church?"

The child's mouth flew open. "Irene Dunne?" she gasped. "Say, if I'd known that was Irene Dunne I'd have borrowed a pencil from you to get her autograph."

Corporal James Stewart Reporting: All the trials and tribulations aren't confined to Army camps, Corporal James Stewart discovered recently on a week-end furlough home.

First, Jimmy had to spend most of his Saturday off at a luncheon where he delivered a speech on the spiritual and physical needs of the boys in camp. Sandwiched between generals, sailors and lieutenants (See picture on page 64) Jimmy stood up in the Biltmore Bowl where only a few weeks before he'd delivered a different sort of speech. On that occasion he'd accepted an Academy Award Oscar.

After the meeting Jimmy eventually made for his home in Brentwood, now occupied by his good friend, Burgess

Meredith. At the house, three dogs raced at him from several directions, barking, baring their teeth and blocking his path. Up on the roof sat a huge stuffed ape and over the door hung a sign, "Anti-War Headquarters."

Once inside, Jimmy discovered Meredith's tricks had backfired just a little, for the extra players hired by Burgess to litter the house had had such a long wait (Jimmy was detained) they and Meredith had imbibed freely and were feeling so-o-o good, no one wanted to leave.

That night he went out celebrating —no, not with Olivia de Havilland— but with one of his oldest friends —Henry Fonda.

Tidbits: The horn on Ginger Rogers' new car plays "The Old Oaken Bucket," if you can bear it. . . .

Men are rapidly becoming the best-dressed women in Hollywood. Jack Benny goes Gay Nineties in his female attire for "Charley's Aunt," Bill Powell goes ultramatronly in his feminine get-up for "Love Crazy," Bob Hope is too vampishly fetching in his marabou-trimmed negligee for "Nothing But The Truth" and Richard Carlson is a dream in his flannel nightgown for "The Little Foxes."

Cal Reflects: Beautifully arched eyebrows were lifted skyward over the recent court dispute between Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and Douglas Jr. concerning the amount of money due the widow each month from Douglas Sr.'s estate. . . .

Cinema town is becoming more and more curious over the "disappearance," as they term it, of Hedy Lamarr. On suspension from her studio



The pleasure was all his: Captain Julio Diez Arguelles y Fernandez Castro of Cuba, gets assigned table duty next to Marlene Dietrich at the M-G-M luncheon to the visiting chiefs of the Naval General Staffs of Latin America

Guard your Charm all Day

with quick, convenient Mum



WHAT IS MUM? Mum is a creamy deodorant that prevents underarm odor *without stopping perspiration.* So soothing you can use it immediately after underarm shaving.

IN A HURRY? Mum's speed is a marvelous help. Use it even after dressing. Mum in your purse or desk means quick protection for impromptu invitations—surprise dates.



HELPS BATH FRESHNESS LAST. Even the most glorious bath can't prevent risk of offending. A quick dab of Mum under each arm protects charm all day or all evening long.



MUM HELPS SOCIALLY. What use is your most glamorous make-up, your loveliest frock, if underarm odor is a constant threat? Play safe! Guard charm every day—with Mum.

Prevent underarm odor—make a daily habit of Mum!

YOUR CLOTHES, your hats and your cosmetics. How careful you are to choose the alluring line, the smartest style, the most flattering shades to enhance your attractiveness. But are you as careful about choosing your deodorant—the safeguard of your daintiness and popularity?

Why take chances with your job—risk popularity—when Mum is so *quick*, so *safe*, so *sure*. One quick dab of creamy Mum under each arm after your bath—even after you're dressed—and your charm is protected all day or all evening.

Ask for Mum at your druggist's today. See if Mum's convenience, Mum's speed, Mum's effectiveness don't give you greater protection, a greater confidence.

SO HANDY! Only 30 seconds are needed to smooth on Mum, yet it guards bath-freshness all day or all evening.

DEPENDABLE! Mum is *sure*—prevents risk of offending—does *not* stop perspiration.

SAFE! Harmless to skin. Use it right after underarm shaving—after you're dressed. It won't injure fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose. Try safe, dependable Mum this way, too!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP. Gives stockingless legs eye-catching glamour and the same velvety attractiveness it does to face, neck and arms.

Covers blemishes! Saves you "hosiery headaches", too! No runs ... no twisted seams ... when you "pour yourself a pair of stockings". Stays on for hours and hours! Will not rub off or streak! Waterproof!

Try "Hawaiian", the new Summer tone ... or one of the other 4 flattering shades.



MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

10c, 25c and 50c at all Cosmetic Counters

FREE Generous Sample

Send Coupon and 3c Stamp

MINER'S, 12 E. 12th St., Dept. E38, New York, N. Y. I enclose 3c stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-Up FREE!

Name _____

Address _____

Hawaiian ☐ Suntan ☐ Brunette ☐ Rachelle ☐ Peach ☐



"I never thought I'd live to see the day" picture: Priscilla Lane turns chorus girl in an Earl Carroll show. Star of Warners' "Million Dollar Baby," Priscilla had a conference with the show girls over the matter of the Warners' title, taken from the "Million Dollar Babies" club organized by Earl Carroll girls; was assured that all rights would be given graciously providing Pat became a show girl for a night and joined the club. This is the process of initiation with the Lane buried in a bevy of beauties. P. S. The audience never caught on!

due to a tiff over salary, the gorgeous Hedy has gone into complete retirement and emerges only rarely with John Howard, and, most recently, with Howard Hughes in hideaway spots.

Hedy's love for her adopted boy whom she nearly lost when she separated from Gene Markey is rather wonderful to see. . . .

Hats, big and small, are off to Annie Sheridan for her good sportsmanship in defending George Brent from those who would like to blame George for Ann's recent and prolonged lay-off. There are those who accuse George of having egged Annie on.

"The responsibility was mine and mine alone," Ann says. "I used my own judgment and if it was wrong, no one was to blame but me."

There's good sportsmanship for you. Incidentally, those marriage rumors between Ann and George continue to buzz about. . . .

Love Me, Love Weedy: Linda Darnell was mad as a wet hen—or no, an insulted rooster, shall we say—the day we met her out at Twentieth. She had just heard her neighbors were objecting to her housing her rooster, "Weedy."

"Why, I've had Weedy since he was a few days old," she stormed. "He's a member of the family and I won't get rid of him!"

Which reminds us of an amusing incident concerning Linda and Weedy. Linda, her rooster wrapped in a shawl in her arms, was strolling on the lot when she met a famous Hollywood beautician. He all but burst with delight when she cried, "Oh, Mr. ———, I want to tell you how wonderful I think your face cream is."

"Y-you really like it?" he gulped.

"Oh yes," said Linda, "I use it every night on Weedy's comb. Just see how lovely it is!"

Vas You Dere, Charlie?: The flower show at the Uplifter's Club had all Southern California flower lovers, to say nothing of hundreds of tourists, in attendance.

A charming lady visitor stopped before the Charles Laughton display and spoke to the gardener (naked to the waist) bent over his work.

"Does Mr. Laughton do any of the actual work on his flowers?" she asked in a lingo supposed to be understood by our Japanese gardeners.

The gardener straightened up from his task and, wiping his perspiring forehead, replied in a cultured English voice.

"I assure you he does, Madam."

She gasped a little, swallowed hard, walked away, came back, stared again and finally fled.

And Mr. Laughton giggled and went back to work.

The Sight of the Month: A small red motor scooter whooped into a Beverly Hills service station and the white-clad attendant rushed over to

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*



A tut-tut attitude by Margaret Sullavan who lets the audience file out at the "Citizen Kane" premiere, stays to have her picture taken with her agent-husband Leland Hayward

get the occupant's order.

"Fill 'er up," grinned the rider, "and please hurry. Have an appointment at ten."

The tank filled, the little scooter shot down the boulevard and on its way.

The rider once drove an ambulance at the French front.

He was, to the amazement of passing motorists, Robert Montgomery.

Whose Face Is Red Now Department: When a man takes himself a wife and even a lovely little stepdaughter, you'd think he'd at least have reached his full growth, wouldn't you?

Well, you can imagine the embarrassment of William Holden, who is about to marry Brenda Marshall, to discover he's still growing.

Bill, a lad in his middle twenties, had to face the disconcerting fact when he decided to save himself a lot of wardrobe fittings by using the Western costumes he wore in "Arizona," for his new picture, "Texas."

In the wardrobe department of Columbia studios, Bill tried on one outfit and looked in the mirror, aghast.

"This thing has shrunk," he said.

But every other costume revealed that, instead of the suit's shrinking, Bill himself had grown exactly two inches in a year, with no indication he's reached his full growth even yet.

"And I've been blaming the tailor for making my pants too short!" Bill said.

The First Yearlings: Remember how mother always said the first year of marriage was the hardest? How each

Wake your skin to New Loveliness with Camay — Go on the "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. John B. LaPointe of Waterbury, Conn., says: "I can't tell you how much Camay's 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for my skin. Whenever I see a lovely woman whose skin looks cloudy, I can hardly help telling her about it."

Even many girls with sensitive skin can profit by this exciting beauty idea—based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

YOU CAN BE lovelier! You can help your skin—help it to a cleaner, fresher, more natural loveliness by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.

So many women cloud the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. And so many women use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be.

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps.

Twice every day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. It's the day to day routine that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to have a lovelier, more appealing skin.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the **CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse and then sixty seconds of cold splashings.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay.



Judy Garland and Dave Rose get togged up as a Gay Nineties bathing beauty and a Keystone cop, go to Milton Berle's old-fashioned swimming party at the Beverly Hills Hotel, do some clowning that makes Hollywood party history

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Leggy line-up at the party included Bonita Granville, mustachioed Jackie Cooper, Mary Anderson, Buster Keaton and hat, and Mrs. Keaton. The gentleman belonging to the garter at the left lost his head completely in the fracas

individual must learn to adjust himself to the other?

In thinking it over, Cal wonders if this new generation is remembering that warning, or if, perhaps, they just haven't Mother's stamina?

Now, take bride Nancy Kelly and her bridegroom, Edmond O'Brien, for instance. No sooner had they married than, boom, Nancy was home with Mother.

A clash of temperament? A struggle to understand each other better? Nancy and Edmond had known each other for years. They met back in New York when Nancy was doing radio work and Edmond was a young Shakespearian actor. They knew every trait, habit and characteristic of each other. Yet at the first clash —they separate.

Of course, they may go back together, but has their marriage been strengthened or weakened by such an early separation?

Another example: Arleen Whelan and Alex D'Arcy kept company for several years. We encountered Alex backstage one night after a personal appearance by Arleen. We've encountered them shopping together, with Arleen modeling frocks for Alex's approval. And yet, in a few months after their marriage, Arleen left his home for her home, though, again, reconciliation shortly followed.

Remember we are not scolding. We're only wondering if maybe even the older generation isn't making it easier for the younger to forget the old adage, "The first year is the hardest." Certainly running away from it won't help.



avoid Lipstick Parching WITH "Sub-Deb"

This is the Lipstick that may very well change your Lipstick life . . . Coty "Sub-Deb"!

"Sub-Deb" gives you *more* than alluring color . . . it helps you avoid "Lipstick Parching"! Yes, blended through every Lipstick is a softening ingredient that helps keep your lips tenderly soft and sweet. So why risk rough, harshly chapped lips—ever? Today get a Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, $1.00 or 50¢.

New Shades

Four of the 9 exciting Coty shades

Gitane
dashing "gipsy" shade

"Magnet Red"
a dramatic red red

Dahlia
smart, flower-soft red

Tamale
alluring "Latin" shade



COTY

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*



Home in Hollywood on a short leave from his post aboard a submarine chaser, one of the most dangerous jobs in the Royal Navy, Officer John Farrow now does his bit for Hollywood night life, takes his decorative wife, Maureen O'Sullivan, out dancing

Last-Minute Glimpses of Hollywood: The apparition on a bicycle dressed in full dress, his coat tails flying and one hand clutching his topper, turned out to be John Garfield riding to the set of "Out Of The Fog."

Olivia de Havilland, said to be suffering from a nervous breakdown, is really carrying a terrific torch for Jimmy Stewart, according to local and reliable reports.

Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray are killing the people by relaying director Mike Curtiz's recent request in "Dive Bomber." Mike, looking at the boys as cameras turned, commanded: "Both of you please *sweat*."

Joan Crawford's renunciation of Hollywood for New York as her permanent home after her greatest success, "A Woman's Face," has the town a-wondering. Incidentally, one hears Joan will adopt a little boy to keep daughter Christina company.

Mickey Rooney and Linda Darnell have made up their little spat and Mickey couldn't be happier.

Cal Thinks Out Loud: Funny what happened last night at the Mocambo: Cary Grant getting out of his car and asking the headwaiter kind of humbly if he and Miss Barbara Hutton might come in and dance without being photographed. And the grateful grin on Cary's bronzed face when he was promised they could.

Watching them dance together like that, so in love, we got to thinking about this rich girl—Barbara. Money hasn't brought much of anything but trouble to her. And now they say it's standing in the way of love again. That most of her money is invested in England and if she marries Cary, a British subject, she'll forfeit the bulk of it.

For one of the richest girls in the world, she even looks sad.

COOL-WATER SOAP ENDS HOT-WATER FADING! TRY AMAZING NEW IVORY SNOW!

Ivory Snow bursts into suds in 3 seconds in cool water! Safer for bright colors!

COLORS HAVE A BRIGHT FUTURE, with the new Ivory Snow to give them SAFE washing care! Ivory Snow's a brand-new soap that bursts into suds in 3 seconds *in cool water!* And cool water is safe for the bright colors of *all* your washables!

Imagine! Ivory Snow *doesn't need hot water!* So you don't risk the heartbreak of watching pretty colors fade out and get dull from hot water. Besides, Ivory Snow is pure! So colors get double protection—*pure* suds and *cool* suds! Ask for Ivory Snow today—in the large economy size or the handy medium size.





2-MINUTE CARE FOR STOCKING WEAR!

Plenty of cool, pure suds pile up in *3 seconds!* (No waiting for hot water.) Nightly care with Ivory Snow helps stockings *wear!*

WHAT A PICNIC FOR PRINT DRESSES!

Yes...Ivory Snow means happy days for pretty washables! Wash 'em time after time in those cool suds and see how colors stay bright!



SAY goodbye to external pads on your vacation this year . . . Tampax helps you to conquer the calendar, because Tampax is *worn internally*. Even in a '41 swim suit, it cannot show through; no bulge or wrinkle or faintest line can be caused by Tampax. And you yourself cannot feel it!

A doctor has perfected Tampax so ingeniously it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands *need not even touch* the Tampax, which comes in dainty applicator. You can dance, play games . . . use tub or shower. No odor can form; no deodorant needed—and it's easy to dispose of Tampax.

Tampax is made of pure, compressed surgical cotton, very absorbent, comfortable, efficient. *Three sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 is a real bargain. Don't wait for next month! Join the millions using Tampax *now!*

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED MWG-81-D
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name_____

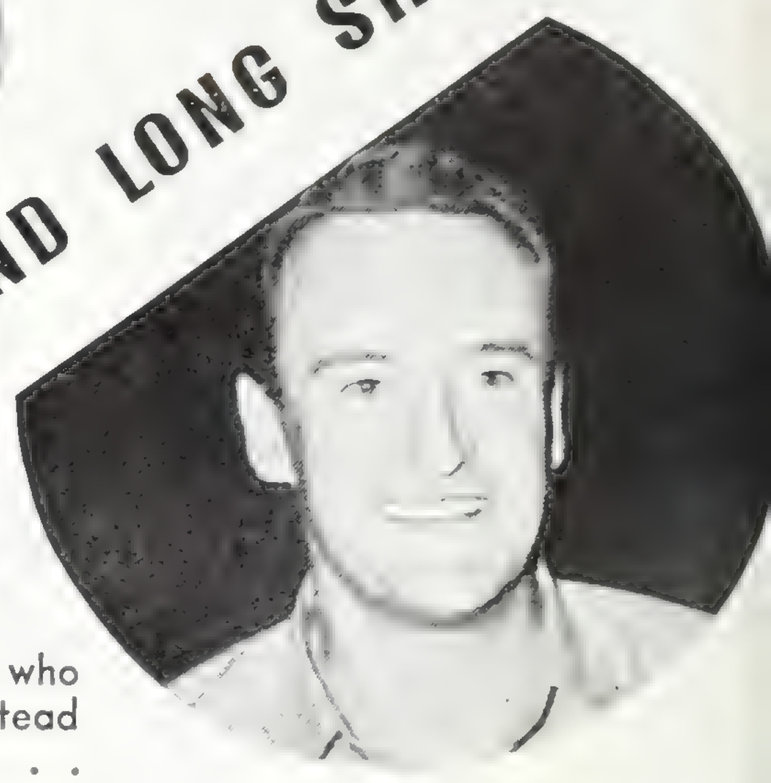
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Shining examples of Hollywood oversights: George Brent in "They Dare Not Love" . . .



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



. . . George Sanders, who plays the bad man instead of the girl-winner . . .

THE Hays office, that usually wise arbiter of movie morals, has, as you may have read, entered a verdict against "sweater girls" (see page 41) . . . Lana Turner, while she was still a beautiful unknown at Warners, was the original "sweater girl" and the meaning of the phrase was set at the time that Lana's first publicity portraits were taken . . . in Hollywood slanguage the phrase means a girl with a beautiful figure . . . not that Hollywood was then, or is now, concerned with sweater technique as a matter of mere beauty . . . to Hollywood such highly feminine architecture shouted sex appeal . . . and the extent to which Hollywood prizes a good figure as a standard of attractiveness . . . can be figured by the manner in which all the newcomers . . . and outstandingly Veronica Lake in "I Wanted Wings" and Jane Russell in "The Outlaw" . . . are constantly photographed to emphasize this phase of their appeal . . . let a star or a starlet arise who lacks in this department and nature's error is immediately corrected by the wardrobe department . . . to such an extent, frequently, that from the feminine fan's point of view, some newcomers are so buxom as to be ridiculous. . . .

Not that women think much about the figure business . . . women have always known that there are many varieties of sex appeal (thank heaven) . . . movie-makers never admit it but every woman knows from her own observation that men like short girls and tall girls and thin girls and fat girls just as they themselves like short or tall or thin or fat men . . . that undernourished, over-bosomed, hollow-cheeked movie girl ideal is just one of those unrealistic Hollywood standards (incidentally I've heard more disappointment than cheers over the news that Sonja Henie has become thinner . . . I think Sonja's distinctive chubbiness was an important factor in her highly individualistic appeal) . . . but now the Hays office comes out and bans "sweater girls" . . . on the grounds that their photographs, widely circulated, endanger public morals . . . they claim that and then they let a picture like "A Woman's Face" get by. . . .

What kind of a moral yardstick arrived at such a measurement? . . . on the proven basis that most people are normal, surely the reaction to sweater girls will be in almost all cases a normal and sane reaction . . . yet this natural response is censored . . . at least censored to the extent of removing the cause of it . . .while the story of a perverse man and woman who plot to kill a little child for money is airily passed. . . .

SURELY the sickness that afflicts the world today . . . the war and death and destruction . . . comes much more from the poison that was given men's minds rather than any poison that was ever given their bodies . . . ours is, in fact, an era of physical health . . . and no nation has deified health more than the Germans have in the last decade . . . but the subtle mental poison that has been generated! . . . well, look at the results of that in the headlines and hear it in the newscasts on your radio every fifteen minutes day after day . . . !

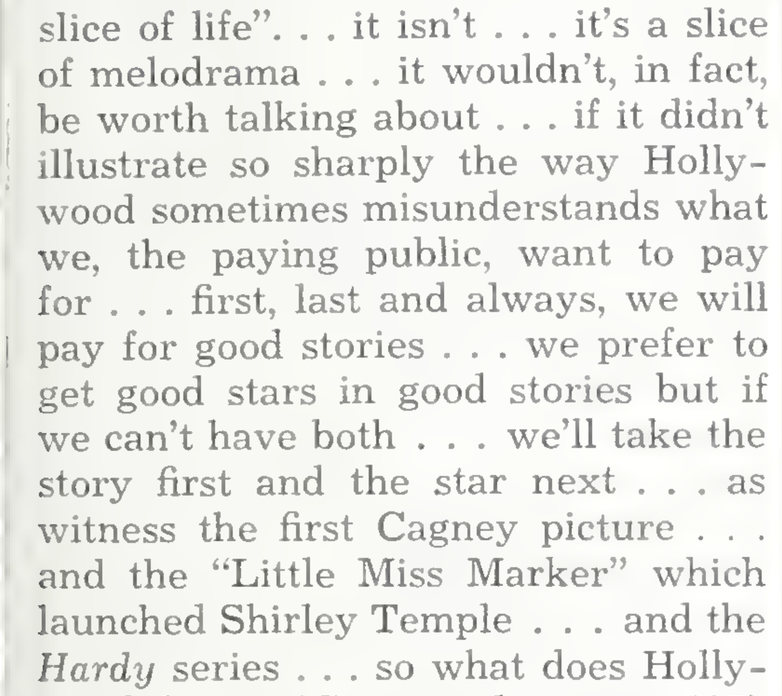
The strange case of "A Woman's Face" is that it is in many ways a truly "artistic" picture . . . Joan Crawford rises to great personal heights in it . . . the sensitive, distinguished George Cukor blesses it with some of his most beguiling direction . . . the



BY
RUTH WATERBURY

scholarly Conrad Veidt magnificently plays a villain without one redeeming speech, thought or action . . . but why Miss Crawford wanted to star in it . . . why Cukor consented to direct it . . . why Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer ever poured its gold into it . . . is completely bewildering . . . if the Hays office reasons that dressing a woman in a sweater is dangerous . . . what about the danger of making sympathetic a girl who is a blackmailer, in the power of a blackguard (and what his power over her is, you are never left in a shadow of doubt), a potential murderess, and finally the beloved of a married man. . . ?

It can't even be argued . . . as it sometimes is in the case of other uncomfortable stories . . . that this is "a slice of life". . . it isn't . . . it's a slice of melodrama . . . it wouldn't, in fact, be worth talking about . . . if it didn't illustrate so sharply the way Hollywood sometimes misunderstands what we, the paying public, want to pay for . . . first, last and always, we will pay for good stories . . . we prefer to get good stars in good stories but if we can't have both . . . we'll take the story first and the star next . . . as witness the first Cagney picture . . . and the "Little Miss Marker" which launched Shirley Temple . . . and the *Hardy* series . . . so what does Hollywood do . . . (*Continued on page* 105)



. . . Laraine Day, who's the practically speechless Mary of the Kildare films

Canaries
sing their way into the hearts of Hollywood Stars!



ROSEMARY LANE
Lovely Star of Columbia's "Time Out For Rhythm" finds joy in the song of her Canary "Butch".

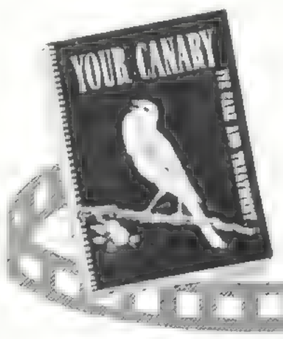
. . . AND IN HOLLYWOOD
French's Bird Seed is the Favorite . . . 4 to 1



Canaries . . . Hollywood's newest hobby sensation! In the homes of screen stars—in studio dressing rooms and on movie sets—these happy little bundles of cheer have reached a new high in pet popularity! You, too, will find it a joy to own a Canary!

French's Bird Seed and Biscuit also is winning new popularity in Hollywood! That's because French's is a song-tested, proven recipe of 11 aids to song and health! In every package is a French's Bird Biscuit (in itself worth 10c). Canaries love it—and it's so good for them! It gives their diet an extra *lift* and combines with French's Bird Seed to supply an 11-course balanced recipe meal—*all in one package!*

LARGEST-SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.



Send for Movie Stars' Canary Book
FREE

The same beautifully illustrated 76-page book that movie stars keep handy for expert advice on the care, treatment and breeding of canaries. It's yours—Free! Simply mail Coupon, with your name and address.

MAIL THIS FREE COUPON!
The R. T. FRENCH CO.
2428 Mustard St., Rochester, N.Y.
Send me Movie Stars' Canary Book—Free!
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____STATE_____
(Paste copy on penny postcard and mail)

IRRESISTIBLE *Allure*



YOURS WITH *Irresistible* LIPSTICK

Lovely lips are keyed to costume colors, that's why the prettiest and smartest women are choosing Irresistible's complete lipstick color range. PINK ROSE, a rich, rosy red for an enchanting effect with pastels, flowery prints and off-whites! CANDY STRIPE, a brilliant red-red, for a dashing contrast with blazing white, navies and sheer summer blacks. WHIP-TEXT the secret Irresistible way to be creamier, smoother . . . to stay on longer and keep lips lovelier. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation.
Only 10c each at all 5 and 10c stores.

IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER



USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

Speak FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE
You Can't Laugh That Off!

WHY this derogatory campaign against Shirley Temple? Do we *have* to wreck one star in order to build another?

Newspapers and magazines are flashing such captions as, "Exit Song and Dance Shirley! Enter a Natural!" and "'Bonnie Mae' Topples Queen Shirley." Then the writer proceeds to tell what the new star has that Shirley lacked. If she had weaknesses, then perhaps the new moppet should have a few. After all, Miss Temple had the unparalleled record of being box-office "tops" for three years. They can't laugh that off.

Unquestionably, Shirley's star has dimmed because of her normal growth from her winsome babyhood charm and beauty. We cannot recapture the lure of her onetime sparkle; and we dislike such pictures as "Susanna of the Mounties," which terrified children but wearied grownups with its superficiality.

Nevertheless, I see no reason for comparing every newcomer to Shirley by belittling her skill.

Yes, I know that admirers of "Curly Top" were supposed to be under twelve, over twenty-five, or just plain morons; but I resent stars who climb to heights on the shattered statues of another great artist.

LILLIAN HANSON,
Lexington, Neb.

$5.00 PRIZE
Accent on Accents

A CLASSIFICATION of types would be interesting in regard to those who attend the movies, but I shall confine myself to one group only. This group is worth consideration. Their chief weakness is a desire for impeccable habits of speech both in themselves and others. They choose their words meticulously and are extremely susceptible to good diction as well as allergic to mispronunciations. They do not expect gangster films and Westerns to be free from jargon, but they do dislike hearing beautifully gowned women and handsomely dressed men in a supposedly cultural background say ex*quis*ite and hos*pit*able!

I once started to count the number of times this offense occurred, but finding this to be the wrong road to happiness, I abandoned my crusade and am finally resorting to this letter instead, in behalf of all those purists who strenuously object to such liberties with our language.

Since movies are our chief diversion we wish to be released from the gripping fear that a lovely lady will ecstatically pronounce a gift from her lover to be ex*quis*ite or a genial host will be lavishly praised for being so hos*pit*able.

MRS. G. L. BROWN,
Hannibal, Mo.



Question from Nebraska with a new Temple angle: Will Shirley be sacrificed so that some newcomer will get quick star rating?

$1.00 PRIZE
We Want Blondes

LAST week I went to see "I Wanted Wings." Since then, Veronica Lake hasn't vanished from my thoughts. She is, as I myself see her, the most beautiful thing alive.

She might not be such a great beauty, but that long blonde hair alone is a wow.

So now I can't see why Ginger Rogers, Joan Bennett and a host of other stars have changed from blonde to brunette.

Why don't we all get together and confess that a blonde is still the dream girl of nearly all Americans?

FREDDY WEIL,
New York, N. Y.

If you're interested in reading more about Mr. Weil's Veronica Lake, "the most beautiful thing alive," turn to page 46.

$1.00 PRIZE
Jolly Good Actor?

LET'S see more of Kay Kyser's pictures. Not only do I think that he is a born orchestra leader, but I think he is a born actor as well. I saw him in the movies and I also saw him during his personal-appearance tour when he stopped in Portland. Never have I witnessed a more jolly and perpetually high-spirited entertainer. He took special delight in kidding the audience. When one lady rose and made her way out of the auditorium, he spotted her. "Say, lady, it gets better after a while," Kay exclaimed. He stood in the center of the stage, blinking his eyes while he declared mournfully, "Golly, I'm hurt."

The auditorium fairly shook with laughter and applause and I'm certain he made numerous fans in Portland.

AGNES REHDER,
Vancouver, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE
Roman-Coin Profile

HEDDA HOPPER came out recently in Photoplay-Movie Mirror for Bob Taylor as the "handsomest male" and for Errol Flynn as the one who "thinks he is." For my own choice I would go way into the upper reaches of the age-brackets and select C. Aubrey Smith and Lewis Stone. Can you imagine any face more impressive than that magnificent craggy face of C. Aubrey Smith's, especially when it tops a uniform, as in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Waterloo Bridge" (*Continued on page* 90)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

BRIGHT YOU ARE, JOAN!



JOAN BLONDELL

Star of Columbia Pictures

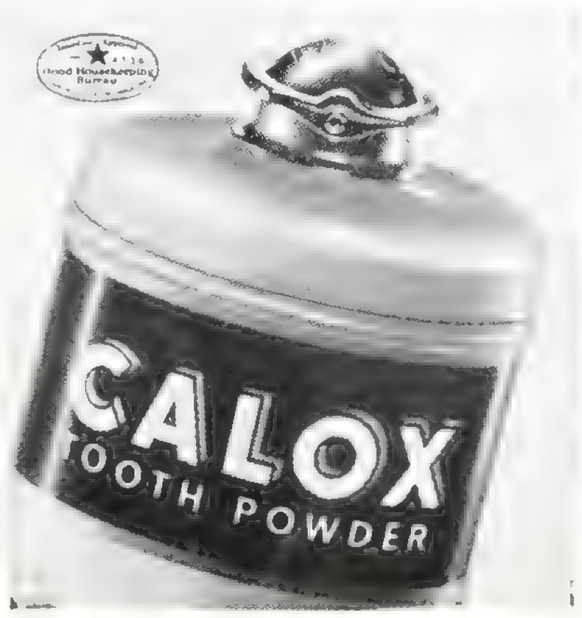
says "One of the BIG little things movie life teaches you is to keep your teeth spic and spruce . . . yes, I'm another Calox user!"



NO ART CRITIC NEEDED to point out how Joan's flashing smile perks up her pretty face. She's lucky to have good teeth, but her "beauty polish" anyone can use . . . it's Calox Tooth Powder, famous for its 5-way cleansing.



STARS ARE ONLY HUMAN . . . they like to use things they like, just as the rest of us do. The pleasant, refreshing flavor of Calox makes it a joy to use, keeps your daily brushings from being just a tedious chore. You'll *like* Calox!



CALOX HELPS TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS'

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. A real *beauty* tooth powder, promotes a brilliant gloss!

2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it's double-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.

3. FRESH-TASTING—no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love it.

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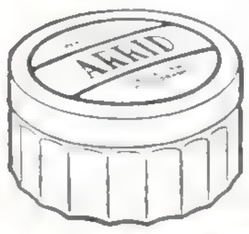
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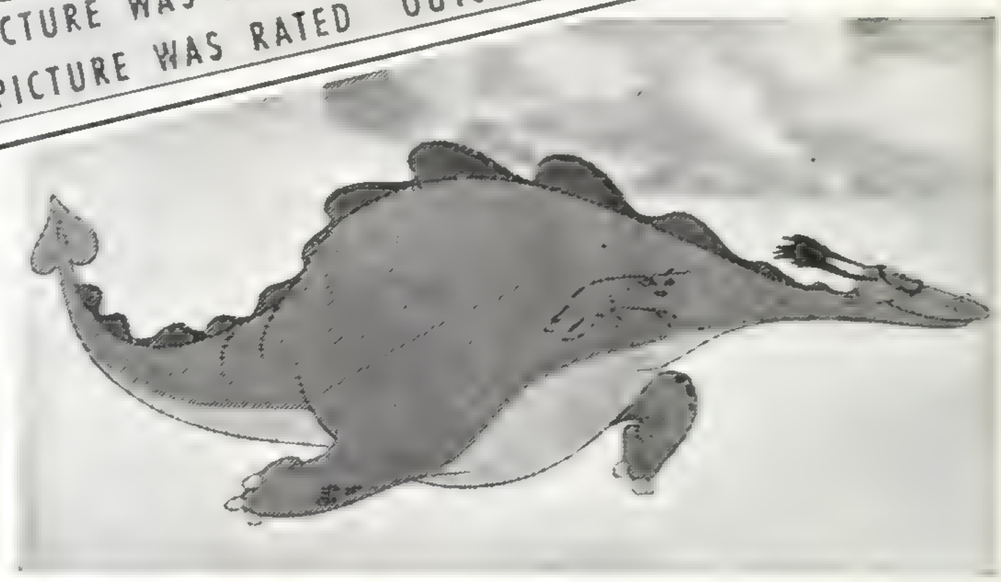
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Brief Reviews

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



A guy who rates a "best performance" by getting along swimmingly in his first Hollywood film: The Reluctant Dragon of Walt Disney's "The Reluctant Dragon"

✓ *ADAM HAD FOUR SONS*—Columbia: Unusual is this beautifully enacted story dealing with a father's love for his four sons. Warner Baxter plays the father; Ingrid Bergman as the governess and Susan Hayward as the unfaithful daughter-in-law are outstanding. Richard Denning and Johnny Downs as the two older sons are splendid. (May)

✓ *ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY*—M-G-M: We prophesy stardom for newcomer Kathryn Grayson who becomes Mickey Rooney's secretary during the high-school commencement week. Her lovely voice, good looks and acting ability make her a sure bet. Mickey fails his examination and gets into plenty of trouble. It's a hundred per cent entertainment. (May)

✓✓ *BACK STREET*—Universal: Margaret Sullavan is superb as the woman who lives only for a few stolen moments with her lover, Charles Boyer, who is married to another woman. Boyer, too, is excellent as the selfish lover. It's a tear-jerker so bring plenty of handkerchiefs. (May)

BAD MAN—M-G-M: Wallace Beery's fans are going to be pretty disappointed in this story of a Mexican bandit who plays Cupid. Beery's performance throws the whole story out of gear and despite the presence of Lionel Barrymore, Ronald Reagan and Laraine Day, it remains a fair-sized dud. (June)

BLONDIE GOES LATIN—Columbia: *Daawood's* boss decides to take the *Bumpsteads* on a vacation to South America, with much fun and havoc as the result. Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms play their roles with the ease of long experience and it's a treat for the *Bumpstead* fans. Tito Guizar sings beautifully. (May)

✓ *BUCK PRIVATES*—Universal: Abbott and Costello find themselves in the Army in this hilarious comedy high-lighted by their amazingly funny routines. Wealthy Lee Bowman and his chauffeur, Alan Curtis, are also in the Army and the Andrews Sisters contribute plenty of songs. (May)

✓✓ *CITIZEN KANE*—RKO-Radio: The skill and artistry abounding in this absorbing tale of a man who bought a newspaper and created an empire of his own prove that Orson Welles, actor, writer, producer and director of this masterful picture, really is a genius. Joseph Cotton, Everett Sloane and Dorothy Comingore prove themselves brilliant performers. In fact, everything about the picture is wonderful. (July)

COWBOY AND THE BLONDE, THE—20th Century-Fox: When cowboy George Montgomery meets temperamental screen star Mary Beth Hughes and fails to yield to her charms, Mary Beth pursues him to his own corral in her efforts to get him. Both newscomers make a great showing and there's plenty of humor and romance. (July)

✓ *DEVIL AND MISS JONES, THE*—RKO-Radio: The riotous result of a sound story and grand humor, this is delightful entertainment. Charles Coburn is the wealthy owner of a department store who decides to become a clerk himself in order to find out why his employees hate him. Jean Arthur, as the clerk in love with Robert Cummings, head of the shoe department, helps to humanize the bewildered tycoon. (July)

DOUBLE DATE—Universal: Almost every possible laugh-getter has been thrown into this lighthearted little comedy about Rand Brooks and Peggy Moran's efforts to break up the romance of Edmund Lowe and Una Merkel. The result is really very funny. (June)

ELLERY QUEEN'S PENTHOUSE MYSTERY—Columbia: Ralph Bellamy is the famous detective who wades through danger and international intrigue to solve the murder of a ventriloquist on a secret governmental mission. Margaret Lindsay is his pretty secretary. (May)

FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS, THE—Universal: Marlene Dietrich is the beautiful adventuress who descends upon New Orleans and captures the town's richest banker, Roland Young, by posing as her own sister. Bruce Cabot is the sailor who also falls in love with Dietrich. Although the film attempts to be naughty and gay, it's really much too dull and slow for good entertainment. (July)

FOOTLIGHT FEVER—RKO-Radio: A hammy little number, with Alan Mowbray and Donald MacBride, both broke, trying to find a backer for Mowbray's play. They finally hit on Elizabeth Risdon, who sees through their schemes but becomes their angel. See it at your own risk. (July)

FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK—Warners: Errol Flynn's first modern picture in three years has him an amateur detective who runs headlong into a real-life murder and almost loses his life and his wife, Brenda Marshall. It's heavy-handed comedy and we prefer Flynn in his swashbuckling roles. (June)

✓ *GIRL, A GUY, AND A GOB, A*—Harold Lloyd-RKO-Radio: Lucille Ball is the girl, Edmond O'Brien the guy and George Murphy the gob in this bright, amusing comedy that clicks in every department. It's packed with chuckles and good cheer; you'll enjoy every minute of it. (June)

GOLDEN HOOFS—20th Century-Fox: Jane Withers falls in love with Buddy Rogers, helps her grandfather establish a local hospital and saves her homelands for the breeding of trotting horses, and does it all with the greatest of ease in this Withers specialty. With Buddy Rogers, Katherine Aldridge and Buddy Pepper. (May)

✓ *GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Alice Faye, Jack Oakie and John Payne give us the story of the growth of radio in this tuneful and entertaining musical picture. John is the lad who wins Alice; Jack Oakie is responsible for its broad humor; and Alice puts over its catchy songs in fine style. The Wiere Brothers, the Ink Spots and the Nicholas Brothers add to the fun. (July)

✓✓ *GREAT LIE, THE*—Warners: Adult and sophisticated is this drama of two women, Mary Astor and Bette Davis, who both love George Brent. Mary all but steals the picture as the musician who marries Brent and then goes back to her career, but Bette, too, does great work as his second wife. It's one of George's best performances and the picture is a triumph. (July)

✓ *HARD-BOILED CANARY, THE*—Paramount: A grand musical treat is this film with Allan Jones, as the son of the head of Camp Interlochen, rescuing a young burlesque singer, Susana Foster, from a raid and placing her in the camp, with havoc as the natural result. (May)

✓✓ *I WANTED WINGS*—Paramount: This thrilling story of men and planes, laid against the background of America's own flying fields, is a smash hit. Ray Milland, Wayne Morris and William Holden as the three young cadets who become fliers turn in their best work, as does Brian Donlevy as a flight instructor. Sirenish Veronica Lake takes her screen debut. (June)

✓✓ *LADY EVE, THE*—Paramount: Bright, gay, charming and funny is this latest Preston Sturges story, with Henry Fonda as the young millionaire who is almost hooked by card-sharker Barbara Stanwyck and her father Charles Coburn. How Barbara gets her revenge on Fonda is wonderful and Barbara herself is excitingly glamorous. (May)

LADY FROM CHEYENNE, THE—Universal. Loretta Young, crusading suffragette for women's rights, defeats the town scoundrel, Edward Arnold, and helps women win the vote in Wyoming in the 1860's. It's a gay little Western and Loretta's very good in her determined role, as is Robert Preston as the hero who loves her and helps to foil Arnold's bandits. Pretty corny, but amusing. (July)

LAS VEGAS NIGHTS—Paramount: This tale of vaudevillians who go out West to secure an inheritance features the swell music of Tommy Dorsey and his band. Bert Wheeler and Virginia Dale supply the laughs; Constance Moore looks beautiful and Phil Regan is very good. (July)

LONE WOLF TAKES A CHANCE, THE—Columbia: No sooner does Warren William bet that he can keep out of trouble for twenty-four hours than he becomes embroiled in a mail robbery, a killing, a kidnaping and all sorts of mayhem that keep him dashing all around. Eric Blore is very funny, as usual. (June)

✓ *MAD DOCTOR, THE*—Paramount: One of the best horror films we've seen in some time. Basil Rathbone is wonderful as the mad doctor who marries rich women and leaves them dead. When Ellen Drew falls under his spell, her fiance John Howard suspects the worst. Brrrr! (May)

✓ *MAJOR BARBARA*—Gabriel Pascal—U. A.: Oddly different but compelling is this George Bernard Shaw picture which may confuse you because the theme seems blurred in purpose and too many words are substituted for action. Wendy Hiller as the Salvation Army girl who loses her ideals is superb, as is Robert Morley as her sophisticated father, Rex Harrison as a Greek scholar who loves her, and Robert Newton. (July)

MAN BETRAYED, A—Republic: John Wayne is the young lawyer who arrives in town to discover who murdered his friend in a gambling joint. He also discovers crooked politics and grafters. Besides that, he meets lovely Frances Dee, who provides the romance. (June)

MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE—Universal: Pretty unbelievable is this farce about a wife who can't tell two absolutely strange men apart, even though they both look alike and live in the same house. Brian Aherne plays the dual role of the wealthy husband and his double, and Kay Francis is the bewildered wife. S. Z. Sakall is the scene-stealer. (June)

✓✓ *MEET JOHN DOE*—Warners: Another of Frank Capra's brilliant successes is this story whose theme is the power of love over hate. Barbara Stanwyck is superb as the newspaper girl who invents a *John Doe* and Gary Cooper's performance as the ex-ball player who's hired to be *John Doe* and becomes a great humanitarian is his best. Edward Arnold, Walter Brennan, James Gleason and Regis Toomey are also outstanding. (June)

MEET THE CHUMP—Universal: Ridiculously funny, this silly little dilly, with Hugh Herbert having himself declared insane because he's swindled his nephew, Lewis Howard, out of $5,000,000 and wants to avoid explanation, as who wouldn't? The whole thing gets battier by the minute, but it's full of laughs. (May)

✓ *MEN OF BOYS TOWN*—M-G-M: Spencer Tracy as Father Flanagan and Mickey Rooney as the Boys Town mayor carry on the story of the previous Boys Town picture and again stir our emotions with their sincere performances. Bobs Watson, Larry Nunn and Darryl Hickman give the stars plenty of competition. (July)

MR. DYNAMITE—Universal: Baseball pitcher Lloyd Nolan goes out for an evening of fun and is tossed headlong into a sabotage plot and a murder charge. His amateur detective work involves him with secret-agent Irene Hervey. Ann Gillis and J. Carrol Naish are also very good and although the story's none too well constructed, it's acceptable entertainment. (June)

MODEL WIFE—Universal: The dire but hilarious consequences of a secret marriage are revealed herein when Joan Blondell and Dick Powell dare not reveal their marriage because they'd both lose their jobs. But Lee Bowman, the boss' son, falls in love with Joan and insists upon taking her out, much to her and Dick's dismay. (July)

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MONSTER AND THE GIRL, THE—Paramount: Another horror tale, incredible and unbelievable but still pretty fascinating. A man's brain is transplanted into a gorilla's skull in order that the beast may avenge the man's murder. Ellen Drew, Robert Paige and Paul Lukas are very good. (May)

MURDER AMONG FRIENDS—20th Century-Fox: The beneficiaries to a multiple insurance policy die suddenly and mysteriously and John Hubbard and Marjorie Weaver race like mad from suspect to corpse to prevent more murders and solve the ones already committed. In spite of all the murders, it's a gay little offering. (June)

✓ *NICE GIRL?*—Universal: Although there are several gay moments, this is the weakest Durbin film to date. Deanna is a small-town nice girl who throws herself at Franchot Tone and then rebounds to Bob Stack, the boy next door. Bob Benchley is Deanna's father and Ann Gillis her cute kid sister. (May)

PENALTY, THE—M-G-M: Edward Arnold is a ruthless criminal who teaches his son, Gene Reynolds, to follow in his footsteps, but Gene is sent to reform school and then released to farmer Lionel Barrymore where slowly he's regenerated. Veda Ann Borg is the moll. (June)

✓✓ *PENNY SERENADE*—Columbia: Simple and lifelike is this tender, human document of two people who adopt a child and find happiness and sorrow. Cary Grant gives one of the finest performances we've ever seen and Irene Dunne as his wife is not far behind. Edgar Buchanan also scores roundly. It's charming and heart-touching, a picture that you'll long remember. (July)

✓ *POT O' GOLD*—Roosevelt-U. A.: Lively and entertaining is Producer James Roosevelt's first full-length film all about how Jimmy Stewart and Paulette Goddard take over Charles Winninger's radio show and launch the famous Pot-O' Gold program. The music of Horace Heidt and his band is a treat for swing lovers. (July)

POWER DIVE—Paramount: Lacking the pretentiousness of most air pictures, this is nevertheless a mighty entertaining little number with a whiz-bang climax that's bound to thrill you. Richard Arlen is the aviator who tries to prevent his young brother Don Castle from following in his footsteps, and Helen Mack, Jean Parker and Cliff Edwards round out the cast. (July)

✓ *RAGE IN HEAVEN*—M-G-M: Gripping fare is this dramatic picture of a psychopathic case, played by Robert Montgomery, who marries refugee Ingrid Bergman and eventually involves her and his best friend, George Sanders, in a murder scandal. It's exciting and novel and the performances are outstanding. (June)

REACHING FOR THE SUN—Paramount: This comedy drama of a man's yearning to be away from the city of machines and out in the country is very interesting in spots, but in others, unbelievable and dull. Joel McCrea is the man who wants to get away from it all and Ellen Drew is his wife who tries to hold him to his work in a great automobile factory. Albert Dekker is the heavy. (July)

✓ *RELUCTANT DRAGON, THE*—Disney-RKO-Radio: Robert Benchley's roaming through the Disney Studios gives you a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the famous cartoon plant. It all begins when Benchley's wife insists he try to sell Disney the idea of filming "The Reluctant Dragon" and of course it ends with Bob in a projection room viewing the finished picture. The whole family will love this new, novel and different entertainment. (July)

REPENT AT LEISURE—RKO-Radio: It's all been told before, the story of the rich bride-to-be who walks out on her fortune-hunter fiance and marries the poor boy who loves her for herself, but the splendid performances of Wendy Barrie and Kent Taylor redeem the timeworn plot and make it a pretty good little picture. (July)

RIDE ON, VAQUERO—20th Century-Fox: Cesar Romero, as the *Cisco Kid*, cleans up a band of kidnappers in his usual engaging way. Chris-Pin Martin is the Kid's dependable pal and Mary Beth Hughes again plays the dance-hall girl. (July)

RIDIN' ON A RAINBOW—Republic: Gene Autry joins a showboat troupe in order to track down a gang of bank robbers, but we prefer Gene back on his horse and riding the prairie. Smiley Burnett, Mary Lee and Carol Adams help Gene along. (May)

ROAD SHOW—Hal Roach-U. A.: John Hubbard, eligible young millionaire, joins Carole Landis' broken-down carnival, with some amusing moments as the result. Adolphe Menjou as a harmless lunatic and Patsy Kelly are fairly funny. (May)

ROAD TO ZANZIBAR—Paramount: Bob Hope and Bing Crosby are a couple of sideshow lads in Africa who take Dorothy Lamour for a trek through the jungles. The story doesn't matter because of the gay antics of Hope and Crosby and the gags and ribbing between the two are the whole show. Bing's and Dorothy's songs are tuneful and Eric Blore is fun. (May)

ROUNDUP, THE—Paramount: Richard Dix again proves himself one of the best Western actors in this triangle picture of the old West. Preston Foster is the ex-fiance of Dix's wife. Patricia Morison, and his return to see her creates doubt and jealousy. Betty Brewer and Ruth Donnelly add to the doings. (June)

✓ *SCATTERGOOD BAINES*—RKO-Radio: Guy Kibbee brings to the role of *Scattergood* all the human qualities you've imagined in this fictitious character. He's humorous, shrewd and understanding as the small-town sage who foils promotors and aids a young couple's romance. With Carol Hughes, John Archer and Francis Trout. (May)

SCOTLAND YARD—20th Century-Fox: Cops and Robbers in today's London, with Henry Wilcoxon as a crook who's wounded at Dunkirk and has his face remodeled to look exactly like lost banker, John Loder. Both Nancy Kelly, Loder's wife, and Scotland Yard are fooled by the impersonation until Inspector Edmund Gwenn gets on the trail. (July)

✓ *SEA WOLF, THE*—Warners: Too brutal for top entertainment is this remake of Jack London's sea story with Edward G. Robinson as the psychopathic, bestial captain who terrorizes his crew. Ida Lupino plays the derelict waif rescued by John Garfield, member of Robinson's crew. (June)

✓ *SIS HOPKINS*—Republic: Judy Canova sweeps this musical on to success as the Hoosier girl who goes to college with her rich cousin Susan Hayward, with Charlie Butterworth financing the education. The story's full of gags and Bob Crosby adds the music and Jerry Colonna the nitwit comedy. (June)

SLEEPERS WEST—20th Century-Fox: Lloyd Nolan, as detective *Michael Shayne*, does his sleuthing on a fast train in this second of a new series. Lynn Bari's the girl reporter, Mary Beth Hughes a defense witness, Edward Brophy and Don Costello detectives, but the plot's awfully complicated. (June)

✓✓ *STRAWBERRY BLONDE, THE*—Warners: This picture of the Gay Nineties has a nostalgic charm that will delight you. Jimmy Cagney is excellent as the tough little mug who imagines he loves the Strawberry Blonde, Rita Hayworth, only to find real happiness with Olivia de Havilland. Olivia is sparkling and gay in her role. (May)



Two ladies with their minds on one man: Pat Morison and Madeleine Carroll cluster around Fred MacMurray in "One Night in Lisbon"

✓✓ *THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!*—Korda-U. A.: Powerfully wrought and beautifully executed is this historical picture of a great and tragic love that defied traditions and nations. Vivien Leigh plays the beautiful and notorious Lady Hamilton who desperately loves England's naval hero, Laurence Olivier, and both their performances are magnificent. It's a great picture. (June)

✓✓ *THAT NIGHT IN RIO*—20th Century-Fox: Lavish color, risqué dialogue, Carmen Miranda's songs and much whoop-la are all part of this gorgeous musical that's a riot of fun. Don Ameche plays a dual role as an American entertainer who's hired to impersonate a South American baron. Alice Faye is the luscious wife of the Baron, which leads to many complications. (June)

✓ *THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING*—Lubitsch-U. A.: The Ernst Lubitsch touch is again evident in this gay, frothy comedy of marriage, with Merle Oberon as the wife who, bored with husband Melvyn Douglas, becomes infatuated with erratic pianist Burgess Meredith. Adult and sophisticated. (June)

THEY DARE NOT LOVE—Columbia: George Brent is an Austrian prince and Martha Scott an Austrian refugee who meet and fall in love in this tale of Nazi invasion, but the excellence of their performance cannot overcome the slow tempo of the picture and its faltering direction. (July)

✓ *TOBACCO ROAD*—20th Century-Fox: Vivid, though repellent, still-life sketch of the shiftless, ignorant people of Georgia's "Tobacco Road." Charley Grapewin as *Jeeter Lester* and William Tracey as his son give great performances, but Gene Tierney has little chance to display her talent as the half-witted *Ellie May*. Depressing. (May)

✓ *TOPPER RETURNS*—Hal Roach-U. A.: One third mystery and two thirds comedy is this newest "Topper" story, with ghost Roland Young aiding ghost Joan Blondell to solve the mystery of her murder. The two departed spirits materialize all over the place. Billie Burke is still the confused *Mrs. Topper* and Dennis O'Keefe and Carole Landis have the romantic leads. (June)

TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN, THE—M-G-M: Laraine Day proves herself worthy of complete stardom as the innocent woman on trial for murder. Robert Young is excellent as her lawyer lover who defends her case. It's well done, suspenseful, and Tom Conway, Frieda Inescort and the rest of the cast do fine work. (May)

VERY YOUNG LADY, A—20th Century-Fox: Jane Withers deserves better than this modified remake of Simone Simon's picture, "Girls' Dormitory," in which she plays the schoolgirl who gets a crush on professor John Sutton. Jane's crush causes the faculty much concern and the audience no little amusement, but it's Nancy Kelly who gets Mr. Sutton. (July)

WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT, THE—Warners: This hackneyed story has Humphrey Bogart as the hard-boiled owner of a second-rate circus who picks up Eddie Albert and makes a lion-tamer of him. But Eddie falls in love with Bogart's innocent little sister, Joan Leslie, so Bogart tries to get rid of him. Sylvia Sidney is the circus fortune teller. (July)

WASHINGTON MELODRAMA—M-G-M: When millionaire Frank Morgan befriends chorus girl Anne Gwynne, he finds himself blackmailed by Dan Dailey Jr. Not that you care very much, though, since this wobbly worn-out story should have been left on the studio shelves. (July)

✓ *WESTERN UNION*—20th Century-Fox: Good old rootin', tootin' Western, built to a formula that never fails—two men, Randy Scott and Robert Young, who love one girl, Virginia Gilmore, with marauding Indians, gun fights and plenty of excitement. (May)

✓✓ *WOMAN'S FACE, A*—M-G-M: You'll find yourself completely held by the gripping intensity of this almost repellent story. Joan Crawford is magnificent as the scarred woman who fights back at a world that shuns her and Conrad Veidt rates equal honors as the man who teaches her love. It's one of the best films to come out of Hollywood in a long time. (July)

YOU'RE THE ONE—Paramount: Bonnie Baker, the "Oh, Johnny" girl, and handsome Orrin Tucker are in this picture, but nevertheless it's a dull and silly movie. And that fine actor, Albert Dekker, is completely wasted. The plot's about a singer's attempt to land a job with a band. (May)

✓✓ *ZIEGFELD GIRL*—M-G-M: Lavish and gorgeous is this musical extravaganza which tells of three girls, Lana Turner, Judy Garland and Hedy Lamarr, who enter the Follies and meet happiness and defeat. Hedy looks beautiful, Judy sings two extravagant numbers, but Lana emerges a star. Jimmy Stewart, Charles Winninger, Philip Dorn and Ian Hunter are all very good, but it's Lana's picture. (July)

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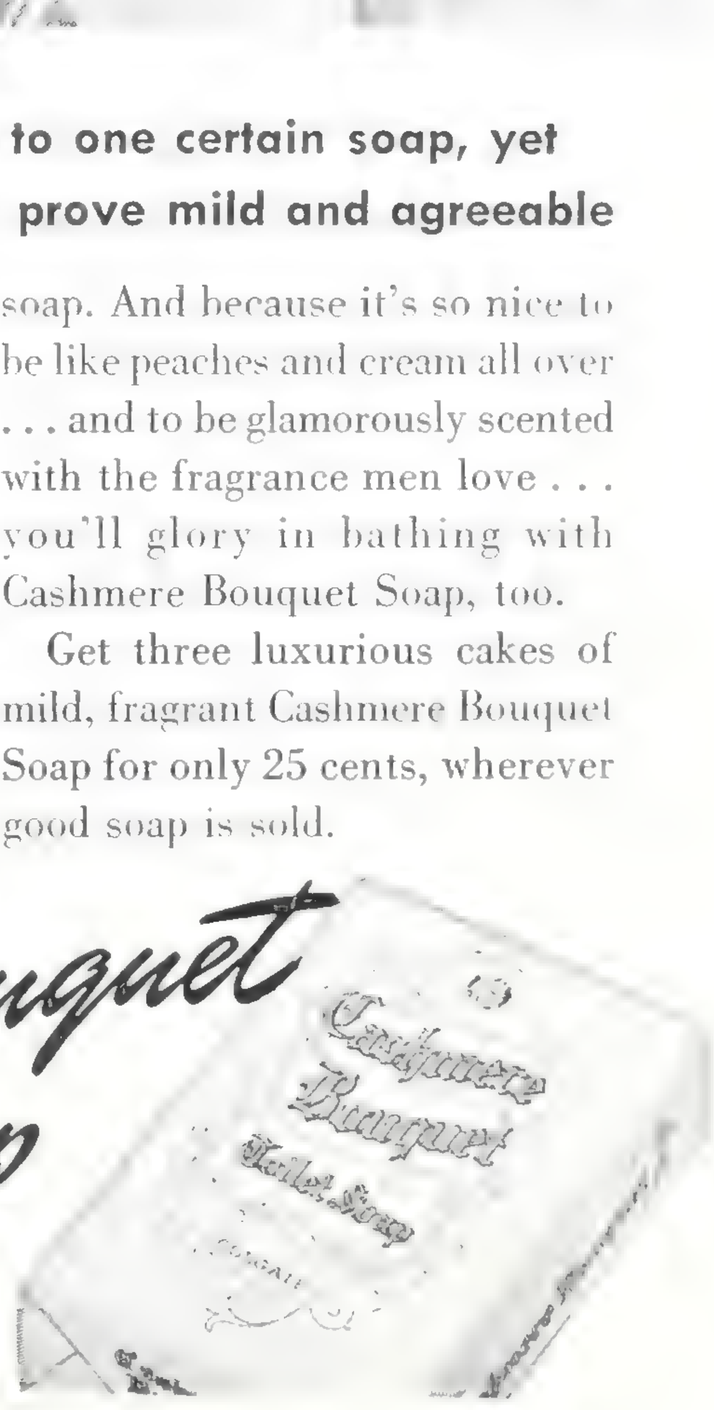
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A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

For Freedom

IN a recent striking article in *Fortune,* Edmond Taylor proposes that America can take the offensive in a gigantic propaganda program which will put emphasis where Hitler puts it: on political and psychological factors. His reference to Hollywood in this connection is strikingly unfavorable. The basic program seems to me to be so right and important that I want to quote that part of his article which considers the contribution motion pictures can make to his plan.

He says that when this "foreign-propaganda" service has been set up to work in close co-operation with the State, Navy and War departments, one of its important purposes will be as follows:

"A particularly hard-boiled section of the foreign-propaganda service should see to it that Hollywood produces American propaganda films of all kinds that really are American propaganda films—the present crop of semi-commercial, semipatriotic efforts from Hollywood is a menace to American morale and American propaganda abroad."

These are harsh words and I don't know to what extent Mr. Taylor is justified in his attack on the industry. I do know that, as I have indicated in a previous issue, the attempt at making Latin-American pictures to strengthen the friendship between South and North America has been a miserable failure. I know also that there was a very unfavorable foreign reaction to pictures like "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." It seems that when such apparently childish and haphazard devices as the filibuster are dramatized they become ludicrous to the modern world, with the obvious exception of our own country.

It may be that Mr. Taylor referred also to the anti-Nazi films, some of which may have been too obvious in their antagonism and therefore lost their propaganda effect. My impression is that this would be an unfair accusation. I think the American people became thoroughly aware of Nazidom's cruelty as a result of pictures like "Escape" and "The Mortal Storm."

If I read the spirit of Hollywood right, there is practically a unanimous wish to contribute to the Government and the people of the United States all the resources of the industry—and I am certainly sure that all affiliated publications such as ours are anxious to contribute their resources—in the support of a "foreign-propaganda" service of the sort Mr. Taylor proposes.

When President Roosevelt said, "The nation will expect all individuals and all groups to play their full parts, without stint, without selfishness, and without doubt that our democracy will triumphantly survive," he offered a challenge to every industry and individual.

I have no right to speak for this industry, but I feel sure that the movie fans of America will support and the motion-picture industry will eagerly devote its energies to a dynamic program—if only the word is given.

Specifically, what kind of picture could be made in support of such a program? Well, perhaps an installment of the Hardy Family showing how each member devotes his time and energies to some aspect of our great national effort would do more good than any other. Perhaps a story which dramatized the real application in everyday life of "the four freedoms": freedom of speech and expression, freedom of every person to worship God in his own way, freedom from want and freedom from fear. Or even a dramatic picturization of how civilian defense can and must protect our cities in the event of attacks.

When will such a propaganda service begin? I'm in favor of it—right now.

I feel sure that the motion-picture industry awaits the call.

Ernest V. Heyn

"MY BRIDE, Alice Faye—"

Photoplay-Movie Mirror is the first to record these frank statements made by handsome bandleader Phil Harris about his wife, "the only girl who ever made me cry"



Alice with Phil, a young man in his thirties who still says "Yes ma'am" and means it



AT 3 o'clock on a warm May day, Alice Faye became the wife of Phil Harris, the bandleader. The setting was Ensenada, Mexico, and no two happier people in all the world returned across the border that evening to these United States than Alice and Phil.

Theirs had been one of those love on sight, whirlwind courtships. So much in love were these two, in fact, they could not wait until Phil's American divorce from his former wife, Marcia Ralston, became final in September.

"We're going to be married all over again then," Phil told us, his grin wider than usual.

Several weeks ago, we sat with Phil in his dressing room at the Paramount Theater where he had a two weeks' engagement and talked of Alice, the girl he frankly admitted he loved. All about his dressing room were reminders of Alice, little things she'd bought for that dressing room, kidding signs painted by members of Phil's orchestra on doors and mirrors, a huge wreath of dried vegetables outside the door, a gag present from Alice to Phil, and something else, something almost indefinable—a feeling, or aura perhaps, of the happiness and joy that radiate from those who have found love.

And Phil Harris *has* found it in Alice. And Alice has found it in Phil. "I know everything will work out," this famous bandleader told us, "but you see our love is so new and it happened to us so suddenly, and with Alice away for three weeks and me on tour, we can't seem to understand yet just what's happened to us."

That's how deeply in love Phil and Alice are, with each seeming to know and recognize this is not just the usual Hollywood romance with dates and gay times. It's more than just that. It goes deep into their hearts and a meeting ten years ago. It has its roots in an affinity of unspoken yearnings for companionship and home and simple things.

It's exactly as if, after a long and heartbreaking journey, Alice had come home at last.

She tried to express that yearning when she bought a ranch home out in the Valley. Alice, the bright-light girl from New York, on a ranch! It seemed incredible to Hollywood. But we who understand Alice Faye knew that some unexpressed longing for peace after storms, for rest after turmoil, was sending Alice in search of a permanent haven.

Now she's found it. Found it in a man who also came through success with all its accompanying noisy fanfare to find true happiness in the simple things of a simple life.

BY SARA HAMILTON

They met for the first time ten years ago. Phil remembers everything about that meeting. It happened on the roof garden of the Pennsylvania Hotel when Rudy Vallee beckoned over the little blonde that sang with his band.

"ALICE, this is Phil Harris. His band is going to follow ours here for an engagement." They sat down at a table, Phil recalls, and talked for fifteen minutes about nothing much at all. Alice was beginning her career then and so was the new bandleader. Neither knew or dared to dream of the success that lay ahead for each of them, of the amazing events that would carry them on. Certainly they couldn't foresee that ten years later, in a little Ventura Boulevard restaurant out in California, they'd look at each other over their midnight sandwiches and say "Hello" as if those ten years had never been.

They were neighbors in the village of Encino and yet they'd never met. Alice could look over from her garden and see Phil's place and yet their paths had somehow never crossed since that night ten years ago. Alice had gone on to stardom and Phil's band had become a part of Hollywood, appearing weekly on Jack Benny's NBC radio (*Continued on page* 74)

You can't print that



The hostess opened the closet door and there, silhouetted in the light, stood . . .

HARKEN to these tales of Hollywood, a town full of stories that can't be told with names because they're too true to print. Each and every one is about a star you know well. They are stories told over cocktails at bridge parties in Beverly Hills and whispered of over the mixed green salads of glamour girls lunching together, and talked about by firelight in the evening at a star's ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

And that's all right.

But you can't print them, sometimes because they are too intimate, sometimes because they would fashion an

She fell madly in love with a young business executive, took him everywhere, introduced him to everybody who was Anybody. He had a wonderful time . . . then the inevitable happened

about Hollywood!

Oh, can't we, though! A daring insider's glimpse of censorable facts

impression of Hollywood that isn't typical of Hollywood at all, often because the heroes and heroines of the stories have forgotten them and never want to recall them again.

O. Henry would have loved these tales. So de Maupassant would have. O. Henry and de Maupassant would have changed the real names to Mary and John and Celestine and Raoul, and told the stories anyway.

And that's what we will do.

So if you find in these accounts any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead—*you've probably guessed right!*

Barbara was considered by many the most beautiful star in Hollywood, Martin the most brilliant and promising young director. Barbara had a husband, Jim, whom she adored, but when she met Martin a new love flamed into the picture and the old domestic adoration grew stale.

But she never told Jim, and he never guessed. He was perfectly happy, as he'd always been—until the night on which this story begins and ends. . . .

It was one of those lavish Hollywood parties. After an excellent dinner, the proud hostess of the new mansion wanted to show her guests—especially the feminine guests—the appointments of her beautifully decorated house. Her husband, and Jim and a few of the other boys stayed in the bar, chatting, while the rest of the famous assemblage went on the tour of inspection.

"This is the linen closet," explained the hostess. "It's padded with satin, and the light clicks on automatically when you open the door."

She flung open the linen closet door, and there, in the brilliant light, as in a crystal candy Easter egg, stood Barbara and Martin, in a close embrace. (*Continued on page* 108)

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

THE AUTHOR

Twenty-seven-year-old Dorothy Kilgallen is one of America's foremost journalists, the girl who has had the most startling rise of any woman in the newspaper business. The first woman to fly around the world, she circled the globe in 1936, to win a time race over two male newspapermen competitors. Her daily column, "Voice of Broadway," is read from coast to coast; her radio broadcasts are favorite listening to millions of people; her articles and stories have appeared in America's leading magazines



She's in love with a lad who was just jilted by a prominent star. It's a romance all right—but not the kind her fan club imagines . . .

"Look," he bargained, "introduce me as a society pal from the East. I'll do some fast dealing and . . ."



Gathering place of the Ameche clan of fifteen is the pool, highlighted here by Don, father of Donnie, Ronnie, Tommy and Lonny

How Don Ameche Lives

IF YOU should pass a house near Encino, from which sounds of uninhibited hilarity issue, it's probably Don Ameche's house. If you should sneak across the lawn and peer through the window, you might be greeted by some such spectacle as this.

The furniture has been pushed against the wall to clear a space for football practice. Brother Louis starts a ten-foot dash from the dining room. Don leaps at him for a flying tackle. Ameches of assorted sizes, shapes and ages form an interested audience. Prominent among them, because they squeal the loudest, are two towheaded youngsters. Grandpa has to hold their squirming bodies tight to keep them from hurling themselves under their father's heels.

"Nuts!" says Don. "Louis's not heavy enough. Betty, you climb on his back."

Brother Jim's young wife is hoisted to Louis's back. Don leaps again and Betty takes a header into the fireplace. Honore—Honey to her husband, and well named both by reason of her hair and her disposition—is first to reach Betty's side. But not before that young lady has risen, dusted herself off and observed calmly: "Not so hot. Let's do it again." Honore departs for the kitchen, to help Irene and Annie rustle dinner for the mob.

The Ameche house is run for Ameches, and not for show. It's a kind of rallying center for the whole clan, which is large enough to keep things lively. There are Don and Honore and their four young ones—Dominic junior, seven, Ronald, five, and Thomas and Laurence, two and one respectively on July 20—they were born just a year apart. Don's father and mother live close by. So do Jim and Betty, so do Louis and Polly.

Jim is the brother you've heard on the radio, whose voice sounds so like Don's. Louis is the brother who used to walk the floor with the first baby, so Don and Honore could catch a couple of winks. He was married a couple of years ago to nineteen-year-

According to Hollywood Hoyle, a house is run for show. The Ameches play another way. This unceremonious visit lets you in on one of the most magnificent family performances you've ever seen



Tough guy of the four Ameche sons is Ronnie (right, with Don and Honore). Usually mud-smeared, he calls himself "Butch," rates more attention in the woodshed than any of his brothers

BY IRENE ZARAT

old Pollyanna, with Honore's brother officiating and Don as best man. Polly was an orphan and can't get over the wonder of having a family.

Catherine and Mary Jane and Anne, Don's little sisters, go to boarding school, but come home for week ends. Only brother Bert, studying architecture in Paris, and a married sister in Kenosha are missing from the family circle. Intimates like Chet and Harriet Lauck—he's the *Lum* of "Lum and Abner"—trail in and out.

Irene and Annie and Gabe work there, "but they're not servants," says Honore. "They live with us and they eat with us and they're free to bring their friends in, like any member of the family." Honore took Annie on in Chicago as a mother's helper. Irene, Annie's friend, came to them two years ago to do the cooking. Gabe was a Belgian war baby, adopted by the nuns at the school Don attended in boyhood. They became close friends and when the Ameches were newly married in Chicago, Gabe would come in to wash windows for Honore. Once they were settled in Hollywood, they lost no time in sending for him.

To celebrate Don's first birthday after their marriage, Honore cooked a festive dinner, invited Louis and hired a little country girl to serve it. This essay into elegance was meant as a surprise to her husband. The effect was marred by the handmaid, who entered giggling, spilled the soup, flopped a deprecatory hand and said, "Sha!" Instead of pretending with dignity that nothing had happened, Don and Louis exploded into yells of joy. "All right, my lad," thought Honore. "If you like it that way, that's the way we'll have it."

Actually, she takes no more kindly than does Don to formality. When formal entertainment is indicated, the Ameches go to the Vendome. The tempo of the house isn't suited to stateliness. They don't believe in shushing the kids. They want Grandpa to feel free to drop in for a game of Call Rummy when the notion takes him. If they're not in to play with him, Gabe and the girls will be. Soup



The tempo of the Ameche house, not suited to stateliness, is set by the chintz and sunshine atmosphere of the living room (left). Below: Don and Honore hold Tommy and Donnie respectively. Don, as a father, is ready for anything. "He'll fall flat on his face," says golden-haired Honore, "before he'll go to bed"

is no longer spilled, but at Christmas dinners, with thirty round the board, "we more or less throw things at each other."

Don is ready for anything at any hour. "He'll fall flat on his face," says Honore, "before he'll go to bed." A day at the studio doesn't begin to exhaust his energy. Turning in at the gate, he yells, "Hey, Pete! Hey, Mike!" and the kids come running for football. They're the footballs. "You threw him higher!" shrieks Ronnie. "Throw me again."

ON fight nights the radio is dragged into the dining room. After dinner they play games or dance. Since Don learned to tap for "Hollywood Cavalcade," they stage tapping contests. Later they'll sit down to a bout of Call Rummy. The big loser gets taken for as much as fifty cents. Or they'll run homemade movies. An outfit, supplied by Honore as a birthday gift, turned Don into a camera fiend, with the children as preferred victims. He'll lie in wait to catch Donnie's toothless grin or Ronnie, mud-smeared.

According to his mother, Donnie has a trace of manners. Ronnie's the tough guy. The tougher, the better, says Don, who can't abide a sissy. Not that his sons show any lilylike symptoms. But he feels you can't start them too young on the right track. He has exercise periods with Tommy and Lonny, who grab their father's fingers in manful attempts at jiujutsu. Thomas Anthony, by the way, was to have been Anthony straight, till his parents reflected on what his future schoolmates could do with "Tony Ameech." Laurence Michael was to have been Michael Joseph, but they decided his nose would be out of joint unless he had a nickname to rhyme with those of his brothers.

At two and a half, Ronnie's head was a mass of fair curls. Unluckily for Honore, Don overheard a visitor's comment. "The little boy's cute, but the girl's a darling."

"Imagine calling that hulk a girl!" fumed his father. "Have those curls cut off right away."

Honore, who keeps her sentimental side under control, took Ronnie to the barber but quailed at sight of the shears and brought him home intact. Don sent him back in charge of Gabe.

"Have him just bobbed," Honore pleaded.

"Have him shaved," yelled Don.

Trying to strike a happy medium, Gabe brought the lamb back well trimmed but with the shadow of a curl over his forehead. Don surveyed him that evening. "Come here, Booboo, I want to show you something." They disappeared into the bathroom and presently emerged with Booboo shouting, "Boy, do I look like Daddy! Am I cute!" Daddy had hacked at his hair with a nail scissors till it resembled a nest of unrelated straw. His mother, who knows when she's licked, took him down to the barber herself next day.

If you want to curry favor with the boys, don't call them by their given

(*Continued on page* 80)





Leading "will they marry or won't they" couple is Judy Garland and Dave Rose. Her chart shows her husband must be a sophisticate. Does that mean Dave?





What is Their ROMANTIC FUTURE?

The stars say "no" to the Lana Turner and Tony Martin duet. Will it be marriage—and then divorce?



The eminent astrologer Blanca Holmes takes the seven top Hollywood couples, tells you whether they will or won't marry — and why

BLANCA HOLMES is one of the two or three top-flight astrologists in Hollywood. Her clientele embraces the most glittering names in the social and motion-picture world.

She is the wife of Stuart Holmes, who made a name for himself in silent pictures. In 1924 they moved into a house among the Hollywood hills, formerly occupied by the Krotona Institute, a theosophical society. Mrs. Holmes found herself poring over books on theosophy and astrology left behind by the previous tenants. Her interest was stirred, she continued to study and presently to teach. Occasionally, at the request of a student, she would write someone's chart. When 1928 knocked the pinnings from under the silents and 1929 from under the general financial structure, she could no longer afford to pursue her hobby as a hobby and turned it instead into a lucrative profession.

She's especially grateful to Mrs. Jack Warner, an eager student of astrology, who introduced Mrs. Holmes into her large and brilliant circle, and to Sidney Skolsky, the first columnist to remove his tongue from his cheek before writing about astrology.

She's small, dark, businesslike and serene-looking. The following article reports some of her findings on the romances of some of your favorite movie stars. Her conclusions are based solely on the readings of the celestial bodies. Astrology maintains that, according to planet placements, certain courses are likely and advisable at one time, unlikely and inadvisable at another.

Under this phase, an action may culminate favorably; under that phase, disastrously. There is nothing inevitable about either outcome. The stars, Mrs. Holmes says, don't cross us up. It's we who cross them up.

Lana Turner—Tony Martin

Mrs. Holmes Believes: They will not marry. If, contrary to astral indications, they should, the union would be dissolved.

Reasons: Lana is an Aquarian, as



Most definite of all Mrs. Holmes' predictions is the one she makes about the future of George Brent and Ann Sheridan

Vividly attracted to each other now are Greg Bautzer and Dorothy Lamour. But the sarong queen is inclined to exaggerate her emotions greatly; so . . .

Not a good setup, according to the stars, is the Dolores Del Rio-Orson Welles combine. But Dolores' chart has a decisive factor that settles it

BY IDA ZEITLIN

are half of the players under contract to Metro. She is best suited to a man born between the middle of February and the middle of March. Artie Shaw was born on May 23, Tony Martin on Christmas Day. Incidentally, on the heels of Lana's surprise marriage to Artie, Mrs. Holmes made two predictions: That they would be divorced and that Lana would waive alimony. Both forecasts proved accurate.

According to her own horoscope, Lana would be smart to postpone marriage for several years. She is entering a period crucial to her career, which is of the first importance to her and which promises to be highly successful. It was this which broke up her marriage to Shaw. Their temperaments clashed, it's true, but they clashed most fiercely against dat ole debbil, career, which meant more to each than the other.

Well, Tony was born under a sign which makes him even more ambitious than Artie and gives him greater faith in himself. He'll let nothing—but nothing—come between him and professional advancement. Temperamentally, too, he and Lana are opposed. He's cagey, deliberate, mulls things over, reaches conclusions through the processes of sober logic and careful thought. She's quick, impulsive and acts on instinct. Like her speech and gestures, her mind is abrupt. The stars say no to marriage with Tony, but Lana who, like all Aquarians, is somewhat erratic at times, might defy them and say yes. In which case, the marriage would be likely to peter out into a sister-and-brother (*Continued on page* 85)

Temperamentally suited like ham and eggs are Betty Grable and George Raft. But is their object marriage?

Clark Gable


Rosalind Russell

"I'M GOING TO BE SOMEBODY"

The inspiring life story of Martha Scott



They called her Martha Ellen Scott, the little angel. The redheaded little angel started telling fibs almost at once

She started out to be the first woman president. Which gives you a pretty good idea as to why this story of her life turned out to be such a riotous chronicle

BY

RUTH WATERBURY

HER two grandmothers were hanging over her cradle on that mid-September day in 1915 when she was born, so they named the red-headed, precious curly-haired bundle from heaven Martha and Ellen after the two old ladies. Martha Ellen, they called her, Martha Ellen Scott, the little angel. Whereupon the little angel started lying and being a tomboy almost at once.

Being a tomboy was intentional. She wanted to keep up with her two small, excessively male cousins. The lying was mere dramatic instinct. She knew from the moment of her earliest consciousness that she was going to be somebody in this world. Her dreams then were even greater than her present triumph that has made her, at the end of her first year on the screen, a candidate, if not a winner, for an Academy Award.

Today's Martha Scott, slim, small, and most deceptively delicate, gets a bit misty-eyed at the thought of all the acclaim that has come to her for "Our Town," "The Howards of Virginia" and "Cheers for Miss Bishop." She gets wide-eyed at the heights she is told lie before her. She gets starry-eyed whenever she mentions her husband, Carleton Alsop (which is every two sentences). But back there in 1915 and for the next twelve years onward, she expected to be nothing less than the first woman president of the United States. It was this conviction of her spotlighted destiny that made her choose Gee's Creek, Missouri, as her birthplace.

Gee's Creek was not her birthplace. It was actually Jamesport, Missouri, a near-by and larger town. But Martha always declared, and even told her original Hollywood interviewers, that she first saw the light of life in Gee's Creek, because she thought that sounded better. Gee's Creek was just what you'd expect, a town with a store, a couple of streets and a little white church, much like "Grovers Corners" in "Our Town" which introduced her both to Broadway and Hollywood.

She had a wonderful little girlhood there on the farm in Jamesport and

An entrancing frills-and-flounces view of Martha, the worst tomboy on the block



she probably would have grown up and married and lived happily and unknown forever after if it hadn't been for her father's bent for machines and engines taking all the Scotts to Kansas City, and Martha's encountering love and an inferiority complex all at once.

In Jamesport, she had asked no more of life than the constant society of two little boy cousins and one "nintimate" girl friend. You know, perhaps, how it is with little girls. They find one other pal in school and sidle up to her and say, "Will you be my nintimate friend?" By which they mean practically a soulmate, who shares secrets and candy bars and walks home (*Continued on page 82*)

She gets misty-eyed and wide-eyed and starry-eyed by turn. You would to, if you had her past, present—and future

Am I too colorful—

Bob Hope



Villain at the bottom of this last-chance business is the Hays office who blew their censorial trumpet and banned sweaters from films forever. So gaze ruefully at Sheila Ryan. . . .



. . . and Brenda Joyce, who's all dressed up in what the censors call a degrading element. She's thinking of the days when the wardrobes of sirens were the bare essentials

Last Chance at SWEATERS!

Forbidden fruit from now on is an evening sweater like this one of Brenda's, which makes the code critics blush and Hollywood sing a blues song about the good old days

Take a last-minute look at Brenda, then send your regrets to Hollywood—and Mr. Gable, who's now engaged in tearfully packing away all his favorite turtle-neck sweaters



FLIGHT *into* NOWHERE



AT Gay Stevens' scream the hangar door opened and disappeared into a space at the left. Axel, the mechanic, stood there looking at her, his red-veined hands rubbing at his sleeping eyes, his mouth wide open. Anyone would have thought the scream had issued from his mouth, not from Gay's.

"Axel, warm up a plane."

Major Stevens, in dungarees and a woolen army shirt, appeared suddenly at Axel's side.

"The old O. J. is ready," he said. "Hop in."

Gay all but wept.

"That pile of junk? That's all you have?"

The Major patted the nearest wing and blew a tiny cloud of dust off it.

"It's all we need," he said calmly. "It's an old observation ship with a new radial engine in her and the Gay supercharger."

Gay stepped hastily into the plane. The pilot's cockpit was just below the wings, she saw. Her father seated himself, thrust his arms into an old leather coat and kicked the engine into life. The plane roared out toward the wide gray sea.

There was no moon and the stars were dull and gave no light. The heavens were littered with dark clouds, black against the dark gray of the sky. There was nothing but gloom ahead, nothing but gloom below, and to the right, and to the left. . . .

Gay's hands were cold and numb. She kept tight hold on the back of the pilot's seat. She had no words now, but little half-shaped prayers came tumbling up from the depths of her consciousness to warm her hopes. Would they ever find Bob Fuller, flying somewhere in the murky night, flying out to sea?

She lived over again in her mind those terrible moments at Hollywood's Mocambo where Bob had taken her to dinner that very night, saw again the stricken look on his face, when Muriel Cowley, the Muriel Cowley, brilliant film actress, had tried to take a white feather from a woman's hat and give it to him. Muriel Cowley, close friend of Bob's, whose name had been linked with his in the columns, should have known better. She must have known that the reason Hollywood's top male star wasn't in the draft was because he had injured his lungs saving a dog in a studio fire. She must have known, too, the unfair criticism he had had to stand just because he couldn't—or wouldn't—explain his deferment.

Gay was glad, now, that she had slapped Muriel. It had at least brought her to her senses again, for Muriel, drinking, was a hard person to manage. No wonder, Gay mused, when Muriel had threatened to divorce her husband, the husband had threatened to file an answer. She remembered reading that if the Cowley divorce went through, Muriel would marry Bob



BY EDWARD DOHERTY

RATION BY CA

There is more than one way to defeat the "other woman." Gay knew them all. But this was something she, or any other honest girl, wouldn't even try to fight

watched the plane until it was almost a speck in the sky. And then she had screamed. For Bob Fuller wasn't flying back to Hollywood. He was headed out to sea!

SHE came back with a start to the present. The sky ahead was flooded with white light. It was the Major's new invention, destined for use in the Army—a beam that would light up the sky for thousands of yards ahead.

But there was nothing in the heavens—only cloud drifts

The plane soared up to ten thousand feet and the beam was playing now in wide circles

A spark drifted into her sight, high up and to the right; a sight as soul-stirring as the first glimpse of land must have been to Columbus.

"There he is," she cried, digging her fingers into her father's shoulders.

"Don't point," he said calmly.

"Thank God!" Gay whimpered and let the tears fall where they might.

"When a girl weeps like that," her father observed, "an old man begins to wonder how many grandchildren will bless his declining years."

"Do shut up," Gay gulped. "He doesn't see us. He doesn't see anything."

The Major indicated a receiver-like object over Gay's right shoulder. "There's a mike in it," he said. "Take it off the hook and speak into it naturally."

"And he'll hear me? Over the roar of two motors?"

"He'll hear you distinctly." The Major switched a beam of light full onto the red plane and Gay spoke into the mike. (*Continued on page 87*)

Muriel threw herself at Bob as soon as he got out of the car. "Oh, Bob darling," she cried, "I think I should have gone stark staring mad if you hadn't come!" It was as though Gay and the Major weren't even there

Fuller, Hollywood's biggest male star.

Was she out here, flying through darkness, trying to save a man from suicide just so that he could marry another woman? For Bob's mind was on suicide; she knew that. She could still see the look on his face as he had said good-by to her after he had flown her home to the little house in San Diego where she lived so quietly with her inventor-father, Major Stevens.

"It isn't fair," she'd said. "It isn't fair that you should let people despise you. You could tell them the truth."

"Sure, but who'd believe it?" His laugh had been bitter.

"It hurts that much?" she'd said.

"It hurts so much," he'd answered her quietly, "that sometimes I wish I'd died in that fire."

Then he had bent and kissed her quickly and, without another word, had stepped into his plane and taken off.

Her mind in a whirl, she had

MEET OUI CHILDREN



Popular member of a set that has scores of adult appeal is Marilyn Thorpe, eight years old. Her assets are a pug nose, dreamy freckles and a mother named Mary Ashe. Her father is Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, Mary's first husband. The photographer is Mary Ashe.



Wag at the mock wrist is Beverly Hills, whose airy outings keep Hollywood agog and afire with attendance stories. Daughter of comedienne Joan Davis and ex-comedian Si Wills, she made her screen debut in "Love Affair," soon have a celebrated Hollywood fashion with a grin and two cars. Sonny, a Boston bulldog, had the honor of being

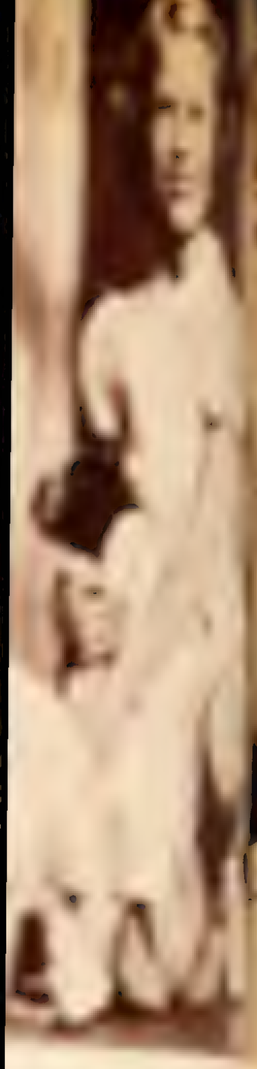


Good bet for a 1960 collar ad is Tomás del Campo, two-year-old son of Mary Ashe and Manuel del Campo, cutter for M-G-M. His golden-brown hair and dark Latin eyes rate him a good profit in the daily grooming-and-bathing business





Thinking about Hollywood's Justice Jones (left), three-year-old son of Allen Jones and Irene Hervey, he says "My Pappy [Jones] let his fingers get warm to be a policeman when he grows up." Jillian Stanwyck is the child whose playmate and a close pal is Virginia ("Ginger") Gaines, traveling-baby daughter of Brenda Marshall and her divorced husband Richard Gaines. Now York these actor





Brother and sister beach pal by nine-year-old Susan Anne and five-year-old Guy Jr., children of Guy Fallon. Here's proof of business takes their minds off Peggy Guy, opening at Laguna Beach, California, makes Mr. Fallon's role of Human Fish in the informal aquatic class. Fallon offspring entice make Guy's eyes mention those they ever watch movies



Illustrated invitation from the star overlords of Hollywood to meet the people who bring over them. Private pictures taken by the stars themselves

Wonder of action is Susie Tracy, daughter of Spencer, who swings from trees with the greatest of ease. She's redheaded, goes for swimsuits and broad, contemplates on being a "cowboy" in all the San Fernando Valley back yards

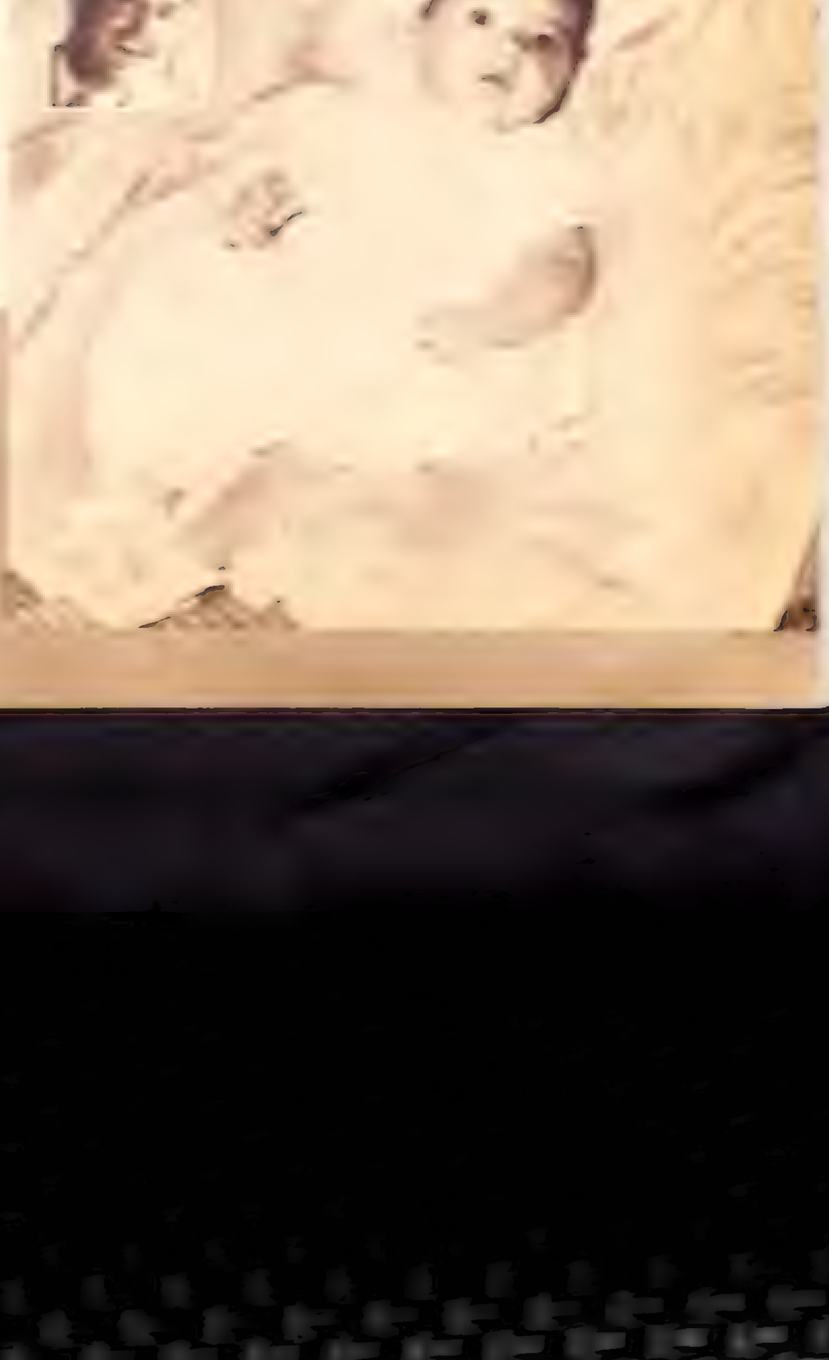
Big man of the campaign trade is year-old Spencer David, son of the Millands. Swapped on four months by his brother, he is the reason why ladies check on babies' weight, before sitting down next to Bob at any dinner table

Fonda's" brownie. Dorothy can Singleton, five-year-old family of Penny Singleton, Blondie" to the college gang, ve point of dissension be- een Blondie and the brunette tor Penny doesn't understand ver kindergarten French

Peggy's proper and fly a Joan Bennett "Jeanne" to us). She's a girl with the best color horses in the world—her father always broadcasts good night to her when he's away from home. Being a Benny she practically grown most of the trouble on a









Popular member of a set that has plenty of sock appeal is Marilyn Thorpe, eight years old. Her assets are a pug nose, alluring freckles and a mother named Mary Astor. Her father is Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, Mary's first husband. The photographer is—Mary Astor



Wag of the major minors is Beverly Wills, whose airy nothings keep Hollywood supplied with after-dinner stories. Daughter of comedienne Joan Davis and ex-vaudevillian Si Wills, she made her screen debut in "Love Affair," poses here in approved Hollywood fashion with a grin and two pets, Sonny, a Boston bull, and the thoroughbred Big Boy



Good bet for a 1960 collar ad is Tono del Campo, two-year-old son of Mary Astor and Manuel del Campo, cutter for M-G-M. His golden-brown hair and dark Latin eyes rate him a good profit in the daily graham-cracker business

MEET OUR CHILDRE

Thinking about spinach is Jackie Jones (left), three-year-old son of Allan Jones and Irene Hervey. He sings like Papa, looks a lot like Mama and wants to be a policeman when he grows up. Below: Standout in the class where dimples are a dime a dozen is Virginia ("Ginger") Gaines, bouncing-baby daughter of Brenda Marshall and her divorced husband Richard Gaines, New York stage actor







Brother and sister beach act by nine-year-old Shirley Anne and five-year-old Guy Jr., children of Guy Kibbee. Heavy press of business takes their minds off Papa Guy's camera at Laguna Beach, California, makes Mr. Kibbee a rival of Hyman Fink in the informal candid class. Kibbee offspring antics make Guy's eyes rounder than they ever were in movies



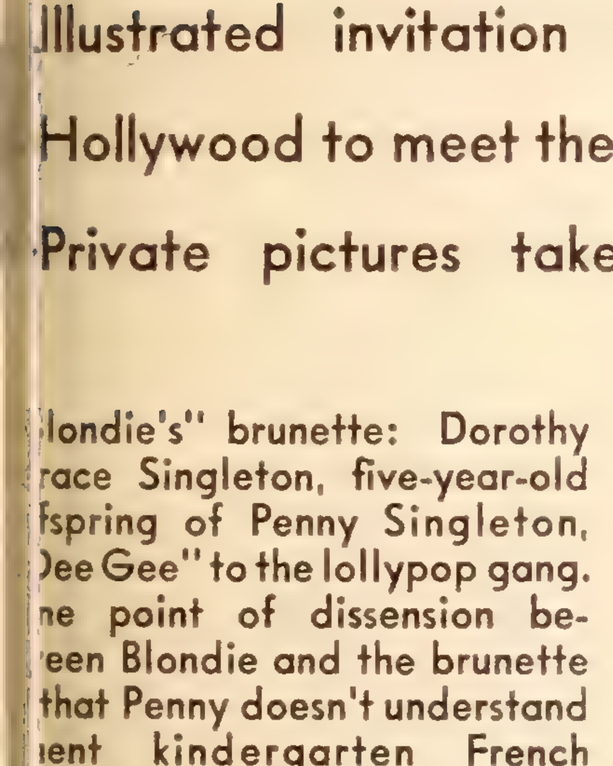
Woman of action is Susie Tracy, daughter of Spencer, who swings from trees with the greatest of ease. She's redheaded, goes for overalls and braids, concentrates on being a tomboy in all the San Fernando Valley back yards

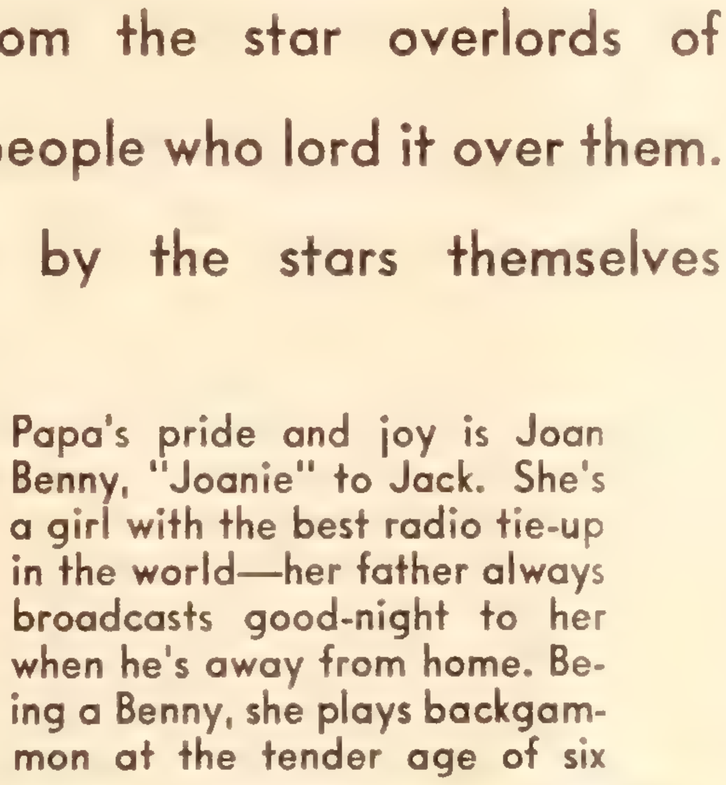
Illustrated invitation from the star overlords of Hollywood to meet the people who lord it over them. Private pictures taken by the stars themselves

londie's" brunette: Dorothy race Singleton, five-year-old fspring of Penny Singleton, Dee Gee" to the lollypop gang. ne point of dissension be- een Blondie and the brunette that Penny doesn't understand ent kindergarten French

Papa's pride and joy is Joan Benny, "Joanie" to Jack. She's a girl with the best radio tie-up in the world—her father always broadcasts good-night to her when he's away from home. Being a Benny, she plays backgammon at the tender age of six

Big shot of the carriage trade is year-old Daniel David, son of the Millands. Snapped at four months by his father, he is the reason why ladies check on babies' weights before sitting down next to Ray at any dinner table







I Almost Gave Up

BY VERONICA LAKE

SOMETIMES in the midst of this strange, exciting existence that has been mine since I was given my role in "I Wanted Wings" and became a part of Hollywood, I stop and think to myself, *Ronnie, is this you?* And I marvel—not so much because I find myself in pictures at last after just about breaking my heart trying and never succeeding at all, but because it was after I had given up trying that I achieved the success I had strived for so long.

You see, there was a time when I said to myself, *Ronnie, my girl, you're a fool! The price on what you're after is too high. Forget the whole thing!* And I did. And then success sought me out. Hollywood came to me. That is the way things work, sometimes. You get what you want only after you've stopped caring whether you get it or not.

But I cared for a while. For two years and a half I cared. And because I did, I made sacrifices—not of money, perhaps, but of happiness and peace of mind. I suffered embarrassment and shame. I went through a good many trials I wish I might forget.

It is the story of those trials I should like to tell now. Perhaps some other girl may profit by my experiences. Perhaps some other girl may decide, as I did at last, that the game is not worth the candle. It so often isn't, you know—so terribly, heartbreakingly often.

True, my own case seems to contradict that, but it only seems to. I had my dreams and ambitions and bright hopes, but I lost them. Now, if life appears wonderful—and it does—career is not the sole reason, nor even the main reason. There is something else bigger and better. But I am getting ahead of myself. That comes later.

I was born at Lake Placid, New York, and my father is H. A. Keane, the commercial artist. Dad and Mother are the kind of people to whom a daughter was from the beginning someone, not to "bring up," but to make friends with. They never talked baby talk to me. They never "shushed" me when I asked embarrassing questions, as children will. They answered me honestly, seriously. Nor was I lectured on right and wrong, with candy a reward for being good, spanking the penalty for naughtiness. It was just assumed around our house that because we three loved and respected each other we would be good—that we wouldn't hurt each other, wouldn't do anything shabby or mean.

Perhaps this may sound pretty far afield from my story, but I don't believe that it is. Because when we had moved to California and I became identified with the Bliss Hayden School of Dramatics and subsequently decided to try my luck in the movies, that background of affection and trust gave me something to tie to. And I needed something, at times.

I MEAN in instances like this: Early in my pursuit of a career, it was suggested I hire an agent. So I did. Of course, I couldn't get a very important agent because I was an unknown, but I found this one and he said the very first thing to do in a campaign to win over Hollywood was to "be seen around."

"Go places and do things," he advised me. (*Continued on page 97*)

I suffered embarrassment and shame. I went through a good many trials I wish I might forget... I wondered if the game were worth the candle



Hand-picked member of the cast of "Sullivan's Travels": Paramount's new star, Veronica Lake

To Make You Happier



HOW TO BE A GOOD HOSTESS AND HOW TO BE A GOOD GUEST



Rosalind Russell: A prominent hostess who knows how to get the most out of party life



Myrna Loy: Leader in Hollywood's sophisticated set, she has miracle suggestions



Bette Davis: A hostess with a flair for informal entertaining of the "artiste group"

NOT only are you the star of your life but, for the most part, you write the story and direct the action, too. Consequently, life's going to be just what you make it—no better, no worse. Obviously, any good thing you don't reach for you're going to miss.

This brings us to social graces. For social graces lead straight to popularity, one of the shortest and surest roads to happiness. Also, to bring men into it, men are predisposed towards the girl who is popular and knows her way around socially—*even the men who insist they don't care about such things.* It's right they should be, too! For the girl who is socially well-adjusted makes the best wife. She can entertain her husband's business friends. She can make a fine place for her family in any community.

Let's play Truth for a few minutes.

Are you one of those happy human beings who master social grace in all of its five phases? In other words:

Do you have pleasing importance in your community, church, club or school?

Do you have happy relationships with your friends?

Do you make a desirable impression upon acquaintances?

Do you shine as a hostess?

Do you find yourself sought as a guest?

If you can answer these questions with an honest affirmative, turn to the next story, this isn't for you. If, on the other hand, your answers to these questions convince you there's something wrong somewhere, read on—it was for you we went to Hollywood to ferret out the social secrets of the stars.

It takes no social magic for a star to appear to social advantage on the screen. The supporting cast darn well have to buzz around her like bees around a big, fragrant flower. It's in the script! But off screen the stars, like everybody else, have their own way to make. It was those girls who make their way most brilliantly whom we sought, whose social life we dissected and whose clever tactics we preserved in shorthand notes in order



We think this is one of the most valuable articles that has ever been printed—the second in a signal series designed to show you how to find your place in the sun

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

ILLUSTRATION BY SI MEZEROW



Claudette Colbert: One of Hollywood's "400," she gives the dinner party perfect



Joan Bennett: Her hints are priceless for all married or about-to-be-married girls



Ouida Bergere Rathbone: Famous social leader, the gracious wife of Basil Rathbone

to help you get over on the happiness side, too.

One thing our investigation proved—definitely! When you're out of kilter socially a few minor adjustments usually will have you ready to take the toughest kind of a social grade in high. You don't have to be born with social grace.

First of all, say our Hollywood social leaders:

Be Somebody in Your Community

Don't be footless, like a gypsy. Make up your mind what you're going to do in the way of civic, charitable, church, or school work and do it efficiently and graciously . . . Rosalind Russell.

Fill out the various forms that are sent to you at different times and mail them—it won't kill you . . . Rosalind Russell.

Co-operate with your town by hanging out a flag on holidays and lighting the tree at your door at Christmas . . . Rosalind Russell.

Don't Be Proud

Beware of the stiff-necked pride that keeps you from making an effort to please people.

Take the attitude, "If people don't like me for myself I don't want their friendship" and you'll get nowhere—fast! People will like you for yourself only if they find you charming. And you won't be charming—count on this!—unless you make an effort to please . . . Rosalind Russell.

Give people a chance to talk about those things which interest them and about which they talk well and be quick to applaud verbally, to say, "How very clear you make it!" or "I hadn't thought of that!" or something of the kind . . . Ouida Bergere.

When you're responsible for a charity bazaar or a club dinner or any similar activity ask people to help you. For when you try to do everything yourself you don't corner all the glory, you corner all the criticism, as you deserve to do. Be generous, too, with the credit you give those who do the least thing for you . . . Ouida Bergere. (*Continued on page 77*)



Study in strength: Joan Crawford, star of "A Woman's Face"



Study of a profile that is the inspiration for the "We Want Flynn" chant: Errol Flynn of Warners' "Dive Bomber"

Sun Valley Serenade



—sung to the tune of skis, skates
and hearts in this charm-packed romance
of the little refugee skater who gets her man

Fiction version by NORTON RUSSELL

Copyright 1941 by Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Produced by Milton Sperling. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone

AT the time, adopting a refugee baby had seemed a smart way of getting publicity. Winchell had devoted a whole half-column to it. There was something irresistibly appealing about the thought of a dance band's opening its collective arms and heart to a little homeless tot from Europe. Nifty Allen, press agent and general roustabout for the Dartmouth Troubadours, was rather smug because the stunt had been his idea.

But all that was before the baby actually arrived. In fact, six months before. And when a man from the Immigration Service handed Ted Scott a paper saying that day after tomorrow he had to be at Ellis Island to receive his infant charge, it came as a shock, since everyone in the band had forgotten all about it

"This was your idea," Ted, who played the piano and sang choruses, said darkly to Nifty. "And I'm stuck with the kid because I was the only one in the outfit that had a fountain pen to sign the application. Well, it's out. We don't need the publicity now —we got a job. We'll tell 'em we don't want a baby."

"You can't," said Phil Corey, the band leader, blinking distressedly behind his spectacles. "You're responsible. It says so, right here on the notice."

Nifty tried to comfort Ted. "After all, didn't you tell me you wanted to be a father?"

"Yeah," Ted admitted. "But I want to do it *my* way."

Nevertheless, he was at Ellis Island two days later, backed up by the full personnel of the Dartmouth Troubadours and a brace of newspaper photographers. Solemn, quaintly dressed children, each with a big numbered tag attached somewhere, were being parcelled out to embarrassed American adults. When the loud-speaker trumpeted "Number thirty-six," Nifty pushed Ted toward the gate. "That's yours," he said; then added, at Ted's glare, "I mean ours."

Ted's eyes focussed at about the distance from the floor you'd expect a four-year-old's head to be. All they found was a full skirt of green wool. Apprehensively, they traveled upward and discovered a blonde young person with dimples and a complexion you seldom see outside of a colored ad for cosmetics. Hanging from the lapel of a jacket that had obviously been made by hand was a tag which said plainly "36."

"This gentleman," a sour-faced official said, "is your sponsor."

"How do you do," the young person said to Ted, stepped forward, put her arms around his neck and kissed him on the cheek.

The photographers Nifty had brought along raised their cameras, flashed lights, and took pictures, grinning ghoulishly.



THE CAST

Karen Benson.....Sonja Henie
Ted Scott.....John Payne
Phil Corey.....Glenn Miller
Nifty Allen.....Milton Berle
Vivian Dawn.....Lynn Bari

The young person stood back and beamed, taking in Ted's flustered face with evident pleasure. "That," she announced, "is how we greet our friends in Norway. My name is Karen Benson."

Ted led his new acquisition back to the other members of the band. Something seemed to have happened to his vocal chords. They were paralyzed, or something. Nifty Allen rose to the occasion. He performed introductions all around, babbling only a very little, and finally gathered luggage and convoyed Ted and Karen to the ferry slip, where he pushed them into a cab.

Ted, crumpled into one corner of the leather-upholstered seat, realized that Karen was looking at him as if she were trying to commit his face to memory.

"You are very young," she said, "to have a wife and three children."

Ted jumped. "Where did you get that idea?" (*Continued on page* 92)

Ted had thought that taking a refugee baby would be a swell publicity stunt, but—

BY JOHN R. FRANCHEY

"PIXIE"

Her hair is red, her eyes are green and she's on speaking terms with leprechauns. She's Geraldine Fitzgerald—be careful or she'll git you ef you don't watch out!

A LADY who receives strangers in a blue and white pinafore and serves them potato pancakes of her own manufacture—young, redheaded and beautiful, though she be—is undisputably quaint

A lady who yearns to spy on people behind lighted windows (especially where the shade is pulled down), who's eternally walking under ladders just to annoy the evil spirits, who's constantly straightening pictures in other people's houses and who's on more than mere speaking terms with the "little people" is a pixie and no two ways about it.

Multiply the two words and you get quaint pixie, an apt description of Geraldine Fitzgerald, the Warner Irish Rhapsody Number One who is with us once more, after taking time out to have a baby whose name, we may as well tell you, is Edward Lindsay-Hogg Jr. or just plain Ed, if you insist on being folksy

If you think that Hollywood isn't delighted to have her around, you are, in all probability:

A. Positively loony:

B. Confusing a pixie with a wack, a specimen with which Hollywood is sure-enough surfeited

Her champions are the screen's top names.

James Cagney admires her forsaking all others and hails her for her modesty and shyness, which commodities, so he says, are sadly lacking in Hollywood.

John Garfield regards her as "quality" and wishes to heaven that Hal Wallis would let him do a picture with her

Bette Davis calls her Fitz, describes her as *e pluribus unum,* which, according to a knowing friend of ours, means one among many

Burgess Meredith regrets that the Honorable Edward Lindsay-Hogg met her first. Olivia de Havilland thinks she's "incredibly mad but wonderful." As for the rest of Hollywood which is not quite so eloquent, it is content to blink its collective eyes and pretend to be numb with astonishment, albeit pleasant astonishment

That Geraldine Fitzgerald would never turn out to be your run-of-the-mine G-girl (G like in glamour) ought to have been evident right from the beginning

Before she arrived in town for the first time, Warners, loath to overawe the new import, planned to give her a B-minus welcome. No point in spoiling the young lady, was there? Even if she had practically vanquished Broadway as an Orson Welles protegee. Which is how it happened that a brace of publicity boys—instead of the Warner high command—was on hand to meet the plane when it taxied to a stop at the Los Angeles airport to disgorge its pay load

To the consternation of the greeting committee, the only likely girl on board was a radiant somebody with modulated curves and caparisoned in a gray-blue suit resembling a uniform, the last passenger to pile out of the cabin. On close examination she turned out to be the flight hostess.

The denouement came on the following day, after Warners had sent out a general alarm. Miss Fitzgerald, seems like, had sneaked into town a day earlier and had been spending the time learning her way around town.

"But why all this excitement?" she calmly demanded of a frazzled Warner lieutenant.

After this little episode it was assumed by what is known as Hollywood society that Miss F. would settle down and live by the book, white polo coat, dark glasses, frantic kisses and "Darling, I'm so glad to see you's" every time she bumped into a friend, and, of course, a life membership in the Brown Derby

NOTHING of the kind. Miss Fitzgerald promptly rented herself an unostentatious little manor house and began being herself in a fashion positively unheard of.

She tossed no spectacular party, held no Gargantuan open house, staged no mass interview for the press In fact, she shied away from everything that even faintly resembled the world colossal and proceeded to acclimate herself in the gods' good time and in her own fashion

When she (*Continued on page 72*)

When guests told the pixie her living room was lovely she twinkled, "It's lovelier upstairs—so much more shabby!"



She walks under ladders, entertains in ginghams and is inordinately proud of her freckles and husband Lindsay-Hogg



MAN-MAID Fashions

— or you could say "man-made," since you're going to analyze your men on the sly and come out with cues that will double your dates

Fashion Quiz

BY MARIAN H. QUINN



ILLUSTRATION BY MARY HORTON

Does the man in your life ever wear a bow tie?

If he does, comfort comes first to him; he wants to do just what he wants to do when he wants to do it. Better fit into his casual pattern or you'll find yourself at the end of his date line. If you want him, just relax and don't wear linen collars that you'll have to fuss about.

Clothes bait for him: He'll think you'll look fine and you won't have to worry about the park bench's being dirty if you get yourself an all-round summer dress of the new mattress ticking, gaily striped, easy to get into, easy to get around in.

Is he apt to start casual conversations with strangers, any time, any place?

This type is a wanderer at heart. He wants adventures and probably dreams about being a beachcomber someday in the romantic future. He'll ask you to comb beaches with him if you give him a lift and dream along too. If you turn your back on his fine-feathered pickups, you'll find his back turned on you.

Counteracter for his impulses: Go practical when you buy, get yourself a standout dress that will keep his mind off his neighbors and on you. The dress for you is a summer piqué, cut smartly—but not in a pastel shade. Choose it in one of the new bright colors—orange, red, green—and watch him forget the strangers!

Does he, at every opportunity, explain his point via the pencil and paper (or tablecloth!) method?

If he does, he's a brass-tacks man. He's a lover of detail; he'll analyze and argue you right out of the picture unless you turn into a good little girl, speak only when you're spoken to and can't get out of it.

Clothes cue: You're lucky with this man when it comes to clothes. There's not one small thing about your outfit that escapes his analytical eye. So you can indulge your fancy, wear those new earrings—made of three gold links, each spelling out one letter of U. S. A.—and rest assured he'll notice them.

Are his fingers short and squarish, or are they more on the long, thin side?

If they're short and squarish, he's a practical man of action, the "I like a girl neat but not gaudy" type. You can have him humming love songs by wearing what most of your other sisters won't dare to wear this summer—a white blouse, dark skirt and a bright sash tightly girded about your midrift.

If his hands are longer and more tapering, he has a lot of the artiste in him even though he does get a haircut once a week. So here's your chance to wear the most romantic bonnet summer has brought forth—a soft white hat of Irish linen trimmed with Irish lace. It's a sure bet to satisfy his sensitive soul.

Does he hold hands at the movies?

He's the type that will never care what other people think, a man who has the courage of his convictions. He hates gossip, loves you and doesn't care who knows it.

As far as your clothes go, this type is a heaven-sent outlet. You can be as outstanding as you like and he'll love it, providing the men on the corner just look and don't go any further. So, with your white suit or dress, wear a big rolled-up-brim hat of black and white stripes that will leave a chorus of amazed and admiring Ah's behind you.

Davis DATE LINES



The Davis has a date for a party. Meaning that Bette Davis, star of Warners' "The Bride Came C.O.D.," is playing pretty hostess for a Sunday-night supper. Prime insurance that all heads will turn towards Mrs. Farnsworth is her summer marquisette formal: Sheer black top with deft little cap sleeves, skirt of black and white stripes; sash that's an inspiration—jade green and white stripes. It looks like Paris; it's from Patricia Perkins, Los Angeles

Photographs by Welbourne



Miss Davis has a date to talk about the rice in China. In other words, she's going to be the featured attraction at a "Help China" benefit. She goes on her spectacular way in a black linen dress that helps China too—by having the new Chinese motif scrolled in powder blue on a pocket that will be picked by all females. Her bolero jacket is of powder blue linen; so is her big coolie hat that will get more charity checks from more men everywhere



Miss Davis has an ax to grind. That is, she's going to a business conference with a few weighty male minds. Guaranteed to get the gentlemen's eyes off facts and onto figures is her banana yellow wool jersey suit. Female business strategy is the blouse of red tie silk splashed with white stars, with the red taking a bright encore as a headband on her natural straw hat. I. Magnin's, Los Angeles

Bette goes to breakfast of a Sunday morning. She never talks before she has her coffee; she doesn't need to say a word when she looks like this. The dress is a blue linen model with its eye on recreation. It has a square neckline, fitted bodice, full skirt and a design of white braid that will put any lass in the look-at-me class. From Louella Ballerino, Los Angeles

Bette goes dancing of a Saturday night. Sure sign of good evening technique for summer nights is her choice of white piqué with wonder-working wing sleeves, fitted bodice and full skirt. The trim is red, white and blue braid and red rick-rack, a touch that will make the stag line straighten its bow ties. Louella Ballerino, Los Angeles



PHOTOPLAY
MOVIE MIRROR

Dancing School

One night two newlyweds went dancing. They started to do the fox trot and . . . Look out that what happened to them doesn't happen to you!

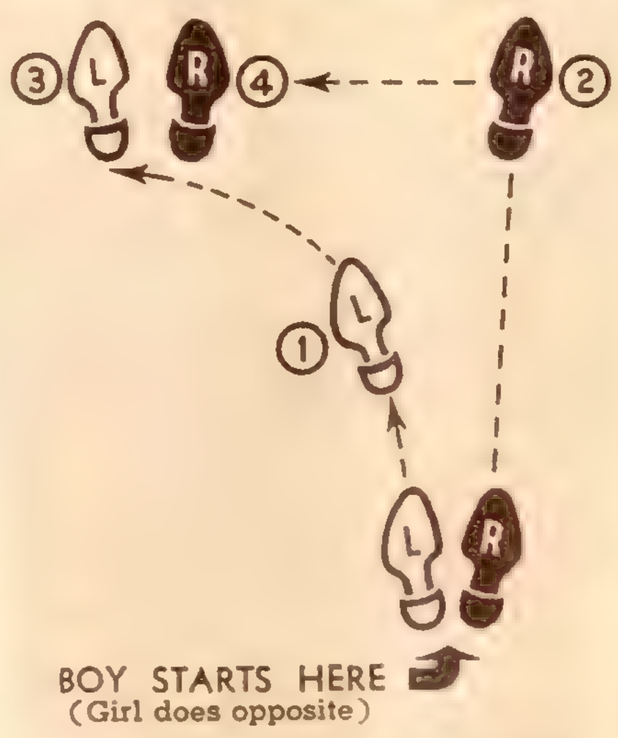
Conducted by HOWARD SHARPE

HERE is a very modern 1941 fable for you: We once knew a young newlywed couple who felt that their great love and their superb pattern for the future lacked only one thing; they did not dance well together. Bob said it was his fault and Linda insisted it was hers—although each felt, secretly, that the other was simply inept and should take a few lessons.

Anyway, they decided, finally, to go to one of the Murray schools and brush up. Bob said to himself that he would just go along to make Linda feel better and Linda sincerely believed she was taking the course merely to keep Bob company.

So, in the next weeks, they learned the conga, and the rhumba, and some jitterbug steps, and the Viennese waltz and we don't know what all fancy turns. They didn't bother with the fox trot, of course, because that was basic and they knew it in any case; and the real trouble was (they felt) that perhaps they were bored

THE MAGIC STEP



with the same old monotonous step.

Well, sir, on the day they finished the course, Bob and Linda rushed home, put on their best clothes, called up a downtown supper club to reserve a floor table and started gayly off to enjoy their new mutual accomplishment. The music started, they looked at each other across the table, put down their napkins, stepped to the floor and started fox trotting.

They fox trotted, for that matter, most of the evening, for the simple reason that ninety per cent of the tunes that orchestra played were fox trots. Furthermore, Bob and Linda weren't dancing together any better than they had before. Of course, when a rhumba came on they were superb and you should have seen them during that one tango they requested.

Where there's a fable there's a moral, of course, and it is that you go on reading this dance lesson, which tells you some brand-new stuff about fox trotting.

We took our photographer, gathered up famous Broadway dancer Ray Bolger (who's co-starring now with Anna Neagle in RKO's "Sunny") and went out to Rita Hayworth's new house in Westwood to get the illustrations you see on these pages. Of course, Rita was a professional dancer.

o avoid crashing into tables when ou're fox trotting you do the Junior Glide, shown to pretty perfec- on below by Ray Bolger and Rita layworth. See text for directions







We acknowledge with gratitude the careful check which was given this feature by the Arthur Murray Studios

Photographs by Powolny



Fox trot step with coy name but indispensable features is the Twinkle, illustrated at the right. For footwork see diagram above

oo, before the movies decided to make her a siren, and Ray and she had a grand time just relaxing with the fox rot. Bolger had been doing fancy ccentric stuff all day and Rita had been doing a cape dance for "Blood nd Sand," with bullfighter Tyrone Power looking on.

Now for the first lesson, beginning vith what Arthur Murray calls the Magic Step.

Something extraspecial to do is the Swing Step. Rita and Ray show it off here; the diagram at right shows you just how to "swing" it

NO one appears to have broken down the modern fox trot into nore essential shape than that Murray guy, who made a fetish (and everal millions of dollars) out of imple everyday dancing. He announced that no matter how you do t, the fox trot is merely a matter of wo slow and two quick steps. Speaking from the man's viewpoint, it mounts to this:

You stand with your feet together.

You step forward slowly with your eft foot.

You walk slowly forward with your right foot. Those are the two slow steps.

In this position, you step quickly to the left side with your left foot and quickly draw your right foot up to your left. (See diagram on the opposite page.)

There, children, you have it. It sounds simple and it is simple. If you do it with the correct essential rhythm (and all you have to do is put any reasonably fast contemporary fox trot on the phonograph or touch the radio push-button that'll bring you Glenn Miller or Artie Shaw) you are fox trotting. Of course, you are fox trotting in the vaguest possible manner and when you reach the end of the floor you will crash into a table, with no less than the boot from the headwaiter.

To avoid this contretemps you learn to turn out of the way of that table; which, of (*Continued on page 76*)

Getting into Fink focus—and into the Hollywood draft issue—is Orson Welles, seen here (and everywhere) with Dolores Del Rio. Will Citizen Kane become Private Welles? If not, why not?

Taken for granted by the American public is the probable deferment of Tyrone Power. Hollywood thinks differently, bases its decision on what Power has chosen to do every morning at sunrise

James Stewart's case put Hollywood on guard about the draft, accounts for the cover-up imposed by studios, disclosed now by "Fearless." Below: Face front to Hyman Fink's camera are William H. Freeman; U. S. N.; Jim; L. G. Lewis, U. S. M. C.

THE TRUTH about the DRAFT IN HOLLYWOOD



BY "FEARLESS"

Is there anything strange about the conscription situation in the film capital? Are the stars you know being called? "Fearless" tackles Hollywood's touchiest subject

S Hollywood doing its share in the draft?

Or are the stars getting preferred andling?

With a million and a half sweetearts and a million and a half others seeing a million and a half boys off to camp and an uncertain uture, we have heard these questions sked with increasing frequency. hey're natural questions, fair ones nd, above all, important ones. For democracy is to continue as a good ning to live by, we cannot have a vored few getting the nod and the est of us getting the dirty end of he stick.

"Sure," people say, "Jimmy Stewrt's in the army. But who else?"

Offhand I venture to say hardly one ut of ten of you can name another ig star who has been inducted into ncle Sam's service at the time I am riting this. So "Fearless" has made his business to check up on the film pital and give you a report without vor and without prejudice.

Let's begin with Tyrone Power, ho is a fairly prominent young man round Hollywood, I'm sure you'll gree. Under ordinary circumstances e might expect to be automatically eferred. But he doesn't.

So what is he doing? Without waitg to receive his questionnaire and nd out what his classification will be, e is driving ahead in preparing himelf to become an aviator.

Ty's enthusiasm for flying has long been established. He was the first star to tour South America by air and his trip inadvertently turned into the granddaddy of the good-will "vacations." Later, Annabella and he were passengers on the first commercial flight of the Atlantic clipper. When he begins to punch Uncle Sam's time clock he wants to be sure he'll be in the branch of the service he loves—flying.

To that end he's taking heroic steps: A flying lesson at the airport every morning at six o'clock before checking into the studio at eight for his current picture, which in itself is not beside the point, being "A Yank in the R.A.F." Then two nights a week he has an instructor come to the house for studies in aeronautical navigation, meteorology and similar required subjects. Not easy to tackle these technical studies on top of a long day at the studio that was preceded by some two hours' work at the airport.

But young Mr. Power is determined to be a pilot. So without the flutter of a single flag, in fact, in the most matter-of-fact way, he is going about the business of making himself one by the time his Government taps him on the shoulder and says, "Okay, son. You're next."

Wayne Morris, the likable hulk flyer of "I Wanted Wings," is closer to reveille than any of the other Hollywood boys. By the time you read this he may already be listening daily to the doughboy's dirge. More likely, Morris will aim for a berth in the Navy.

There is a fine irony to Wayne's case. After a spectacular start on his career in "Kid Galahad," he married the wealthy socialite Bubbles Schinasi without duly conferring with his studio. Warner Brothers raised a pained brow at the ingratitude of their young eligible upon whom they had spent so much publicity and decided to let him dangle. His pictures grew increasingly unimportant. But the joy of becoming a father took the sting out of his disappointment until it became evident that along with a languishing career his marriage also was languishing. At length Bubbles departed with the baby—and Mama—and life hit a new low for Wayne.

Meanwhile, Warner Brothers farmed out their once bright prospect to Paramount, who proceeded to make good use of the farming. They banged Morris into a couple of B pictures which nevertheless gave him a chance at the fans and the results were such that the studio determined to give him his break in "I Wanted Wings." His performance in that picture sent his stock soaring. Warners sat up, decided the harvest was over for their neighbor, Paramount, and promptly yanked back their property. Wayne was scheduled (*Continued on page 75*)



What every woman wants to be, Fred MacMurray's Lillian is—a successful wife. Her formula calls for a lot of talking on the woman's part

A nine-years "happy marriage" is that of Eloise and Pat O'Brien. Her theory is based on the right answer to that famous wrong question, "What did he ever see in her?" Know it?

How to stay married

BY MARIAN RHEA

ELOISE O'BRIEN said, "You must never be jealous. . . ."

Lillian MacMurray said, "Forget your own ambition and be a wife, first, last and all the time. . . ."

Mayo Methot said, "I never let the sun set on a quarrel. . . ."

Joan Blondell said, "Home and children are everything. Careers must come second. . . ."

They call Hollywood "Heartbreak Town." They call it that not only because it so often spells broken ambition and shattered ideals, but because—or so they say—no happiness can live there long. They say love can't walk hand in hand with careers built on fame. When a star gets married, especially a male star, people shake their heads and say, "Too bad. He was going good. This will hurt him at the box office." Or, "It won't last. She'll never hold him. Too much competition."

Well, maybe they're right. The problems of a movie star's wife are tough, sometimes—tough as they come. Still, Hollywood *has* its happy marriages! The only thing is, we don't read about them much because they aren't exactly news. Or perhaps not the kind that makes headlines. Because they are news, all right—news that is good to hear about, too, and from which every wife can learn a lesson. Because if a movie star's wife can make her marriage go, with all its problems and difficulties, other women can make a success of theirs.

So we give you the experiences of four wives of Hollywood screen stars, whose wisdom and tact have made their marriages ideal and enduring! Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Mrs. Fred MacMurray, Mrs. Humphrey Bogart, whom you know as Mayo Methot, and Mrs. Dick Powell—Joan Blondell.

Eloise O'Brien, happily married for nine years, sat curled up in a great, deep chair in the library of the O'Briens' new home in Brentwood. She wore an exquisite ice-blue satin negligee. Her hair was as shining and as smartly coiffed as any glamour girl's. She was camera-slender. You wondered why she herself wasn't in pictures. She had been successful on the New York stage. She was charming, pictorial. But—she was telling you why not.

"Perhaps you know that, just as we were about to be married in New



It's not the quarrels in marriage; it's the making-up that matters. Promoter of a novel plan is Mayo Methot, clever wife of Humphrey Bogart

Girl who knows how to keep her husband dating her every evening is Joan Blondell, wife of Dick Powell

to a movie star

—OR TO ANYBODY FOR THAT MATTER

York, Pat was offered a contract to star in the screen version of 'The Front Page.' Well, he came to me and said, 'Honey, shall I go to Hollywood?' and I said, 'Of course.' No, I didn't hesitate. I was sufficiently in love to let Pat's interests come first. And besides—" honestly, "I thought that I, too, might find a place in pictures. I didn't know—then—that if you want a real break in pictures you must let Hollywood come to you.

"And so," she went on, "although I was happy in Pat's success, I was miserable, too, those first two years out here, because I could get nothing to do. I wept bitter tears and developed an oversized inferiority complex before I finally realized that, after all, it was nothing but vanity that made me want a career for myself, when Pat was doing so well. Now I would not go back to the other life for anything in the world! We have our home and children and—well, life seems very full and very good."

"And easy, too?" we asked her.

But she shook her head. "No, not easy. I don't believe being married to a celebrity is ever easy for any woman. There are always problems."

"Such as—?"

"Well, fans for one thing, especially women fans. You go to a premiere, for instance, and they recognize your husband and think, because you are with him, you are Somebody, too. They ask for your autograph, but when you obligingly sign it, they say, 'Oh, that's nobody!' Or maybe, 'For the love of heaven, what does he see in *her!* He ought to be married to Hedy Lamarr!'

"I used to get furious over things like that," she went on. "But Pat would be so upset and anxious and solicitous that—well, one night I suddenly made up my mind to stop being so silly! We had been to a preview. 'Why did he ever marry *her?*' some fresh little snip had said and I

had boiled over as usual. Then, as we were driving home and Pat was trying to console me, I remember the street light shone on his face. He looked so worried and harassed and unhappy that I stopped being sorry for myself and was sorry for him! He couldn't help it if the fans had mobbed him. It wouldn't have been very flattering if they *hadn't!* I stopped fuming and laughed.

"'Incidentally, how do *you* feel about being married to a nonentity and a frump?' I demanded.

"Well, his relief at this new attitude of mine was so obvious I was thoroughly ashamed of my former tantrums. After all, any man loves peace and in my opinion, the surest way to lose one is forget it!

"Yes, of course, funny things have happened to me since. One night after we had been to the fights a woman caught me by the arm and whirled me around, demanding, 'Well, dearie, just what did you do to get him?'"

"And what did you say?" we asked Eloise.

"I told her I had baited a trap with cheese!

"After all," she added, "jealousy has no place in the lexicon of a movie wife. You might as well get used to that fact. Not only is your husband going to be mobbed by feminine fans, but he is going to be thrown with beautiful women in pictures. And if you can't laugh off that situation, too, you're lost.

"For instance, during the filming of a certain picture Pat was exceptionally helpful to a new player who showed a great deal of promise. Whereupon followed a period during which she was hovering around him every chance she could get, telling him about her progress, asking his advice, until at last she got a contract.

"As it happened, the next night or two Pat and I saw her at a night club. Immediately she sallied over to our table; spoke directly to me.

"'Oh, Mrs. O'Brien! I want to thank you for your husband, but now I give him back to you. I won't need him any more!'"

Eloise laughed, just, she said, as she had laughed that night. "Time was," she admitted, "when I probably should have wrung her neck. But I had learned restraint. And when I saw the relieved look on Pat's face, relieved because I hadn't said something nasty, I realized how much a man can suffer from his wife's jealousy, innocent though he may be. No, I am not one of those blind wives who would believe in her husband's faithfulness though contrary evidence were flung in her face. But I do know that the average decent, self-respecting man is not going to chase around after every woman who makes eyes at him, be he in pictures or not. And I believe that he is still less likely to do it if his wife has faith in him!"

Lillian MacMurray, a happy wife for something over five years, says that her formula for a successful marriage is twofold: "Forget your own ambition; two careers in a family don't jibe." And . . . "Never neglect your appearance. *Never!*"

Like Eloise, Lillian had a career once upon a time. She was one of New York's most beautiful show girls. When she came to Hollywood (because Fred was out here), she had offers to go on the screen. But she and Fred were in love and were to be married soon. So she let her own career slip by. "And I've never been sorry," she says. "You see, husbands like to take care of their wives."

Rather tragically, fate put this theory to the test right after the MacMurrays were married. Lillian, still ailing from an appendectomy, became quite seriously ill and was in bed for months. But, she says, now that she is well again, she has never regretted it.

"Fred was so sweet to me. He took care of me as one would a child. And I have a theory that when a man must work extra hard for his wife, whether it is against financial odds or because she is ill and requires special attention, or for any other reason, she becomes extra important to him—that is, if he is the right kind of a man. And Fred is.

"Our marriage," Lillian said, "is rather peculiarly remote from Fred's work. To us, his career is a business at which he works as hard as he knows how. But we don't worry about the box office or whether his leading lady is going to steal the show or whether his latest picture was good or bad. He comes home at the end of a day and we sit in the garden, if it is summertime, or by the fire if it is winter and perhaps have a cocktail and talk about the news of the day or how the garden is doing, or maybe about the new Duncan Phyfe table I found in an antique store. I usually do most of the talking and he just stretches out in his chair and relaxes. I remember one day last summer, during some very hot weather . . . I had a change of clothing laid out on his bed upstairs and the cocktail shaker and glasses ready on a tray in the garden. He came home, went upstairs, showered and changed and came back to me. We just sat there, not saying much of anything until I caught him looking at me rather strangely. When I asked him what was on his mind, he came over and dropped a kiss on my head.

"I'm glad I'm married to you," he said.

"Well, it was a little thing, but that quiet moment was worth all the careers I might have had. It made me feel happy and *safe*. Because I knew that he was happy."

Lillian smiled. "I don't think the wife of a movie star should ever feel too safe, though," she added, "competition being what it is. Therefore, I pay a lot of attention to my appearance. I don't forget that my husband meets dozens of girls, far better-looking than I, makes love to many of them on the screen. I believe it is very foolish for any wife to neglect herself. A man is attracted to her in the beginning for a certain set of reasons. Quite possibly her appearance is one of them, and she shouldn't ignore this the minute she has him 'hooked.'"

Mayo Methot, blonde, voluptuous, intelligent, sophisticated, sat before the Bogart fireplace and admitted frankly, without crossed fingers, that her marriage is ideally happy. "And I mean to keep it so," she said simply.

Mayo believes that a marriage is a wife's responsibility. She believes in the essential decency of the average man—that decency which keeps him from philandering, "cheating" if you will, if all is right with wife and home. Furthermore, to her, "Bogie" is not a "celebrity" to be handled with kid gloves. He is just a sensitive, sentimental, attractive man—and her husband. But she doesn't just "blunder along" in steering her ship of marriage—not Mayo. She has a Plan. One of its mainstays is preventing the bitterness which colors every domestic quarrel (*Continued on page 70*)

HEDDA HOPPER

braves the Hollywood lions

by choosing

"THE THREE NICEST MEN IN HOLLYWOOD"

In next month's Photoplay-Movie Mirror

The tough Jim Cagney's on a tear—
Those dames are getting in his hair.
We don't see why he's grouching so—
Perhaps it's that he doesn't know
It's Livvie and the Davis. Wow!
We'd like to have them fan our brow!



Olivia de Havilland, who appeared with James Cagney in "The Strawberry Blonde"; James Cagney; Bette Davis, with whom Cagney is currently playing in "The Bride Came C.O.D."

DRAWN EXCLUSIVELY FOR PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR BY ARMANDO

(*Continued from page* 68)

(and she admits that she and "Bogie" have them, even as most married couples) from taking root.

"There is nothing that cannot be ironed out between two people who love each other," she told me, "and I never forget it. But I don't forget, either, that for most men it is difficult to say, 'I'm sorry.' So, I say it. Sometimes I say it even though in my heart I don't think I'm to blame. I remember one time in particular, although (and isn't it often the case?) I don't remember now what we quarrelled about. Anyway, Bogie was sorry and I knew it, even though he never put it in words. You see, his manner told me so—the way he looked at me, the way he spoke to me, the way he did things for me. So, after dinner, as he was sitting before the fire, I went over and sat on the arm of his chair.

"'I'm sorry,' I told him. And his arms around me and the way he said, 'Mayo, you're sweet,' told me I'd made things right in a way that a dozen apologies from him might not have.

"You see," she added, "I don't think pride—the kind of pride that needs must save its face at any cost—has a place in marriage. I know it's trite—but give and take has got to be the rule!"

ANOTHER old-fashioned rule of Mayo's for a successful marriage—and particularly a successful marriage to a movie star—is to make him a home. She has done that; you know it the instant you walk into their small but lovely living room. It's not so grand as half the homes in Hollywood, but it kind of reaches out and welcomes you.

"Bogie loves his home," Mayo said with quiet pride.

Yes, a success on the New York stage and in screen character roles as well, Mayo Bogart has, since her marriage, relegated her career to the background. "I learned that would be necessary not more than two weeks after our honeymoon," she said. "I had gone to work upon our return and it seemed I was late getting home every day. When I would finally arrive, there would be Bogie wandering around like a lost soul. Our houseboy told me, 'Mist' Bogart not enjoy hisself until you here.' And it came over me that a wife whose husband 'not enjoy hisself' until she is with him is luckier than the most successful 'career woman' in the world. So, now I work occasionally—this because I like to have my own money to buy Bogie's Christmas and birthday presents with—but that is all.

"Meanwhile," she went on, "I find my time as full as it ever was when I was working steadily. I plan the meals and do the marketing. I take care of Bogie's clothes—attend to buttons and mending like a most admirable *hausfrau*—" she smiled—"and I garden like mad. Bogie, who, until we were married, didn't know a chrysanthemum from a carnation—well, scarcely—is as proud as punch over my horticultural achievements. Just the other day, I heard him talking to Boris Karloff about them. 'That Mayo,' he was saying, 'she's a wonder. She grows petunias seven feet high!'

"Yes, he meant hibiscus, but it gave me a warm comfortable feeling to hear him bragging about me. 'It's hard to be married to a movie star, isn't it?' some movie wives say to me. 'You never know when you might lose him to a more beautiful woman.' But I sort of think that as long as your husband is bragging about your seven-foot petunias, you're safe."



Star Finds

IN THE STORES

BY MARION HAMMON

MONOGRAMANIA: Anne Shirley goes in for monograms in a big way. Most original are the initials on her slack suit. Letters are made with rows of tiny white pearl shirtwaist buttons. Cute idea, and inexpensive, too.

* * *

MOCCASINS—that wash! It's an old American custom—wearing moccasins—that goes back to the Indians. The new, trim, wall-toed moccasins are designed for play clothes, slacks and sports dresses. They're comfortable, but not sloppy. Best of all, they wash as easily as a hanky. Called Kedettes, you'll find them for about $2 at your local shoe or department store.



* * *

BE A SISSY: A froth of ruffles and dainty bows make Sissykins a charming bit of summer whimsy. It's a trim little pantie that controls your curves and fits your figure as if it were moulded on. It's cute and oh-so-feminine. Won't make a dent in your budget, either. Only 59c at your local store.



* * *

SUMMER SORCERY: Summer means a new shade of lipstick—one that makes your eyes brighter, your teeth whiter and your tan deeper. If you're the golden-girl type, Pond's Honey lipstick is a shade you'll want to wear and wear. It's a bright, sunny red. Creamy smooth in texture, it will endear itself by staying on for hours and hours. Pond's Honey lipstick is 55c at drug and department stores and there's a trial size at the dime store.



* * *

NATURALLY: Practically every star you see has healthy, natural-looking eyebrows—heavy, even a bit shaggy. Evidently, Hollywood has turned "brows down" on thin, plucked-out-painted-in eyebrows. But you'll notice that the glamour girls of the screen are careful to tweeze out all straggling hairs. Try professional Twissors if you want to pluck out those offending hairs with hardly a twinge. 50c at department stores.

AT the Dick Powell residence in the Hollywood hills fully fifteen square feet of floor in front of the fireplace had been taken over by toys, including a most intricate electric railway system. "Dick's present to himself," Joan told us, "he says it was for Normie on his birthday, but you see who's playing with it."

I saw. Normie was engaged in piecing together a jigsaw puzzle. Miss Powell (Baby Ellen, aged two, is known in the household as Miss Powell, being too robust a personality for a mere Ellen, Joan and Dick contend) was scooting an automobile across the floor.

"I can't imagine a real home and real married happiness without this sort of thing," said Joan above the din. "Children are everything.

"No," she went on, "I don't lie awake nights figuring out rules and regulations to 'hold' Dick. We are just here in our home, with our children, and it is impossible for me ever to see us anywhere else. I can feel our roots digging in every time I see Dick put a caressing arm around Normie's shoulders or speak of him, proudly, as 'my son.' I feel it when I see him take Miss Powell in his arms and hold her close; when I see him look at her with love and pride written all over his face. I feel it when he reaches out a hand to me to draw me into our family circle.

"'It is our home,' this gesture says. 'These are our children. And it is our love that is responsible!'

"No," Joan explained, "I don't think children can or should keep two people together who no longer love each other; who are quarrelling constantly; whose marriage has become bitter and hateful. But I do think that in a marriage made by love, children are the cement that strengthens and beautifies it.

"It seems to me," she said, seriously, "that it is little things building into big things which ultimately spells divorce. And it seems to me that children, the sense of responsibility they give any normal father and mother, is the greatest safeguard any marriage can have.

"Yes," she admitted, "the wife of a movie star has her problems. I remember one night when we were in Cleveland and Dick was acting as emcee at some sort of convention. During the evening, he introduced a young girl who had won a beauty contest.

"Of course, he took her hand and told the audience: 'Here is a very lovely lady whom I am privileged to introduce—' or something like that.

"Whereupon," Joan said, "a woman in the seat back of me gave me a whack on the head. 'Aren't you *jealous?*' she screeched. Everybody turned and stared at me. Well," Joan admitted, "this wasn't so very long before Miss Powell was born and I undoubtedly didn't look my best. It was a little hard to see those stares and to hear such remarks as, 'So that's the girl who got him!'

"Still," she recounted, smiling, "I wasn't too upset. I knew how Dick felt about our having a baby. I knew he wanted one more than anything. I wanted to turn around and announce to those assembled, 'Yeh. I'm the girl who got him. And watch me! I'm the girl that's going to keep him!'

"Of course, nothing ever is certain in this world," she concluded, "but"—with eyes on Dick and his electric train, Normie working on his jigsaw puzzle and Miss Powell throwing gleeful monkey wrenches into the whole setup—"dollars to doughnuts, if I had made that little speech, I would have been speaking the truth!"





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"**Such a delightful way to make sure of daintiness!**" screen stars say. And women everywhere agree. Lux Toilet Soap's creamy lather caresses the skin so gently, carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really smooth—*sweet*.

You want the charm of skin that's sweet, appealing! Take Hollywood's tip! Use this gentle white soap for a luxurious daily beauty bath. You'll love the rich, creamy lather. You'll love the delicate, clinging fragrance Lux Toilet Soap leaves on your skin!

DOROTHY LAMOUR

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

(*Continued from page* 55)

got around to it, she began having people over for tea. Nothing pretentious, mind you. Quiet little affairs, old silver, Wedgwood china, bowls filled with wild flowers and wondrous odors escaping from the kitchen. No flossy maid came around every minute with crumpets. In fact, there was neither maid nor crumpets. There was, however, Miss Fitzgerald, demure and mischievous-looking in a dirndl or little gingham job, gliding about and distributing potato pancakes and Irish wit.

It was only natural that her departure from Hollywood after reeling off four superlative performances in "Dark Victory," "Wuthering Heights," "A Child Is Born" and "Till We Meet Again" should be sorely regretted. And it was equally natural that her return should touch off a minor Mardi Gras on the part of her admirers who looked forward to seeing her in "Flight From Destiny" and now "Shining Victory."

Warners' Geraldine Fitzgerald is a curious cocktail, part naïveté, part sophistication, part elf, and part ivory-tower princess (Irish) with a long dash of *joie de vivre.*

She is inclined to baffle casual callers —such as this reporter—by her contradictions.

For example, her wonderful pallor is set off by a myriad of freckles, of which, by the by, she is uncommonly proud. Again, her general air of reserve is foiled by the expression of her eyes, half critical, half arch. Poker-faced as Buddha at times, she can lapse into enthusiasms that remind you of Hepburn. On the other hand, when her face is lit up with a leaping smile she is quite apt to be talking in a voice that rings with mood indigo. This is the pixie in her, the mischievous element that delights in confounding people, especially strangers.

ONCE when an interviewer called on her, was struck by the quiet beauty of the living room—the colors, alive and harmonious; the furniture, gracious and comfortable; and, above all, by the cozy, lived-in atmosphere of the place—and piped up, "How simply lovely!" she hurdled the compliment in typical Fitzgerald fashion.

"It's still lovelier upstairs—it's so much more shabby," she remarked, eyes a-twinkle.

Shy and sensitive like no one else in Hollywood, she has a wonderful sense of humor, which she loves to direct against herself.

She loves to tell how, hard on the heels of their first meeting, Ida Lupino began yipping, "Geraldine, darling, you've just got to come over and meet my mother. You'll seem-plee love her." It went on for weeks, this invitation, until it got to be a major embarrassment. Finally, loath as she is to go calling, there was nothing to do but drive over to Ida's chateau to meet the dear old lady. All the way over she kept nervously fumbling with a nice bottle of cologne, just the thing for a giftie to a sweet, elderly matron.

Well, imagine her consternation when she met Ida's dear old mother, a glamorous somebody who looked like Ida's sister, none other than the former Connie Emerald, darling of British musical comedy, yesterday's toast of London and owner of the finest pair of legs in the kingdom. She, herself, can be whimsical.

One of the pixie's most frequent visitors is Olivia de Havilland. For Christmas Miss de Havilland received an elegant kit, complete with toothbrush, her favorite powder, rouge, etc., and a key to the house.

The Fitzgerald sporting instinct is a little less than astounding.

A few weeks back she kept a dinner engagement at the Haywards in the teeth of a coming siege of influenza. When the chills hit her, she got up to leave. The guests protested. Louis Hayward (who is always saying, in jest, of course, that he's going to get wife Ida and husband Edward Lindsay-Hogg Jr. out of the way so that he and the pixie can be together forever) gallantly fetched a blanket and threw it over her. An hour later when her condition got worse, she started to beg off again. Mr. H. rustled up another blanket. Practically buried with blankets and miserable, she stuck it out right to the end, telling stories with the rest of them and laughing that hearty Irish laugh of hers, deep and gusty, that never ceases to amaze her hearers.

Not even her husband knows what she's going to do next. One week end last winter, the Lindsay-Hoggs Jr., Franchot Tone and date, *et al*, drove over to Lake Arrowhead to get away from everything. The Irish one had said she was out to be gay, to forget Hollywood for the nonce.

COMING

The complete story of

"THE LITTLE FOXES"

The most talked-of picture of the season with one of the most talked-of stars in Hollywood

All that Saturday night while virtually the entire movie colony whooped it up on the dance floor she just sat there at the table and watched. Mr. Lindsay-Hogg Jr. got to fretting. Where was all this gayety she wanted to unleash on the world?

He got his answer when everyone had gone. A signal from his lady and the orchestra went on playing. Then the quaint pixie got up to do her dancing. She did it solo, a curious little number, a melange of ballet, modern and satiric dancing. When it was over, Tone blinked.

"I didn't know you could dance," he said.

"Neither did I," she said gayly.

All things considered, you will not be bowled over by the information that orchids are her "least favorite" flower. She's devoted to camellias. With such a passion as to delight florists and bewilder those friends who receive their first Fitzgerald gift. All awards, presents and donations have a camellia pinned to them.

She's beautifully superstitious and talks of banshees, leprechauns and the "little people" of her precious Ireland as knowingly as if they were fellow toilers Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman. Her favorite lost cause is the Atlantis myth—that somewhere there is a lost continent, that it will be found someday.

She may resemble an ivory-tower princess but incredibly enough she's a practicing mother in excellent standing. Her prelude to maternity Warner Brothers will never forget. According to the schedule, "Till We Meet Again" was to be finished in time to let Miss Fitzgerald and her husband, Edward Lindsay-Hogg Jr., take off for Ireland or some other safe haven, there to await the great tidings. But no! The "little people" suddenly got a peeve on. Whether it was against the studio or Miss Fitzgerald or both it may never be known. Anyhow, Miss Oberon up and took sick. The picture slowed down. Next, George Brent was stricken. The production began to crawl at a snail's pace. Then, to top things off, Director Goulding was attacked by the microbes. The opus bogged down completely. Weeks, even months passed.

When operations were resumed things were at a somewhat indelicate pass. At least as far as camera profiles and Miss Fitzgerald were concerned. For a moment the Warner minds were stymied. But a "conference" saved the day. Some wonderman suggested that they change the story around, so that instead of its being spring and Miss Fitzgerald traipsing around in flimsy little silk numbers, it would be winter and Miss Fitzgerald would be sporting a fur coat.

"Even at that," Miss Fitzgerald admits, "I had to stand behind chairs on the slightest provocation."

THE object of all this ingenuity, young Master Edward Lindsay-Hogg Jr., one year old, is his mother's delight. She's eternally disappearing from her social gatherings to sneak into the nursery to see that the "little people" are on the job. According to town wags she got her most enthusiastic gurgles from young Master Edward when she recited to him the fable of Orson Welles, whom she admires and defends against all comers, not only because he gave her the momentous part in "Heartbreak House," which made her, but because of what she regards as his "infinite worth."

Not given to party-going herself, she's fond of entertaining her friends. One of the favorite Fitzgerald whimsies is to round up these friends at a dinner party. The equilibrium of these carefully planned affairs is certain to be disturbed every other invitation by Burgess Meredith, who never fails to arrive on the scene with an uninvited, ravishing beauty. The last time he did it Miss F. counted heads and found they were thirteen. She sat on the edge of her chair, mortally certain that tragedy was in the offing.

It's three to one that the dinner would never have been served were it not for the intervention of her friends, the "little people," who arranged to have one of the male guests, a script writer, called to the telephone where he discovered that the studio wanted him to report back immediately for a story conference.

The only casualty of the evening happened when one of the lady guests dropped a spoonful of pudding into her lap—where a napkin wasn't.

As a result of which Mr. Burgess Meredith received a bill for the cleaning of one evening dress and, at Christmas time, the latest edition of Mrs. Emily Post's book on etiquette.

Who sent them to Mr. Meredith?

The "little people," of course!



The continuous use of Dura-Gloss will make your fingernails more beautiful!



There's something youthful, lighthearted, lovely about nails that wear **Dura-Gloss** nail polish. Something that marks a woman as deliciously feminine—like her gossamer stockings, frivolous little compact, amusing hats. Each time you brush on your favorite shade of **Dura-Gloss** remember you're adding to your charm, so brush on a second coat for good measure—and extra long wear! **Dura-Gloss** will give your nails such a high luster you'll almost be able to see yourself in them! Why not try **Dura-Gloss** today?

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THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES

Brush **Dura-Gloss** on your nails. You'll be absolutely astounded by its *brilliance!* **Dura-Gloss** glows with all the fire of a priceless ruby, because **Dura-Gloss** is made from a superior polish formula Other polishes put color on your nails, but **Dura-Gloss** makes them strikingly, excitingly, lustrously brilliant! Discriminating women cherish **Dura-Gloss** for its rich deep color, its sparkling incandescence, this unbelievable brilliance. No other polish gives your nails the beautiful "effectiveness" of **Dura-Gloss**—select one of its 20 exquisite shades today!

Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

"My Bride, Alice Faye—"

(*Continued from page 27*)

show and playing nightly at the Wilshire Bowl.

After the Bowl had closed Phil would wander home by himself, stopping nearly every night at Charlie Foy's on Ventura Boulevard for a sandwich. One night Alice and her secretary were sitting by themselves in a corner. Alice had worked late at the studio making added scenes for "The Great American Broadcast." She was tired and weary; Phil looked over, grinned his wide friendly grin and said, "Hello."

"We're neighbors," Phil went on. "Strange we haven't run into each other before this."

Before she left Alice had been invited to Phil's for dinner and Alice promised, as soon as her picture was finished, she'd come.

Three weeks later he phoned her. "How about that dinner?"

Alice came the next night. She met Phil's mother. Then an event of deep importance happened to Alice.

She met Tookie.

Tookie is Phil's little boy, just six, with all the independence and self-assurance of a little boy who makes up his own mind about people. Never demonstrative, Tookie looked long and hard at Alice and Alice looked at Tookie.

He walked over and put his arms around her neck.

It's been Tookie and Alice ever since.

"He never did that with anyone else," Phil said. "But right off he loved Alice and, of course, Alice is out of her mind about Tookie, loading him down with gifts and presents all the time.

"He's a swell little guy," Phil says, and then with a father's usual pride he tells of his boy's accomplishments. "The smartest thing I ever did was to have a sports instructor come out to the house three times a week to teach Tookie swimming, fencing and boxing. Why, he can dive right now into the nine-foot mark in the pool!"

Tookie, of course, will divide his time with Marcia Ralston, the former Mrs. Harris, screen actress who has recently been signed by Universal. But right now he's with Phil.

Almost instantly Alice and Phil's mother liked each other and now once every week Alice and Phil go over to his mother's house near her own little corner grocery at Sixth Street and Normandie.

"Couldn't do a thing with her," Phil grins. "Brought her out to my home and begged her to stay, but no sir, she wanted a little business of her own and darned if she didn't buy a grocery on a corner that has chain markets on each of the other corners.

"Mother's putting them right out of business," he laughed, "because she thinks she's still in a little town back east. People come in on Saturday nights to pay their bills and mother never misses that sack of candy as sort of reward."

It's those small-town, homey, simple qualities of Phil's mother's character that have been passed on to one of the nation's leading orchestra leaders.

"Alice wants to do all the things I love to do—fishing and hunting. We're going to do them, too."

"Your marriage," we suggested, "will be like the Gables."

"That's what I hope for," he said, "sharing the same love for things like that."

HE means it. For years Phil has lived on his ranch, visited his neighbors, sat on fence rails at farm auctions with Gable and Andy Devine and bought farm tools and saddles. When his Wilshire Bowl stint was over Phil went home and no gay spots ever saw him. Now Alice, who spent so many years of her young life in night clubs, is eagerly following Phil in his life.

Free evenings—and they have been few—are spent visiting Phil's close friends, the Andy Devines and the Goffs (*Abner* of the *Lum and Abner* radio team).

Children, the Devine and Goff children, have taken Alice to their hearts just as Tookie has. Dinner and card games are about the wildest diversions on these ranches. Alice Faye has never known such content.

Alice's life with Tony Martin, her former husband, was a hectic, trying one. It began with ten strikes against it, with Tony and Alice constantly quarreling and making up and quarreling again.

Separation and Tony's spectacular and sudden success tore them farther apart than Alice's success ever could have and proved the finishing blow to their marriage. Alice's divorce is now final.

"It's like going back and living part of my life over," Alice told us during the struggle for adjustment in her marriage with Tony. "I've done and am finished with all the things that Tony loves—the night clubs and glitter. I want to go on from there."

And now Alice is going on—with Phil Harris.

"Alice Faye is the only girl who ever made me cry," Phil says quite unashamedly. "There has always been something about Alice on the screen that has touched me and I admit quite honestly, in that scene in the cab before Carnegie Hall in 'Alexander's Ragtime Band,' I wept right out with Alice."

For months Alice had begged for a vacation from the studio. She was tired, weary and wanted to go to New York. She wanted to stay there for three months and rest.

That was just before she met Phil. When her boat sailed through the Canal they both knew that their meeting just a week or two before meant something wonderful to each of them. Every day Phil telephoned the boat while he and his orchestra were making one-night stands throughout the West.

She stayed in New York—not three months but three weeks—and then came home to be with him.

"My Faye't is in your hands," "Faye as you enter," were some of the signs the boys of the band hung about to greet Alice when she stepped into that Paramount dressing room. Outside his door that montrous horseshoe of beets, carrots and artichokes, all dried now, that Alice sent him on his opening day, still stands. Phil can't bear to let it go.

THEY laugh at the same things. "We seem to have so much in common," Phil says. "And she's such a swell girl. From every side I meet people who tell me some story of Alice's kindness. I never knew or met a girl who thought constantly of other people the way Alice does. She's wonderful. I'm crazy about her."

Undoubtedly in the hands and heart of this boy from Nashville, Tennessee, the half-frightened, submerged ego of Alice's, that has endeared her to all of us who know her, will find a place to blossom. In the heart of that boy that still says, "Yes, ma'am," and means it.

Phil's story is the American way of success. While attending the Hume-Fogg military academy in Nashville, Phil and four other students organized a small orchestra and toured in the summer. In Denver, Colorado, a theatrical man heard the lads and later sent for them to play in his theaters in Honolulu. The boys left school and stayed a year in the islands.

Phil next became a drummer in bands up and down the West Coast and later organized his own band that opened so successfully at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco and then followed Vallee on the Pennsylvania Roof in New York. He's been a success ever since and is still a young man in his thirties.

His admiration for Jack Benny, his simpleness of heart and love for simple living, his music and his boy have been the biggest things in his heart.

But now it's Alice, his wife. And with Alice it's Phil—her husband.

Until September, they will live in their separate and neighboring estates with all Hollywood pouring upon them their best wishes for a happy, happy marriage.



She used to be the bright life of the night spots; now she's the companion of husband Phil Harris at the fights; at quiet visits on friends' ranches. Is Alice Faye happy? Look at the picture and, incidentally, at bridegroom Harris

The Truth about the Draft In Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 65)

for another buildup at the Burbank lot, as well as another buildup at the romance business with Pat Stewart, whom he expects to marry soon, when along came the fruits of the selective service act. Now his buildup will be done under the auspices of forty-eight stars and thirteen stripes.

The case of Orson Welles has been watched with a good deal of interest. After two and a half years of being on the Hollywood firing line, where he good-naturedly bore the jibes of filmdom's bigwigs, he has now come into his own as the genius of "Citizen Kane," just released. Among the bids for his services pouring in from all the studios he received an inconspicuous invitation with a government stamp which took precedence over all others.

There was a possibility of his being deferred. Welles supports his three-year-old child, who is in the custody of his former wife, since remarried, and up to the time his picture was actually shown, he was virtually broke. For under the terms of his contract with RKO he received operating expenses only until the release of the picture, at which time he receives twenty-five per cent of the gross receipts. Curious to go around with your pockets full of glory and no money. The condition is being remedied by the popularity of the picture in the several key spots where it is being shown. However, Citizen Kane is not destined to become Private Welles, at least for a while. His physical examination disclosed an asthmatic condition and Uncle Sam has rated him in the 1-B class.

THIRTY-THREE-year-old Fred MacMurray has not yet received his questionnaire. (This article was written before all questionnaires had been mailed out.) Fred, however, expects no deferment. Despite the fact that he has a wife who is a nonprofessional, the annuities which they have been carefully salting away will amply take care of "Lill," as Fred calls her.

Also, Robert Preston's wife, Kay Feltus, constitutes no deferment for him, since she is a Paramount contract player. Bob has received his questionnaire and doesn't anticipate difficulty passing his physical examination. He shouldn't!

Already Franchot Tone is listed as a casualty to Hollywood night life. He has received his questionnaire and, since he has no dependents and the pace he maintains precludes any question of his physical stamina, the girls and boys about town are lining up the entertainment committee for a royal send-off.

Cesar Romero, Hollywood's number one escort, is beyond the probability of being called because—oddly enough for a bachelor—he has dependents. Mother, father, sister, aunt, two uncles and a brother (he's putting him through college), all look to him for support.

This string of dependents is characteristic of many Hollywood celebrities. We might not unnaturally look to our he-men cowboy stars as good rootin' tootin' defenders. But Gene Autry, the greatest cowboy bet since Tom Mix, is the support of a wife, a mother and father and numerous relatives. And there was a time not so long ago when you might also have included on the list his studio. However, Gene is anxious to help by



—Sure, you look a *mess.* Feel a little queer inside, too, don't you? But mother'll take care of your tummy and I'll have that suit looking like new before you can say *Fels-Naptha Soap.* . . . And if you get in any more 'jams', just remember those three words—*Fels-Naptha Soap.* They're wonderful for keeping mothers in a good humor. . . .

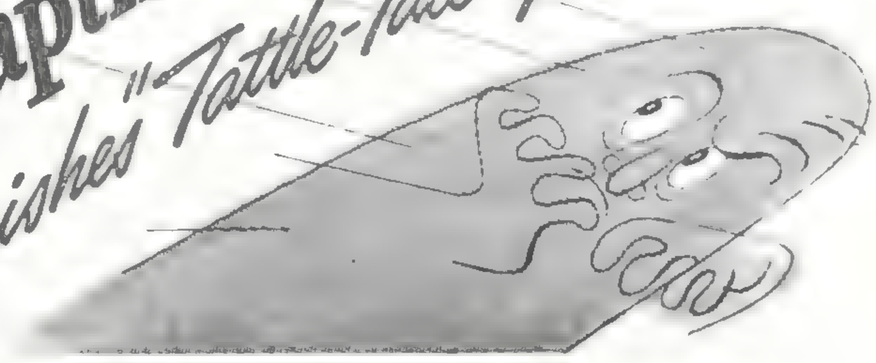
When you've a house and a family to keep spic-and-span, there's nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap to relieve the daily strain on your disposition. No washing job will worry you when the *two* Fels-Naptha cleaners—gentle, active naptha and richer, *golden* soap—are on hand to help.

With this cleaning combination ready to take over tiring tasks and do your dainty things with gentle care, you'll find your household ticking along like clockwork! . . . . Next time you're at the grocer's, remember—

Fels-Naptha Soap.



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





THE BRIDE WORE MAVIS

to assure her comfort and feminine sweetness. Mavis is the talcum that clothes your skin in satin smoothness . . . makes you comfortable on warm days when you'd like to be wearing only your birthday suit. The flower fragrance helps you stay sweet as you are even when the thermometer sizzles.

Keep Mavis in your bathroom, always, and if you're a bride, be sure to take Mavis on your honeymoon.*

In White, Flesh and BODITAN Shades, 75¢, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

P. S. Men like Mavis, too!

MAVIS talcum

THE FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.

taking on a heavy program of entertaining at the camps.

Two more sole-supporters are John Howard, who has a mother and father dependent upon him, and Glenn Ford, bright new star from "So Ends Our Night," whose mother is entirely dependent upon him.

Eddie Norris, last seen in "Here Comes Happiness," was so unprepared for the rapidity with which questionnaire, draft board summons and physical examination descended upon him that his board gave him six months' deferment. This was for the purpose of completing his course as an instructor of the air corps, because recruits are so badly needed in that field.

ROBERT CUMMINGS, whose career since "The Devil and Miss Jones" seems at last to have been unleashed from the bonds that held it back, is one of Hollywood's leading aviators. He now has his third plane, called *Spinach III*, has organized a group of friends to build hangars of their own, has just had a new flying field named for him and is a lieutenant in the reserve air corps. As such, he is subject to active duty at any time, despite the fact that he has a wife and mother dependent upon him.

Ray Milland and Stirling Hayden have both received their questionnaires, but Milland's number is very high, so he doesn't expect to be called for some time. Blond giant Hayden would make a monkey out of the toughest physical examination. He has, however, a mother to whose support he contributes.

Good-looking young Robert Stack has no dependents and no visible ailments. He should be a setup for the board and the joy of the camp, but not for a while because his number is toward the end of the list.

And speaking of new husbands and wives, everyone has been wondering if the world situation was going to come knocking on the door of Deanna Durbin's honeymoon idyl. But Vaughn Paul's number, 8670, is so high—or so far down the list, if you want to put it that way—that in all probability he won't be called for a year.

There has come to my attention only one instance of a deliberate attempt on the part of a star to circumvent the draft. This young man, scared at the prospect of facing military action, hastily settled a dispute with his studio so that he could be thrown immediately into a picture. On that basis the studio got him a deferment. But deferments can't last forever! The ironic fillip of the incident is that one of the most effective parts the actor ever played was that of a real World War hero!

Bill Holden presents a welcome contrast. In spite of his impending marriage to Brenda Marshall and the happy new solution of his contract troubles with Paramount, Bill has been pestering his board to find out when he'll be called. Part of his eagerness is undoubtedly a desire to know how to plan his life for the immediate future. But the other part is an earnest conviction that there's a big job ahead and he doesn't feel at all put upon in being asked to do his share.

By this time you should have found the answer to how some of your favorite stars stand in the matter of the draft. The list is by no means complete, but it gives a fairly representative cross section of how Americanism is operating in Hollywood. You have the personal assurance of "Fearless"—*it's okay!*

Photoplay-Movie Mirror Dancing School

(*Continued from page 63*)

course, you do by putting your left foot back instead of forward and simply following it; and you also learn a variation called the Junior Glide.

Now that's a very fancy name for a very uninvolved step, so don't be discouraged. This is how you do it:

1. Do the Murray Magic Step.

2. Then, instead of going forward to repeat, do the same step backward—and as you start backward, lead your partner to your *left*, so that instead of simply following your feet she steps to the left of them. In other words, she dances under your left arm.

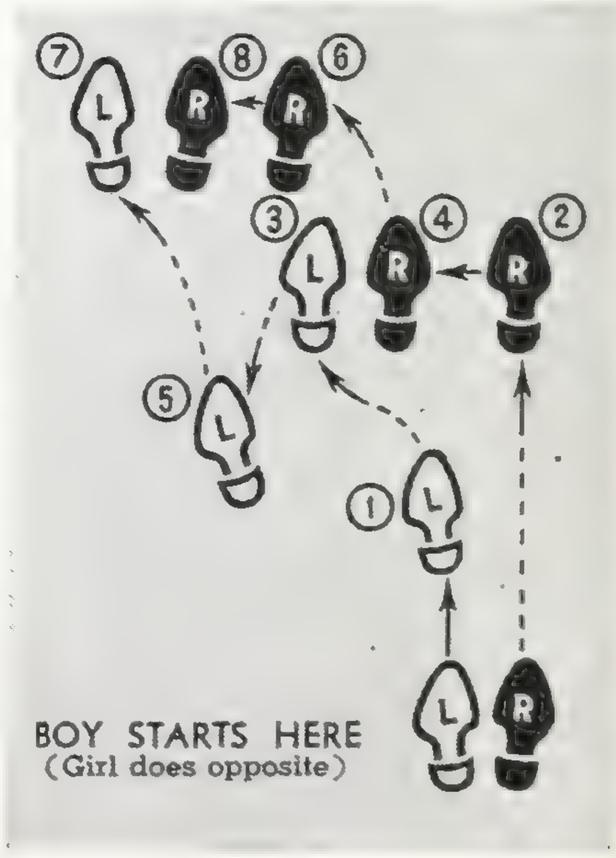
3. When you have completed the steps backward, start over again, moving ahead; and, having maneuvered your girl to the right, lead her in such fashion that she dances to your right—that is, you dance under her right arm and she dances backward under your right arm.

Vary this in any fashion you care to.

THE next lesson brings you to what Mr. Murray, in his off moments, likes to call the "Twinkle." However coy and corny its name, the step itself is indispensable. We are still talking directly to the man: How else can you instruct



Pleasant variation in any dance but ultraspecial in the fox trot is a dip. Left: The facts of the Closed Dip, illustrated by Rita Hayworth and Ray Bolger; at right, the figures



the execution of a turn? And this is how he does it:

Stand with feet together.

Step forward on your left foot, slowly.

Walk forward with your right foot quickly and at the same time turn your body to the left.

Bring your left foot up quickly, turning to the left at the same time.

Cross your right foot over your left, to the left—turning your body at the same time.

Step left with your left foot and bring your right foot up to it, turning once again to face forward in the same direction in which you started.

NOW we come to the Swing Step. This little business is like eating shredded wheat to learn and like an extraspecial dancing sauce to do, actually. It gives beautiful service in getting out of the way of the inevitable other dancers who careen about and it's fun to do.

Step slowly to the left, with your left foot, swinging your right foot up to the left, but not stepping on it.

Step slowly to the right with your right foot, swinging the left foot up to the right.

Take two quick steps to the left, crossing your right foot over your left.

Repeat, with step to the left with the left foot.

There are at least three ways to dip, which is always a pleasant variation in any dance, but especially in the fox trot. We're going to show you two—the simple collegiate or closed dip, and the open dip.

Here's how you do the closed dip:

1. Slow walking step forward, left foot.
2. Slow walking step forward, right foot.
3. Quick step to left.
4. Draw right up to left, quickly. So far this is the forward Magic Step.
5. Slowly step back on left, dip.
6. Slowly step forward on right, drawing left foot up to right.
7. Quick step to left.

The open dip is the same combination of steps, except that the girl goes to her partner's right and dips beside him.

To Make You Happier

(*Continued from page 49*)

Use Flowers for Your Ambassadors

Say it with flowers in my book is much more than a florist's motto to drum up trade. Flowers serve so many social exchanges. They give sincerity to the note with which you refuse an invitation. They please a hostess the day after her party. They say thank you, eloquently, when someone has done you a favor. And they work miracles for friends who have recently lost someone who was dear . . . Claudette Colbert.

When you send flowers to your friends don't let the florist scribble your message on a card. If you can't get a note to his shop ask him to stop for it. This seems trifling but remember how important trifles can be . . . Ouida Bergere.

A box of flowers, a basket of flowers, or, better still, a bowl of flowers arranged by the florist is a pleasant way of welcoming a friend visiting your city —whether your friend stops at a hotel or with another friend . . . Bette Davis.

When it comes to entertaining, our experts, as one woman, advise:

Don't Pretend Beyond Your Income . . .

Learn to say, "I can't do that just now"



DRESS DESIGNED BY OMAR KIAM

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is absolutely greaseless. It is neither gritty nor sticky.
4. See how *convenient* FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



Free offer—to make your own test!

Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. That's why we hope you'll accept this free offer. Print your name and address on postcard and mail to FRESH, Dept. 4-D, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.



Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not *stop* perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men too.

or "That's a little too grand for my budget" easily—even if you have to work on this the way you would work on the lines you were going to read in a play . . Joan Bennett.

Apologies for anything that indicates limited circumstances are out of order—always! . . . Bette Davis.

When you shop for a present don't try to compete financially; realize how much imagination is worth. Don't say to yourself, "There's nothing I can give So-and-so." For even if So-and-so is a bird in a gilded cage and able to spend ten times for your present what you can spend for her present, you can charm her. Remember the random remarks she has made at different times and give her the crock of Cheddar cheese in port wine or the sachets she loves so well but never quite gets around to buying for herself. Or, if she lives in the country, give her a flowering shrub to plant beside her driveway or a baby apple tree . . . Bette Davis.

Put On An Act

Unless you're a paragon of all the virtues, your social life, our mentors insist, will benefit tremendously by a little acting now and then.

Both happiness and harmony and resentment and anger are contagious things. If you've had a quarrel with the boy friend or the husband before a party, never let anyone guess it! Avoid acting cold or superior or strained. And don't take as much as one pot shot! Put on an act if it kills you! It won't. In fact, by the time the party is over your quarrel probably will be over, too . . . Joan Bennett.

When you have a difficult guest you must stick with him or her. And be very sure your eyes don't wander, longingly, toward a gay group at the other end of the room. The best approach to the difficult guest is a flattering one, something like, "At last I can come over and talk with you"—in a voice that suggests this is the thing you most want to do . . . Joan Bennett.

Train children to put on an act, to have party manners, and to bring them along when they come into the living room to meet your friends. Give the children pride in any entertaining that goes on in your house even when they have no part in it. And before children go to a party it's an excellent idea, instead of nagging about what they should not do, to say something like this: "I'm so happy you're going to this party because I know I'll get a telephone call this evening telling me how kind and polite you were." Children adore to show off. And they'll show off in a constructive way if this is suggested to them beforehand . . . Joan Bennett.

Don't gush. Gushing is nervous-making . . . Bette Davis.

Set Your Stage

Give a thought to the colored paper streamers, the Jack Horner pies and the snappers that are so essential at children's parties. Then seek adult effects that will induce the same gala mood in your guests that these things induce in children.

Cocktails before dinner are a must! They need not be alcoholic. In a previous issue Photoplay-Movie Mirror published recipes for several teetotaler cocktails that are great favorites in Hollywood. Pull the curtains, light the lamps . . . and let your winter party open with cocktails by the fire or, in this season, with cocktails in the garden . . . Myrna Loy.

A bowl of nuts in their shells, with nutcrackers handy, a bowl of chewing gum and hard candies, a bowl of chocolates, a bowl of fruit. . . . Never underestimate the way such things will come to the aid of your party! Place them conveniently in your living room in the evening and irrespective of how much dinner was enjoyed you'll find your guests nibbling and there's something as relaxed and comfortable and friendly in the act as in the word . . . Claudette Colbert.

Candlelight in the living room as well as the dining room, even if it has to be supplemented by lamps, is a great asset. Candlelight is flattering, as every woman knows. So it puts the girls in a benign mood at once. And it also has the magic that causes people to talk intimately . . . Claudette Colbert.

It isn't how much money goes into a party, it's how much hostess. If a party is to be successful the guests must feel the thoughtfulness of their hostess everywhere—in the filled match boxes and cigarette containers, in the arrangement of the flowers, in the fresh cake of soap and the box of powder and the individual powder puffs and the supply of guest towels in the bathroom, in the porch lamp turned on to greet them, in the door's being flung wide as they approach . . . Ouida Bergere.

Consider the tastes and diets of your guests . . . Ouida Bergere.

Don't attempt to entertain formally or elaborately unless you're equipped to do this. Instead, lay your table with a bright cloth and gay dishes and let your guests help—really help! Give the girl or the man who boasts about the salad he or she throws together a bowl, salad ingredients, oil and vinegar, and the seasoning. Lead the man who knows how to broil steak so its charred a little on the outside and just rare enough in the center to your broiler. Heat potato chips or a casserole of macaroni au gratin that has been prepared beforehand. And arrange a large tray of assorted crackers and cheeses for dessert. If you'll do this no one will work hard, everyone will have fun and one or two friends will have a gorgeous chance to exhibit. However, insist the fine co-operative spirit end when dinner is on the table. The dishes should be your responsibility when the party is over . . . Rosalind Russell.

It's stupid to say the best parties are the hit-or-miss affairs that aren't planned beforehand. Sometimes a spontaneous party works out great fun. But the parties that have "laid an egg" because they weren't planned! It depends upon your guests whether bridge or another game or conversation is in order. Be prepared to direct your party along specific lines. But don't be arbitrary about this. If those people you expected to sit glum and silent begin to talk stimulatingly or amusingly cross your fingers and hide the parchesi board . . . Bette Davis.

A small table before the fireplace or in the garden is charming for a little luncheon or supper, for evening refreshments or for tea . . . Ouida Bergere.

Cast Your Parties Carefully

The wrong guests will ruin a party as quickly and as thoroughly as the wrong players will ruin a picture.

Different friends appeal to different facets in our personality. But this doesn't mean—as you may have discovered—they always will appeal to different facets in one another's personality. Therefore, any time you throw all of your friends together indiscriminately you can expect antagonism or yawns and early departures. It's much smarter to plan different parties for different groups and to be completely honest with your friends about this . . . Bette Davis.

Always invite one or two extroverts. Extroverts will talk about themselves, tell funny stories, play the piano, sing, stand on their heads . . . some way, somehow they'll entertain everyone and have a gorgeous time doing it. Whereas, if all your guests are introverts—the quiet type with no urge to exhibit—your party, very easily, can die a most unseemly death . . . Claudette Colbert.

If the guests at a large party don't divide into groups naturally a little stage direction is in order. Set up a bridge table and four chairs and lead the Culbertson addicts to it. Get the badminton or skiing or bicycling enthusiasts together in a comfortable conversational corner. Sort your guests! . . . Bette Davis.

Irrespective of how carefully you cast your party you're likely to have one guest who will arrive late. Don't delay dinner more than fifteen minutes. This saves your other guests from a dinner that has been kept in the warming oven and it saves your late guest greater embarrassment . . . Bette Davis.

When You Accept An Invitation You Have a Job

What kind of a job? First Aide to your Hostess, of course.

Keep things pleasant. It's not up to you to check on anything that is said. Don't parade your memory by recollecting unpleasant or embarrassing incidents. And don't parade your honesty by saying disagreeable things. Kind and flattering incidents and comments are just as indicative of a good memory and honesty but, unfortunately, most people who pride themselves on their memory or honesty overlook this completely . . . Rosalind Russell.

When a game is proposed, never say, "Oh, are we going to play *that* again!" Get into the spirit of the party and you'll come out best three different ways . . . you'll be a joy to your hostess, you'll appear more attractive to the other guests and you'll have a better time . . . Rosalind Russell.

Whenever you find yourself left out of things, remember this doesn't indicate any inferiority on your part; it indicates, instead, inferiority on the part of those around you, because they are being thoughtless or rude to you, another guest. Include yourself in a group or a conversation at any cost—and save your hostess the concern she would feel about you had you continued to wander around alone . . . Joan Bennett.

You're not chic or important when you're late for a party; you're rude and annoying. If you can't help being late, telephone your hostess, explain your difficulty and ask her to go ahead with bridge or dinner or whatever is scheduled . . . Myrna Loy.

When you're a house guest, whether your visit is to last a week end, a week, or a month, be self-sufficient! Don't trail your hostess all over the house. Sit down with a bag of needlework or a book, or take a walk. Look contented and comfortable . . . Bette Davis.

All right, you're on your own! We wish you luck. But with these social secrets of the stars stowed away in your bag of tricks we doubt that you'll need it.

MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR

GUEST EDITOR
BUDDY PEPPER



Feather in Buddy Pepper's cap is this date with Jane Withers, her first unchaperoned one

DEAR JUNIORS:

First of all I want to say "hello" to you for Jane Withers, who told me to be sure and do so because she made so many friends when she was guest editor of this department. Jane was the one who really got me my real chance in Hollywood and she and her family are swell people and real friends. I was playing in a revue, "Meet the People," in Hollywood and Jane and her mother came to see it. They told 20th Century-Fox about me and it was through that that I got the part of Jane's boy friend in "Golden Hoofs."

I've been in Hollywood a little over two years now; I came out when I was fourteen with Florence Pepper and the two of us did an act together. I was born in Kentucky and though there was no theatrical background in my family, I played the piano and sang by ear and got on the radio when I was about eight.

Gus Edwards and his vaudeville unit came to Louisville when I was twelve years old and I got to meet him and joined the unit. Through him I met Jack Pepper and he and Florence and I put on our own act in which I sang and danced and played the piano. Florence worked as his sister and I was supposed to be his brother, so that's how both Florence and I got the name of Pepper. My real name's Jack Starkey, but I couldn't use Jack because that was Pepper's name. He wanted to call me Johnny, but we finally compromised on Buddy.

I'd like to change it again because I think I'm getting too old to be called Buddy. It was all right when I was younger, but I'm sixteen now and I think I ought to have another name, don't you?

My first Hollywood break was due to our appearance on one of the Sunday night shows at the Trocadero. Joe Pasternak saw us that night and signed both Florence and me for Deanna Durbin's picture, "That Certain Age."

After "Golden Hoofs" I got into Walt Disney's new picture, "The Reluctant Dragon." I play the office boy who takes Bob Benchley through the studio. Benchley goes into every department trying to get away from me and in this way you see the whole Disney studio.

I hope you like me in the picture.

Sincerely,
Buddy Pepper.

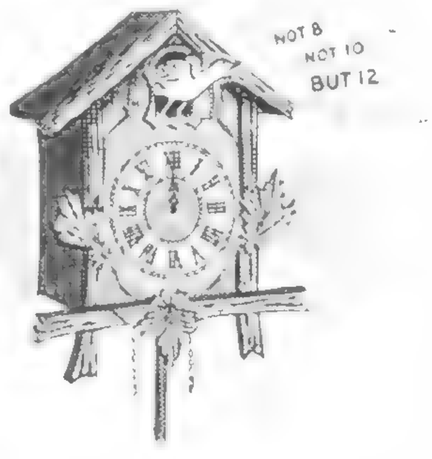
P. S. I think it would be swell if you'd all write to me, too. And I'd welcome your help in choosing another name. As I told you, I think I'm getting pretty old to be called Buddy, so if you'll write and tell me what you think about it or what name you suggest I take instead, I'll be very glad to hear from you. I'll give an autographed picture to the ten boys or girls who write in the most interesting letters and Miss Betty Turner will help me judge them. Please write to me in care of Movie Mirror Junior, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, and be sure to mail your letter before July 25, 1941.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly, we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

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How Don Ameche Lives

(*Continued from page 32*)

names. Ronnie was Booboo till last year, but that's out. "I'm Butch, and he's Spike. Lonny, that's our brother, he's got a name, too. It's the Killer."

Spike is the gentler of the two. He mothered his mother before the baby was born. "Keep away from her, Butch. You're too rough." So long as he's fed and warm, nothing bothers Butch. His single weakness is Annie, whose special charge he's been from infancy. Temperamentally averse to sappy stuff, he will nevertheless lie abed like a lug in the morning and coo, "Annie dear, come fetch your baby."

The difference between the boys is well marked by an engagement which took place shortly before Honore went to the hospital. Knowing that their mother was less active than usual, they were more boisterous. They'd been quarreling all morning in the back yard. Fed up, Honore called from her bedroom window. "If you two don't quit that, I'm coming down and knock your heads together."

Spike lifted reproachful eyes. "Is that a nice way to talk to a little boy?"

"Don't you care," chortled his brother. "She wouldn't come down those stairs for anything."

Once Butch said, "I don't like you," and it sounded ugly. Honore spanked his hand. "I still don't like you." This went on for several minutes, while Butch's hand grew redder and he racked his brains for a method of saving said member without hauling down his colors. "All right, all right, you just wait and see if you come to my birthday party—if I have a birthday party," he faltered.

While their mother doesn't pull her punches, they realize that she can sometimes be charmed into laughter.

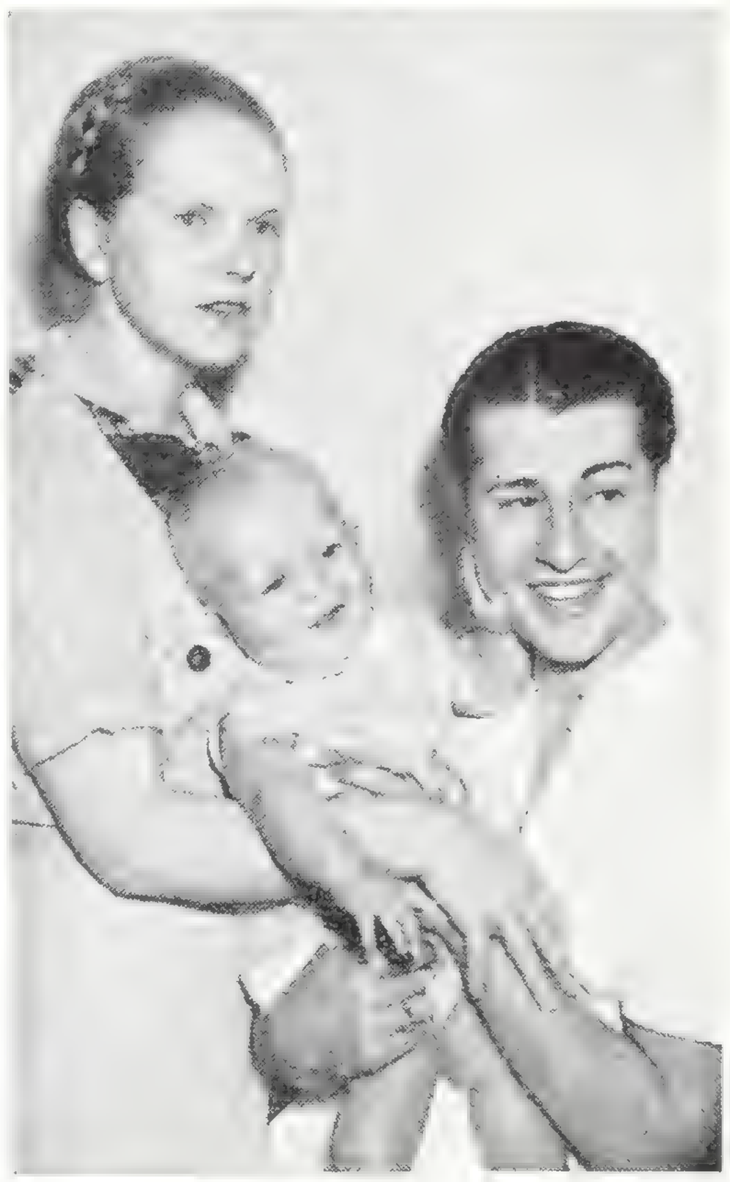
"I know you're acting," says Spike. "I see a little smile." And Butch will cock his head, the cherub complete with sun suit, to inquire winningly, "Aren't I the rascal, though?"

They also realize that these tricks make not the slightest impression on Daddy. "Of course they're smart," says their mother. "They don't do anything they shouldn't when he's around." But a promise made in the household is a promise kept. If Mamma says she's going to tell Daddy, she tells him. And if Butch takes doom by the forelock and murmurs, "I was naughty. Spank my hand," Daddy doesn't say, "How cute." He spanks it.

THE Ameches have reason to hope, however, that Butch has through sad experience attained the age of reason. He's huskier than Spike, also more impetuous. One day he socked his brother with a roller skate. This was serious. Don talked to him that night, explained the heinousness of his sin, told him that Spike was to be removed from his dangerous neighborhood and sent to stay with Grandma for a while. Butch bawled. When Spike returned, he treated him like a bijou wrapped in lamb's wool. Till there rose an argument over a toy steam shovel, which Butch settled by clunking Spike over the head with it. Now all either of his parents need say is: "Do you want Daddy to spank you the way he did that night?" "No," says young Butch, "did *that* hurt!" He's just started his formal education at nursery school. Honore is prepared to see him led home by the ear any day, with a not too polite, "Here, you can have him."

Watching his father with his children, Don can only wonder. The senior Ameche was in his day a stern disciplinarian. "I didn't dare look cross-eyed," complains his eldest. Now Grandpa's gone soft. He can't stand hearing his grandsons cry. "Ah, g'wan, he's only a baby, leave him alone." A wail from Lonny's bassinet and Grandpa lays down his rummy cards to sneak upstairs. He's not supposed to pick the baby up and meets all suspicious glances with the same grin and the same story: "I just look at him. He says, 'Okay, Grandpop' and goes to sleep."

Don thinks his father's the grandest guy he's ever known. "He was strict all right, but I've never heard him say or do a mean thing." He's not much of a talker, but his eyes are Italian, dark and expressive. "When he laughs," says his son, "they dance all over. When he gets mad, you get paralyzed." In this Don resembles him. Honore says she's seen him lose his temper only two or three times, but "when he does, watch out for him." Grandma's fair and blue-eyed, and there's nothing Italian about her but her spaghetti. Honore is also authority for the statement that when Don lifts his head, sniffs and streaks out of the house it's because the breeze has blown him



This scion of the Ameches is Tommy (above with Honore and Don) whose activities are as yet confined to playing jiujutsu with Father's fingers

a whiff from down the road of Grandma's spaghetti.

The elder Ameches live a quarter of a mile away in a white ranch house, built for them by Don long before he bought a house of his own.

Grandpa planted fruit trees and built chicken coops. At the moment he's flushed with creative pride, for after two years of sweat and strain he's produced a crop of prize tomatoes. He keeps the family supplied with plums and apricots, with fowl and eggs.

THE family is naturally grateful to Don, who considers that he's pleasing himself and there's nothing to be grateful for. "He's a good boy," says Pop—his highest praise. Mom is more articulate. Because he's so much older and has lived apart from them so long, the younger children tend to put Don in a class with their father and he can't laugh them out of it. It's to Honore they turn. It was Honore's car Louis borrowed when he hadn't one of his own. It's Honore who helps the girls with their dress and school and boy problems.

She has what some wise man called the grace of living—the humor to enliven routine existence, the courage to meet emergencies without losing her humor. Golden-haired and unruffled, she moves through life, creating a sense of strength and serenity on which others draw. And if this makes her sound like some remote goddess, then we've done her wrong. No one is warmer or more approachable than the gay Honore.

She knew that Tommy would have to come by Caesarean birth. He was due about the middle of August. She tried to make a deal with the doctor to bamboozle Don and get him out of the way while she went to the hospital. The doctor refused the responsibility.

It happened, however, that Don *was* away on a fishing trip when Honore, in her own words, started feeling goofy a month ahead of time. The doctor ordered her to the hospital. "What! And get stuck for two weeks?"

"You do as I tell you, young woman," he roared. "And—hey, wait a minute. Take some phenobarbital."

She took some phenobarbital. She took a shower. The girls were out. She called to Gabe to bring her bag up. Harriet Lauck helped her pack and drove her to the hospital. It was seven o'clock. Harriet was so jittery that Honore sent her home. The doctor decided on immediate operation. "Better phone Don," he said.

"What for?" said Honore calmly.

"Well, there ought to be someone—"

"Look, you're here, I'm here—that's all we need. What good will it do me to have Don chewing his fingers off in the corridor? I'll sign for the operation."

She was taken to the delivery room at eight. The baby was born at eight-forty. Don got the wire at camp next morning. "Honore and baby son doing well."

With Lonny it went less easily. She was under anesthetics for two days before his birth and in the hospital for six weeks after. Despite which, she keeps talking about the girl they want and haven't got yet. Don says if they get her at all, it will be by adoption.

Butch and Spike got a little bored with the baby business. They were overheard discussing it. "Mom gave all of Bridget's puppies away. Why doesn't she get rid of a couple of the kids?"

Now that the kids have grown into recognizable individuals, they've changed their tune. What they're proudest of is the fact that their handprints in plaster cast adorn the wall of their father's dressing-room at Twentieth Century-Fox, where he is currently making "Week-end in Havana" after his successful voyage over to Paramount for "Kiss The Boys Goodbye." One day they came to their mother with a petition. "Can we give Daddy the kids' handprints for his birthday present?"

Honore hasn't yet recovered from this display of sentiment in her two eldest. Four plaques now hang on the wall of Don's dressing room. Proving that as far as their brothers are concerned, Tommy and Lonny have made good.

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"I'm Going to Be Somebody"

(*Continued from page 39*)

from school while ogling the boys.

Martha was careful that her nintimate friend wasn't too pretty, or cleverer than she was; but it made a dandy foursome, the two boy cousins and the two girls, and her loveliest memory is the time she and her friend walked six whole miles over to the town where the boy cousins lived and they all swung from the barn pulley that was intended only to yank hay up into the haymow. Today, she shudders at the thought, not only of walking twelve miles to see any human being, but also at the memory of two little girls swinging up into the air, while the boys pulled the ropes, swinging up over pitchforks, and horses, and open holes in the hayloft through which they might have fallen and broken arms, legs and necks.

Ah, yes, life was perfect until she came to Kansas City, Missouri. Then it was heartbreak.

SHE went into high school. She was that smart, even at twelve. She went with her hair in curls, twenty-six of them that her mother brushed each night and curled around her finger each morning. She went with her freckles all over her tiny nose, and her homemade dresses and her rambunctious manners, and she saw The Boy sitting there, the most popular "man" in the class, and she heard, too, the giggles of the other girls, who all had bobs, and city ways, and city clothes, and she wanted to die, between love and humiliation. She was too young, too sensitive, to know that their superiority came from the mere fact that they were all two or three years older than she. She was too young to realize he wasn't too bright, and certainly not as bright as she, being a freshman of fifteen to her twelve. She only knew that he was wonderful and that he didn't know she existed.

She got him to write in her memory book. He wrote, "Yours till a Hershey Bar becomes a saloon," and she thought it was the wittiest thing she had ever heard of. She got him to exchange a stamp with her and she put that stamp in her collection and voluptuously kissed it goodnight every night. She hung around after classes and sat in the seat he had sat in, just to get a sense of his nearness. But he simply continued to be unaware that she was within miles.

Her father, who had been wretched as a farmer, was supremely happy as the superintendent of the maintenance department of a Kansas City factory. To this day, Martha says, he can look at any piece of machinery and diagnose just which lost nut or bolt is putting it temporarily out of repair. Martha's small brother, whom she ignored because he was so much littler and got into her sphere of influence, was a riot in the city. But she continued miserable.

She tried going in for athletics because "her man" was the school's best athlete. But at games she was always the smallest one, right at the tag end of the line always. She was too feeble for tennis, not strong enough for basketball, though eventually they made her "running center" of the team, even though Martha can't recall what duties that entailed. She hated being short. She haunted the gymnasium and hung on the bars and at night she practically stretched herself apart in bed, hoping to grow, but she never did until she got into her first high-school play. Then she shot up, straight through scarlet fever, her inferiority complex and her love frustration.

She sincerely believes she started growing at sixteen because she suddenly found her personal means of expression, but just before it she nearly lost her life. She had been cast for the lead in the high-school play, opposite that Man of Her Dreams. She rehearsed frantically, magnificently, and then the day before the play was to be shown, she came down with scarlet fever. They told her that meant she couldn't possibly be in the play and her agony at that thought was so great that she sank into a coma and lay there, close to death, for days. Her parents were frantic. Her doctor was grim. The school authorities finally came to feel responsible. They put the play off and her teacher, Miss Thomas, came to her bedside and whispered that if she would only get well, she could play in the prologue of the show, which she had just written and in which Martha wouldn't have to say a word. That was when she started recovering and she was the star of the show in that speechless prologue. Heaven knows what she might have done then, if her father hadn't been taken to the Detroit branch of his factory to be superintendent and if the Scotts hadn't moved there and immediately encountered the great depression.

IF it hadn't been for the depression, she probably would have dashed for Broadway that summer when she graduated from high school and Kansas City and was sixteen. But because even her father's work seemed about to go glimmering, she faced a dreary future and, except for Miss Ida Lilly, she would have looked for any sort of job herself.

Miss Lilly was an ex-schoolteacher of Martha's and a distant relative besides. You've seen her on the screen, too, if you saw "Cheers for Miss Bishop," wherein Martha tried to reproduce her inspiration, her unselfishness, her instinctive nobleness of character. It was Miss Lilly who came forward and said Martha must go to college at the University of Michigan and who advanced her $2,000 for that purpose.

Martha admits now that she has hitherto dramatized that story also in the telling. "What I didn't tell was that my parents put up an equal amount," she confesses. "That steady, selfless sacrifice that thousands of parents make for their children because it is usual, rather than rare, doesn't sound so wonderful, but they deserve that I give them all the wonderful credit that is due them, too."

She was in heaven and in love all the time she was at the University. She cut off her hated curls. (Her mother still has the whole twenty-six of them, carefully wrapped in tissue paper.) She grew straight and slim, if not very tall, and she was the uncontested ingenue of the University Dramatic Society and definitely a belle. There were always seven or eight boys pursuing her and even girls liked her; and life, except that there was almost no money at home, was completely blissful.

When she graduated, she got a chance at summer stock in Detroit and with two other girls (and whisper it, one of the boys from the University) she moved into an apartment and they all worked their heads off, and lived chiefly on cokes and hamburgers and dreams. All three of the girls, including Martha, thought they were in love with that boy, who slept on a couch in the front room and shared a fourth of the expenses, so that made everything perfectly moral, for nobody dared try so much as a come-hither smile with the others always watching like hawks.

When the summer stock season ended, she got, magically, a chance at playing Shakespeare at the World's Fair in Chicago. The pay was infinitesimal; the work was prodigious. They did seven shows a day, seven days a week, and had a repertoire of eight Shakespearean plays. The big idea had been to bring Shakespeare to "the masses," but the result, as far as Martha was concerned, was to learn how to read lines rapidly but accurately; how to dress rapidly but accurately; how to eat rapidly and whatever was at hand; and to be everlasting in and about and of the theater, which she loved. Of course, she got no sleep and no rest, but she did learn. She put in two solid years that way, until the Fair closed.

She headed then for Broadway. Her cash capital was exactly $150 and by the time she got her railroad fare out of it, she had only $50 left. But she had heard of "The Rehearsal Club," that exciting, friendly club for theatrical aspirants that you saw on the screen when it was pictured in "Stage Door." She found she could live there for a whole month for that $50, so she turned it over forthwith and went out to haunt the agencies. Here she was in America's biggest city, part of it, walking its streets, seeing its sights, listening to its romantic sounds. She adored her two roommates and thought every girl in the Club a darling. Life seemed utterly friendly and fascinating until she invaded the real managers' offices and then it was Kansas City all over again.

THERE in those majestic offices, her hair was once more grinned at, her definitely small-town clothes were smiled at. Whenever she could get past the office boys, she found her summer stock notices smiled at, but mostly, like her first love, these men ignored her. The end of her first month was only a few days away. She knew she couldn't send home for money—because there wasn't any there. She couldn't ask Miss Lilly for more, since that original $2,000 loan represented all Miss Lilly's savings.

So finally when the new month dawned, she gave up her dreams. She had been a star in Detroit, but she was a flop along Broadway. She would renounce acting. She would get a job, any kind of a job. She haunted employment agencies and finally she got a job, as a salesgirl in Macy's basement, the lowliest department in New York's biggest department store. She stood on her feet for limitless hours six days a week and made only enough to exist on, and her seventh day she spent in bed, trying to rest. But she didn't cry any longer. She didn't do anything, because she had no feeling left. She was only twenty-two, an old maid. Her life was finished, and she was an absolute failure.

The way Martha Scott finally got her first professional engagement; the way she got into her first Broadway show and became a star overnight; the way she came to Hollywood; and how she met Carleton Alsop and married him (the true story of which she says has never been told before) you will find in the concluding installment of Martha Scott's serio-comic life story in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.

Love Is What You Make It!

The Man Who Machine Gunned Children

With fanatical zeal, with blind, unthinking obedience to the "High Command" he flew to England, dropped his terrible bombs, machine gunned men, women, children, even babes in arms, returned to Germany and found himself a hero, and the father of a baby boy.

But it brought him little joy. He thought of the women and children in England whom he had seen writhing and screaming under his savage bursts of machine gun fire. He had a vision of his wife, his baby writhing and screaming. Thus was he awakened to the tragedy—the horror of modern war. And he made his decision, a mad, desperate decision which resulted in a true story being lived such as you have never read. It came to us from a Canadian prison camp and you will find it complete in True Story for August. You must not miss it. Love is indeed a great worker of miracles!

☆ *True Story has been made over, modernized, revitalized, streamlined. Note its gorgeous cover, beautiful new art technique, its refined type effects. One of the most attractive magazines you ever saw. Get your copy today.*

LOVE ASKS NO QUESTIONS

She was a young school teacher, sheltered, protected. Until she met Jason Humphrey she had never been in love. But he was different from any man she had ever known, dark, polished, sophisticated, wealthy—and very much in love with her. He stormed the portals of her heart and won it. Later she learned he was one of America's most famous professional gamblers, in the underworld if not of it. But he loved her and she loved him and that was all she asked. "Love Asks No Questions" is the book length story of her life with Jason Humphrey. It will hold you spellbound from opening to closing word. Read it today complete, in True Story for August.
Love is an amazing and sometimes terrible thing!

Benny Goodman's Favorite Love Story

There's one love story that Benny Goodman loves because he knows it's true and because he feels that he personally had much to do with making it come true.

It's about a boy and girl who met by chance at a jitterbug dance where he was playing—about a quick wooing, a knock-down and dragout fight which, instead of winning the lady's hand, turned her heart against him. There came another night, though—but read "Call For Liza" as told by Benny Goodman in True Story for August. Heart-warming, blood-quickening, you'll love every word of it.

Love is a beautiful and wonderful thing!



DO NOT MISS *"What Are Anne Lindbergh's Secret Thoughts?" Second of the "Mystery of Lindbergh and Anne" series which millions are reading breathlessly.*

Now On Sale

August **True Story**



What's Cookin'?

At the Jack Oakies' it's probably apple butter to be put up in jars by Jack himself

BY ANN HAMILTON

Pair with a nose for news—cooking news—Jack Oakie and his wife Venita Varden

MAYBE the government never is going to get around to conscripting Jack Oakie—that decision probably will depend on whether the gold-braid boys think of him in terms of his *Napoloni* in "The Great Dictator" or his new Warner Brothers assignment in "Navy Blues." But when and if they do conscript him, there's no sense wasting time wondering what to do with him. All they need to do is pop Jack—quick—into the Conservation Department.

For Jack is the best little conserver that ever conserved; he can't remember the date when he first canned a jar of fruit, but the good old-fashioned habit of preserving and canning fruits and vegetables has been his hobby for years.

Look wise if you want to and say this is just another "little-known hobbies of famous comedians" gag. This hobby of his certainly isn't well-known—but don't make the mistake of thinking it's a gag. In the kitchen of the new home in San Fernando Valley into which he and his wife, the lovely Venita Varden, have just moved, Jack conserves and preserves with the same skill which has earned him top acting honors. You're still skeptical? Then take another look—this time at the jars of canned fruits and preserves in the Oakie storeroom—every last jar put up by Jack according to recipes handed down by his grandmother.

JACK'S apple butter specialty is quite a story in itself—Jack told it to me the other day at Warners.

"Long before anyone ever heard of Jack Oakie," he said, "my paternal grandmother made the name of Offield (Jack's name is really Lewis Offield, you know) famous throughout the width and breadth of Pettis County, Missouri, by copping the blue ribbon for apple butter seven years hand running at the Pettis County Fair.

"Shortly before my grandmother died she made a will leaving all her worldly goods to my father with the exception of her cookbook and cooking recipes, which she left to my mother. Among these was the formula for apple butter which in years to follow made my mother the unchallenged apple butter champion of Pettis County. Today, though far from the place of my birth, I intend to carry on the apple butter tradition."

Other delectable recipes from Grandmother Offield's cookbook are bread and butter pickles, and two desserts made of canned fruit—cherry cobbler and gingerbread peach shortcake.

APPLE BUTTER

4 gals. prepared apples
1 gal. sweet cider
4 pts. sugar
1 tsp. allspice
1 tsp. cinnamon

Boil sweet cider until it is reduced to half its quantity. Peel, core and slice apples—there should be four gallons after slicing—and add to boiling cider. Cook over low heat, stirring frequently to prevent scorching, until mixture begins to thicken. Add spices and sugar and continue cooking slowly until a spoonful of the mixture will remain in a smooth mass when cooled on a saucer. Pour into sterilized Mason jars and seal.

BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLES

15 medium-sized cucumbers
4 large white onions
1 sweet pepper
¼ cup salt
2½ cups sugar
1 tbls. mustard seed
½ tsp. tumeric
¼ tsp. ground cloves
2½ cups cider vinegar

Wash, but do not peel, cucumbers and slice very thin. Chop onions and pepper and add to cucumbers. Cover with salt and let stand three hours, then drain. Bring vinegar and dry ingredients to a boil. Add cucumber mixture and heat thoroughly but do not boil. Pour into hot sterilized Mason jars and seal.

CHERRY COBBLER

1 qt. canned cherries
1 tbl. butter
1 tbl. cornstarch
Sugar to taste
1 tsp. almond extract
Biscuit dough

Drain cherries and place in casserole or baking dish. Blend cherry juice, butter and cornstarch (adding sugar if berries are too sour) and cook over low heat until thickened. Add almond extract and pour over cherries. Cover with biscuit dough and bake at 350 degrees F. until biscuit crust is done.

GINGERBREAD PEACH SHORTCAKE

1 beaten egg
1 cup molasses
½ cup melted butter
½ tsp. salt
2 tsps. ginger
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. soda dissolved in
1 cup boiling water
2 cups sifted flour
1 qt. canned peaches

Beat egg, beat in molasses, then butter, salt, ginger and cinnamon. Add soda dissolved in hot water. Add flour a little at a time. Beat until smooth. Bake in two buttered cake tins at 350 degrees F. until done (25 to 30 minutes). Spread well-drained canned peaches between layers and on top. Serve plain, or with whipped cream, while still warm.

Would you like to know more about the delightful and practical art of home canning? Would you like to take advantage of bargain prices for fresh fruits and vegetables this summer by putting them up for winter use? It's easy if you will follow the recipes of canning experts in the booklet, "Ten Easy Lessons in Home Canning," containing methods of canning fruits, vegetables, jellies, juices, even meat and fish. This booklet, together with "Let's Eat," a collection of 300 new and delicious recipes, will be sent to you free of charge. All you need to do is mail your request for these booklets (a letter or postcard will do) to Ann Hamilton, Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

What Is Their Romantic Future?

(*Continued from page 35*)

elationship and terminate in a good-atured divorce.

Sidelight on Tony: There's something n his chart which indicates that he wins is women by playing hard to get.

Barbara Hutton—Cary Grant

Mrs. Holmes Believes: That there is no eason why they shouldn't marry and nd themselves compatible in marriage.

Reasons: Cary was born under Capicorn, Miss Hutton has the Moon in Capricorn—which, according to astrology, onstitutes a marked attraction.

Barbara has been criticized for marrying foreigners and for giving up her merican citizenship. Mrs. Holmes conders such condemnation foolish. With lanet placements like Barbara's, marriage to a foreigner becomes almost invitable. As an Englishman, Cary falls within that group. And as to the surender of citizenship, Mrs. Holmes points ut that Thomas Paine, born under Barara's sign of Scorpio, said: "The world s my country, All mankind are my rethren, To do good is my religion."

Barbara's chart indicates that she will lways meet the men to whom she's atracted through a mutual friend. Cary as introduced to her by Dorothy i Frasso. It also indicates that the oughest problem of her life has been and ill be to find happiness in marriage. Because of a divergence in background nd interests, this will hold true if she narries Grant. By the stars, however, e is better suited to her than either of er former husbands.

Like most Capricorns, Cary started at the bottom. Capricorns, astrology says, are born with a broom in their hands. Which means that they have to hustle for what they get. Which gives them a sense of the value of money. Cary hung on to his till Britain went to war, then he donated his salary for "The Philadelphia Story" to the British War Relief Fund. Indicating that, Capricorn or no, he does recognize values beyond those of wealth.

Barbara, born with a silver spoon in her mouth, has always given lavishly and is now pouring out her shekels for the British cause. She has dignity, reserve and abhors familarity on short acquaintance. She's distinguished, on the other hand, by an old-fashioned courtesy learned from the governesses of her childhood and rare in young women of today. She stands aside at a door, for example, to let older women precede her.

With people she cares about, she's generous to an extreme, meeting them not half but all the way. Cary is less outgoing. She loves Chinese poetry, the arts and all forms of culture. Cary, the earthy and practical, loves prize fights. Despite these differences, they are so strongly attracted that marriage may follow. At the present writing, Babs is still undecided. Unless they take the plunge within two or three months, another man may come along to change the picture.

Sidelight on Cary: His chart shows him to have supergood taste in clothes. Mrs. Holmes found him a somewhat skeptical subject. He answered questions warily and seemed to take the whole procedure with a certain lightmindedness.

Dorothy Lamour—Greg Bautzer

Mrs. Holmes Believes: That they will not marry. If they do, the marriage won't last.

Reasons: The planets in their charts are moving toward a position where what was once an attraction might become a repulsion. A repulsion, that is, matrimonially speaking. They'd remain friends, because Bautzer is the kind of person who keeps the respect and liking of anyone who's known him and Dotty's the kind of girl who, exit romance, could still be a man's pal.

Dotty's inclined to exaggerate her emotions. Her friends are the most wonderful in the world. If they let her down, her disillusion is proportionately violent. Which doesn't keep the resilient sarong queen from forming new attachments, about which she's just as enthusiastic. Like Lana Turner, she's gregarious, enjoys a crowd better than a small circle, where friction is likely to develop.

In common with most Sagittarians, she has foresight and tolerance, and will defend your right to a viewpoint which clashes with her own. She's a nice girl, Bautzer's a nice guy, but they're not for each other. Stay a bachelor girl, Dotty, say the stars—for quite a while yet.

Sidelight on Dotty: As she grows older, she'll develop a certain eccentricity in dress.

Sidelight on Bautzer: He'd be a success in politics.

Dolores Del Rio—Orson Welles

Mrs. Holmes Believes: That they are

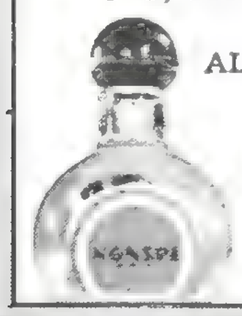


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likely to marry and be happy.

Reasons: Dolores is a Leo and Welles a Taurus which, according to astrology, is *not* a good setup. What takes the curse off, however, is that Dolores has the Moon in Taurus and is therefore attracted to Taurus people, as they are to her. Each of their charts indicates marriage and, despite the surface opposition of their stars, they have something deep-seated in common.

Mrs. Holmes made a startling prediction to Dolores, whose chart she read at a garden party given by the Jack Warners. "You're going to meet another man and divorce your husband."

"But I'm a Catholic," protested the delectable Del Rio. Mrs. Holmes stood her ground. Dolores met Orson Welles, an electric current vibrated, Mrs. Gibbons sued for divorce, Jack Warner was converted to astrology. He says in some bewilderment: "I used to be interested only in the stars that walk around on their feet. But I heard it with my own ears."

Like Barbara Hutton, Dolores has charming manners. She's almost fanatically fastidious about her person, her clothes and the food she eats. The exotic and patrician in her appeal to Welles' complex nature. Mrs. Holmes lifts her brows at people who call Welles a genius, haha! There's no haha! about it. He *is* a genius. His horoscope says so. Despite the difference in their ages, these two should make a go of marriage, provided Dolores retains an eager interest in his work.

Sidelight on Orson: There's nothing he can't do. If he thought it would prove anything, he could even cut his own hair in the back and do a better job of it than Max the Barber.

George Raft—Betty Grable

Mrs. Holmes Believes: That, like all of Raft's romances, this will terminate in nothing.

Reasons: Neither Betty nor George is taking it seriously. There is always the circumstance, of course, that Raft is still undivorced. Nor does marriage at the moment enter into Betty's scheme of things. Like Lana Turner, she's concentrating on career. Raft's chart indicates that when he falls hard, it's for Leo women. Virginia Peine and Norma Shearer are both Leos.

With him and Betty the object is gayety. They understand and feel at ease with each other, both knowing that neither seeks more than good companionship from the association.

George is a fatalist, doesn't believe in hoarding happiness and lives for the present. There's an honesty in Betty which responds to the honesty in him. They have lots of laughs together. In fact, temperamentally, they're suited like ham and eggs. But the stars say no.

Sidelight on Raft: His approach to women is such an expert blend of tenderness and he-man, consideration and authority, that few can resist him.

Judy Garland—Dave Rose

Mrs. Holmes Believes: That Judy may marry Dave Rose but won't stay married to him.

Reasons: Her chart indicates a strong inclination to marry. It also indicates that she'll go to the altar twice, so the divorce prediction carries no reflection on her first husband, whoever he turns out to be.

When Judy's mother visited Mrs. Holmes to have her own horoscope read, she gave the astrologist the birth dates of two of her daughters, keeping mum on which was whose. After a few moments, Mrs. Holmes tapped the paper that bore the date June 10 and said "This one could be famous." That happened before Judy's rise.

Later, having read her chart, Mrs. Holmes advised Judy not to marry too early. She thinks, however, that the little singer, romantic and emotional, may ride down advice and marry Mr. Rose either this year or next. She's intense enough to believe that her first important romance will prove the one love of her life.

Her chart indicates with inexorable clarity that Judy will never be attracted by a boy of her own age. The man who moves her deeply must be one of experience and sophistication, preferably one who has been married before. Mr. Rose fills the bill. On the other hand far fields look greenest to Judy. She likes what she's not sure of. Once she gets it, she's not sure she wants it. Her turbulent spirit may be tranquillized by the disciplines of life, but not before she's taken some hard knocks. She'll take them with her chin up. The stars are wholly detached in their assurance that one of these knocks will lead her to seek dissolution of the bond from Mr. Dave Rose or Mr. X.

Sidelight on Judy: An astrologist would hesitate to marry a girl with a horoscope like Judy's, because it indicates that she will be the boss.

Ann Sheridan—George Brent

Mrs. Holmes Believes: That they should marry and that their marriage would literally be one of those made in heaven.

Reasons: Brent was born on March 15, Ann on February 21. Brent has the Moon in Pisces, Ann has the Sun in Pisces, than which there can be no stronger combination. These placements are even more favorable than those of Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant, for the signs are better when the man has the Moon in his horoscope.

With one exception, their likes and dislikes run parallel. Ann enjoys having a lot of people around, George doesn't. She wouldn't make an issue of it, however, being good-humored and flexible enough to adapt herself to his wishes. If George couldn't get along with her, he could get along with no one.

She has no veneer, no affectations, no feminine coyness. If she likes you, she shows it. If she doesn't, she makes that plain. She dislikes few people and her weakness lies in allowing herself to be taken advantage of. To push herself either personally or professionally, goes against the grain.

It was only after being pushed around beyond endurance that she feuded with the studio. The stars, incidentally, approved her course, though she took it without consulting them. Eventually, they say, her increased salary will make up for the time lost and she'll find herself riding higher than ever.

Brent is more complex, more difficult to get close to, but a fine character under his shell. Generous to a degree, he loathes having his generosities publicized. But he can't keep grateful people from talking. In helping people, he shows a rare consideration for their self-respect. Instead of merely forking out money, he exerts himself to find them jobs.

Annie and Brent could hunt the four corners of the earth and find no mate so ideal as Brent and Annie.

"In fact," said Mrs. Holmes firmly, "I go on record." Which she hadn't said about any of the others. "It will be an astrological calamity if they *don't* marry

Flight into Nowhere

(*Continued from page 43*)

"Bob," she said. "This is Gay Stevens. ou're going to get wet, travelling west. nd I don't think you have an umbrella. Von't you turn back, please? I'll meet ou at Clover Field. I want to talk to ou, Bob. Please!"

Her heart was beating fast. She could ear it. If Bob Fuller hadn't waved a and and banked his plane to the right, at heart might have choked her, she id—a long time afterwards.

To Gay's intense surprise the two lanes were over the field in perhaps half an hour. They were only a hunred miles or so off the coast, though had seemed to her they were almost the middle of the ocean. She reflected ey had flown northwest out of San iego, whereas she had believed the urse to be due west.

Robert Fuller was waiting at the side f the red plane when their ship landed ay wanted to run to him, but managed control herself. Just barely managed, r her walk was almost as fast as a rint.

"What do you mean, Bob Fuller," she emanded, "flying out over the ocean at is time of the night? Trying to kill ourself just because you can't stand e sight of a white feather?" The words ere now tumbling out beyond her con-ol. "And I said that I wouldn't pity yself if I were you! I take it back."

Bob's hands came down slowly onto er shoulders. They gripped her, and ook her. His face was impassive, but ere were lines of bitterness on it.

"Snap out of it," he commanded. "Who id I was trying to kill myself?"

"Nobody," Gay said, still rocking under e pressure of his hands. "I just thought , I guess."

"I wasn't even thinking of suicide. I as just—oh—making a flight into no-here. Relaxing. Trying to think things ut. I was in no danger. I had plenty f gas. And I had plenty of time," he nished shortly.

Major Stevens came forward, grinning. "Sorry you had all this trouble, Major," ob said.

"It's all right. Girls will be girls. But rget about the beam and the loud-peaker, boy. Those are secrets the Army ould give lives to keep."

"Right," Bob said. He shook hands ith the Major and walked toward a nk of automobiles. "Good night," he lled, as he got into a car. "And thanks r everything."

Gay's shoulders slumped as the car ed away, and she walked back to the . J. with her head bowed.

"I guess I had that coming to me," e confided to her father. "Once he ought he saved me from being charred a crisp when I wasn't in any danger. nd I bawled him out for it. Then I ought I kept him from killing himself hen he had no idea of doing anything f the kind. And he bawls me out. Well, t's go home." Her voice trailed off in tter weariness.

N the days that followed, Gay spent much time at the Major's experimental angar at the airfield. But she was of o help to her father. Each twenty-four ours was like the one before it. She oke early in the little white house ten iles from the field and lay awake won-ering until it was time to get breakfast r her father. She saw him off, pulled chair to the window of the front room nd tried to read the morning papers hile she waited for the mailman. When

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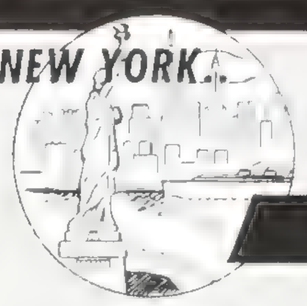
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he passed she went to the phone and told the long-distance operator to have all Hollywood calls transferred to the hangar number. Fine piece of optimism in view of Mr. Fuller's departure at Clover Field, she reflected, but put on her prettiest sports clothes, notwithstanding, got into her car and motored to the airfield. She returned in time to meet the mailman on his afternoon rounds. She told the telephone operator she was home, got dinner and read the newspapers until it was time to go to bed.

There were no letters from Hollywood, no telephone calls. There were no red planes flying into San Diego from the north. But there was news of Bob in the papers, sly cracks in the gossip columns, cartoons, comment in the editorials. letters from readers.

ONE morning, after the mailman had passed by without even looking toward her front door, Gay shrugged and went upstairs to dress. She put on a new blue polka-dot frock, then tore it off and kicked it under the bed. She went to the mirror and glared at herself.

"Now you know how it feels to be a sour old maid," she said. "You think you can't take it, don't you? But you'll take it and like it!"

She put on her old sprigged linen and drove slowly out to the field.

And there was Bob Fuller, talking to her father.

He turned quickly, hearing her step, and started toward her. She halted, frozen with joy too great to bear, and with fear that she might somehow reveal that joy to him.

"Oh," she said. "Good morning, Mr. Fuller. Nice to see you again. Hi, Major."

"Gay, don't be like that," Bob said. "I had to see you. I had to talk to you. I motored down last night."

"I don't mean to sound banal," the Major said, taking Bob by one arm and his daughter by the other, "but two's company and four's a crowd. Axel and I want to be alone."

Bob and Gay walked slowly to Bob's blue coupe.

"You don't believe in modern methods of communication, do you?" Gay tried to keep her voice light.

Bob's face was tense. "Blame it on rehearsals. Work. The draft board. Picking millions of feathers out of envelopes. It was frightful. I thought I'd never get away to see you."

"It was worse than frightful. I thought I'd never see you, either." Gay laughed shakily.

He helped her into the car and sat beside her.

"I couldn't bear going through all that again."

"Dodging people, you mean?"

"I mean not seeing you. Gay, I found out something during these last few weeks. I love you—love you more than any man in my position has a right to love a woman." His head was bent down close to hers, his eyes on her face like a hungry man at a feast.

"But I thought—that last time—you despised me," Gay breathed.

"That's because I was trying to get away from you and couldn't. Because I wanted so much, so very much, to marry you—and was trying to kid myself that I didn't. I felt that—if you should say yes and we did get married—every newspaper in the country would intimate I married you to keep out of the draft. You'd be hounded as I've been hounded." He captured her hand and carried it to his lips.

"It was all I could do, that night, to keep from picking you up, throwing you into my plane and carrying you away some place, any place—say some little island where no one would ever find us."

"Why don't you do it now?" Gay's eyes were two naked stars.

FOR answer Bob turned the key in the ignition and stepped on the starter just as the Major came running toward him.

"Your friend Scupper Davis is on the phone," the Major called. "He says he has something terribly important. You better talk to him."

Gay opened the door for her father and moved closer to Bob as the car shot across the field.

When Bob had left them, Gay whispered, "Dad, we're going to be married."

The Major's reply was in the twitching of his facial muscles. His daughter hadn't called him "Dad" since she was six. And now that he was going to lose her. . .

"I'm very glad, Baby," he said. "God bless you both."

More they would have said, had not Fuller, anxiety and excitement written all over him, come rushing toward them.

"It's Muriel," he said. "She's on the rampage again. She's at my valley ranch with the baby. And a woman from the orphanage is on her way to visit her. She'll lose that baby sure. Major, is there a plane I could borrow or hire? I've got to get to the ranch as soon as possible."

Before Gay could volunteer to give him her plane, the Major spoke.

"The O. J. is gassed up; and it'll carry three."

"You'll come with me, you and Gay? That's swell. I'll need you. Both of you."

They were in the air before Gay assembled her thoughts. "Who is this woman, and what is she to him, that she can take him away from me like this?"

As they charged through the blue of the heavens, Gay felt that her newfound happiness was being mysteriously, wantonly, surely stolen from her; and that she could do nothing about it.

THIS feeling, crystallized when she came face to face with Muriel Cowley at the ranch house. Muriel was not intoxicated, as Gay had expected to find her. Nor was she so wild and hysterical as Scupper Davis had reported.

She was putting on an act, Gay surmised, to make Bob come to her. But why?

And, with a start that disturbed the rhythm of her heart beat, she realized for the first time that Muriel, in her smartly tailored pastel pajamas, looked young and unnaturally, diabolically beautiful.

Muriel threw herself on Bob as soon as he got out of the car.

"Oh, Bob darling, I'm so glad you've come. I've been in such a state. It's too quiet here. I couldn't stand it. I went all to pieces. I told Scupper not to bother you. I pleaded with him. But it's good he did. I think I should have gone stark staring mad if you hadn't come!"

"And maybe I'd be married now," Gay thought wryly.

"Miss Stevens!" Muriel almost shouted the name. "My dear, I didn't see you. How sweet of you! And Major Stevens. This is a most unexpected pleasure. A wonderful break in the monogamy, as one of my maids used to say." She turned possessively to Fuller. "Bob, dear, we must celebrate. Run in and tell Chico we have guests for dinner."

Bob, who had been as speechless as the others, laughed—and it seemed to Gay that he expressed a great relief with that laughter.

"You look all right now," he said.

"Oh," Muriel said, with a sly look at Gay, "I began to be myself as soon as I heard you were coming." She released her hold on Bob, took Gay's hands and pecked at her cheek.

"Do forgive me for that night at the Mocambo and let's be friends."

"I'm sorry I slapped you," Gay said simply.

"I'm not sorry," Muriel answered. "Really, I'm not. It was what I needed."

"I have some news for you, Muriel," Bob said, looking not at her but at Gay, and at the Major.

"Not now, Bob dear, if you don't mind," Muriel said quickly, also looking at Gay and her father, and keeping her back to Bob. "Later. If it's bad news I can stand it better after dinner."

"But it isn't bad news."

"And if it's good news, I'm not in the mood to appreciate it now. I'm still a nervous wreck, but I'm simmering down. Do give me a chance. And do go explain to Chico. He doesn't understand a word I say."

"Chico's my Chinese-Mexican cook," Bob explained to Gay. "You'll get a kick out of him. And out of the kitchen. Come on, let's go talk to him."

"Why Bob," Muriel said, "how stupid of you. Gay's tired. She's had a long trip. Give her a chance to freshen up. Take the Major with you, and pour him a drink. I'll bet his throat is lined with alkali. Isn't it, Major?"

The Major looked helplessly at his daughter before he answered.

"I don't know how alkali mixes with Scotch," he said, "but I'm willing to find out."

"Gallantly said," cried Muriel.

She took hold of Gay's arm, cuddling against her, and led her toward the main building.

"It was ridiculous of me, creating all this furor. But when I heard that woman was coming here to see the baby, I was frightened. I'm afraid I made a dreadful scene. But I couldn't help it really. If that baby were taken from me—do you see what I mean?"

"Of course," said Gay, who didn't see it at all.

SHE didn't like being so close to the movie actress. She didn't like the aroma of amber perfume and gin. She didn't like Muriel's syrupy accents. And she didn't like the way she had been separated from Robert Fuller. But what could she do about it?

She was silent, therefore, letting Muriel talk all the way up to the house.

"In just a moment you may have a shower, Gay dearest, if you like. But first, you must see my baby."

Her face lit up at that, Gay saw, and she felt that she, Gay, was a hardhearted and suspicious person.

"I'd love to see him," she replied.

Muriel rang for the nurse and led Gay across the room to an alcove that had been hidden from her by heavy drapes. The baby lay in a white wicker portable crib. He was awake, and laughing.

"He's adorable," Gay exclaimed. "Is he always like this? May I pick him up?"

Muriel took the child from the crib and put him into Gay's outstretched arms.

"Oh he's so warm and sweet," Gay said.

The baby reached up a hand toward her face, and she bent and kissed his fingers and hugged him gently. Emotions strange to her stirred in her.

"You can see what he means to me now, and to Bob, can't you?" Muriel suggested.

"To Bob?" Gay stiffened.

"If they took that baby from me I think Bob would kill me," Muriel said





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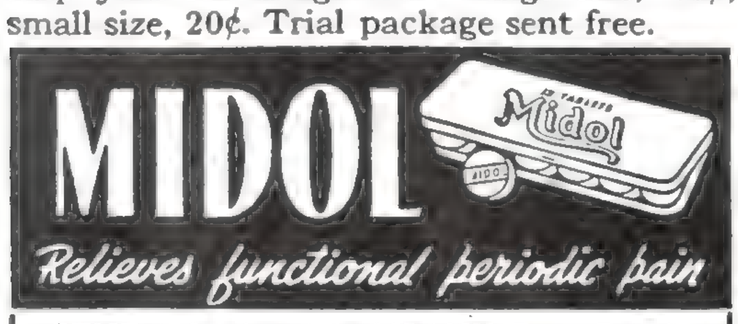
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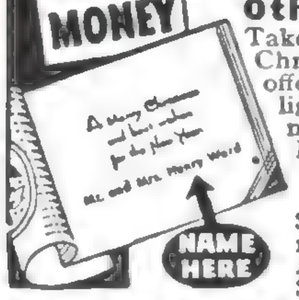
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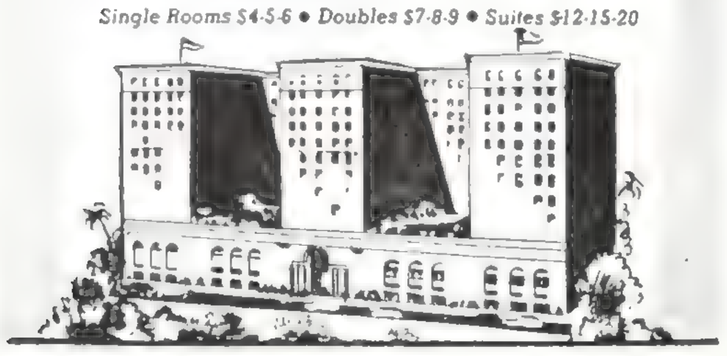
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earnestly. "It isn't me he cares so much about, you know. But the baby—you see how he flew to me the moment he heard about that woman from the orphanage."

"What are you trying to tell me?" Gay stared hard into Muriel's eyes and something in her attitude must have frightened the child for it wailed.

The nurse entered just at this moment and Gay handed the baby to her.

"Take him into the other room and quiet him," she said, her eyes still boring into Muriel's. She waited until the maid had gone through the door.

"Now," she demanded, "tell me."

Muriel flared up passionately. "Why should I tell you anything?" she asked, larding her voice with rich insolence. "Who are you that I should make you my confidante? What do I care what you think? What do I care what anybody thinks? When two people love each other—"

She deliberately left the sentence unfinished. Her eyes ceased to flame. She looked at Gay with shocked surprise, then with understanding that shaded into pity.

"Oh you poor child," she purred. "You didn't even suspect, did you? And I thought everybody knew—about Bob and me. But you didn't even dream the baby was my own flesh and blood, did you?" She broke off abruptly. "You love Bob, don't you?"

GAY felt as though her knees had given way and fire and ice were fighting for control of her brain, while a voice within her shrieked, "No, no, no!"

She made no reply to Muriel. Calmly, proudly she walked away, rejoicing only in this, that she could be crushed so cruelly and not show it.

The Major and Scupper Davis were in the patio and Scupper was talking about Santa Anita.

"Will you drive us back to our plane, please?" Gay asked.

"Glad to," Davis said, yanking off his cap. "Car's right outside the gate. You forgot something, I'll bet a dime. A suitcase maybe, huh?"

"Stormy weather, I see," the Major whispered as he escorted his daughter through the gate.

He saw her bite her lip to keep it from quivering. "As bad as that? But shouldn't you see young Fuller before you go?"

"Don't ask any questions. Please. Just get me out of here. Quickly. Before I blow up with a bang."

Scupper Davis seated them in the car and sauntered around to take his place at the wheel.

"Step on it, Mr. Davis, if you don't mind," the Major said. "We're in quite a hurry."

"You're the boss," said Scupper. "I'll give you all the speed the heap has—if you don't mind the dust."

"Dust!" Gay laughed at that. Her father thought she was crying, but she wasn't. She was really laughing. "Dust is clean compared to some things!"

Just as Scupper jammed his foot on the starter the kitchen door banged and Bob came running through the patio.

"Hey," he yelled. "Where you going?"

Gay gave one panicky look over her shoulder at his approaching figure. "Please, Scupper, get us out of here fast," she commanded.

Davis gazed dumbfounded from her to the rapidly nearing Fuller. "But Miss Gay—"

"Fast! Didn't you hear me?" she screamed.

Out of pure shock reflex Scupper shot the car forward.

When Gay comes face to face again with Bob Fuller, she will know much more about him than she knows now. In the next installment of this headline story, they meet dramatically and that meeting is marked by a hair-raising kidnap scene in the air. Watch for September Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 19)

or more benignly urbane than Lewis Stone's as he smiles benevolently on Mickey Rooney's escapades in the *Hardy* Series? It's easy to be handsome when you're young. But these two men have run the gantlet of the years and emerged with profiles as clean-cut as the images on Roman coins.

So, bottoms up to the two best-looking males in Hollywood!

RALPH M. JONES,
Boston, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE
Admission—One Child

WHEN are the producers going to awaken to the possibilities in the field of children's movies?

Seven-eighths of the movies of yesterday or today are strictly suitable for adult entertainment only. There should be a children's theater or theaters in every town and city where pictures for their amusement and education only are shown. Adults could attend when accompanied by a child.

It seems to me there are tremendous possibilities in this field for the improvement of youth and with improved youth will come an improved world.

MRS. M. S. SNOW,
Alexandria, Va.

$1.00 PRIZE
Love, Laughs—and Benny

LOVE is fine! So is Jack Benny! But mix the two of them in a movie and what do you get? Spinach!

"Love Thy Neighbor" might have been a grand picture, if it hadn't been for romance gumming up the works! Not that Jack can't handle the moonlight and roses. He can! But the public doesn't want that. We want what only Benny and a few others can give us these days—laughs, and plenty of them!

So please, Jack, leave the woo-pitching to juveniles who can't do anything else and go back into business at your old stand, cheering us all up!

MARIAN E. SMITH,
Milford, Conn.

HONORABLE MENTION

VICTOR JORDAN'S prize-winning letter, complaining that the newsreels and movies depicting the horrible conditions in war-torn Europe depressed his delicate sensibilities made me see red. He asks: "Why must we have all this propaganda stuffed down our throats?"

Where does the gent get off calling this propaganda? How could anyone be so callous as not to care to know what's going on when civilization is crumbling?

Mr. Jordan asked Hollywood to stop war pictures and newsreels. I beg of them to give us more and more informative movies and newsreels to arouse the American people. FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

MINNETTE MILLER,
Charlotte, N. C.

HATS off to Preston Sturges! I have just returned from seeing "The Lady Eve." It was terrific. Eugene Pallette's remarks were riotous. Henry Fonda excelled all his other performances. Barbara Stanwyck, to me, before the picture was just another actress. Now she is my favorite.

VIRGINIA WIGHT,
Woodbridge, N. J.

I COULD be a lot more patient waiting for James Stewart's return to movies if George Murphy were given more and bigger roles in the meantime.

In my opinion, a smile as heart-warming and sincere as Murphy's should be shared with the world.

BERNICE HEARNE,
Ajo, Ariz.

HATS off to the bold, eye-winking free thinker, Olivia de Havilland in "The Strawberry Blonde." She fairly brought the house down! I'm still laughing. Oh, she was good! And she has a demure sweet smile, too. I never would have believed it of her, if I hadn't seen for myself.

EVELYN BOEHMER,
Seattle, Wash.

BOUQUETS are regularly handed to stars. Much is written about pictures. Producers who are mainly responsible for what's good in pictures get comparatively few bouquets.

But let a producer err with an off-color picture and the clean-up brigades are on the warpath. The producers should be praised for the remarkably clean quality of motion pictures. This may be forced on them. But isn't it odd we stand for censorship of pictures and not of the press?

PAUL J. LICHTENFELS,
Hollywood, Cal.

SO now it's dentists. Three dentist films in a row I've seen—three! First "The Strawberry Blonde," in which James Cagney was an old-fashioned tooth-yanker; next "Murder Among Friends," in which one of the members of a tontine insurance plot was a dentist and we were treated to the all-too-familiar view of the waiting room; and third, "Footsteps in the Dark," in which Ralph Bellamy played a nonchalant dentist who injected a fatal fluid through his novocaine needle. When I go to the movies I do not want to be reminded of the dentist.

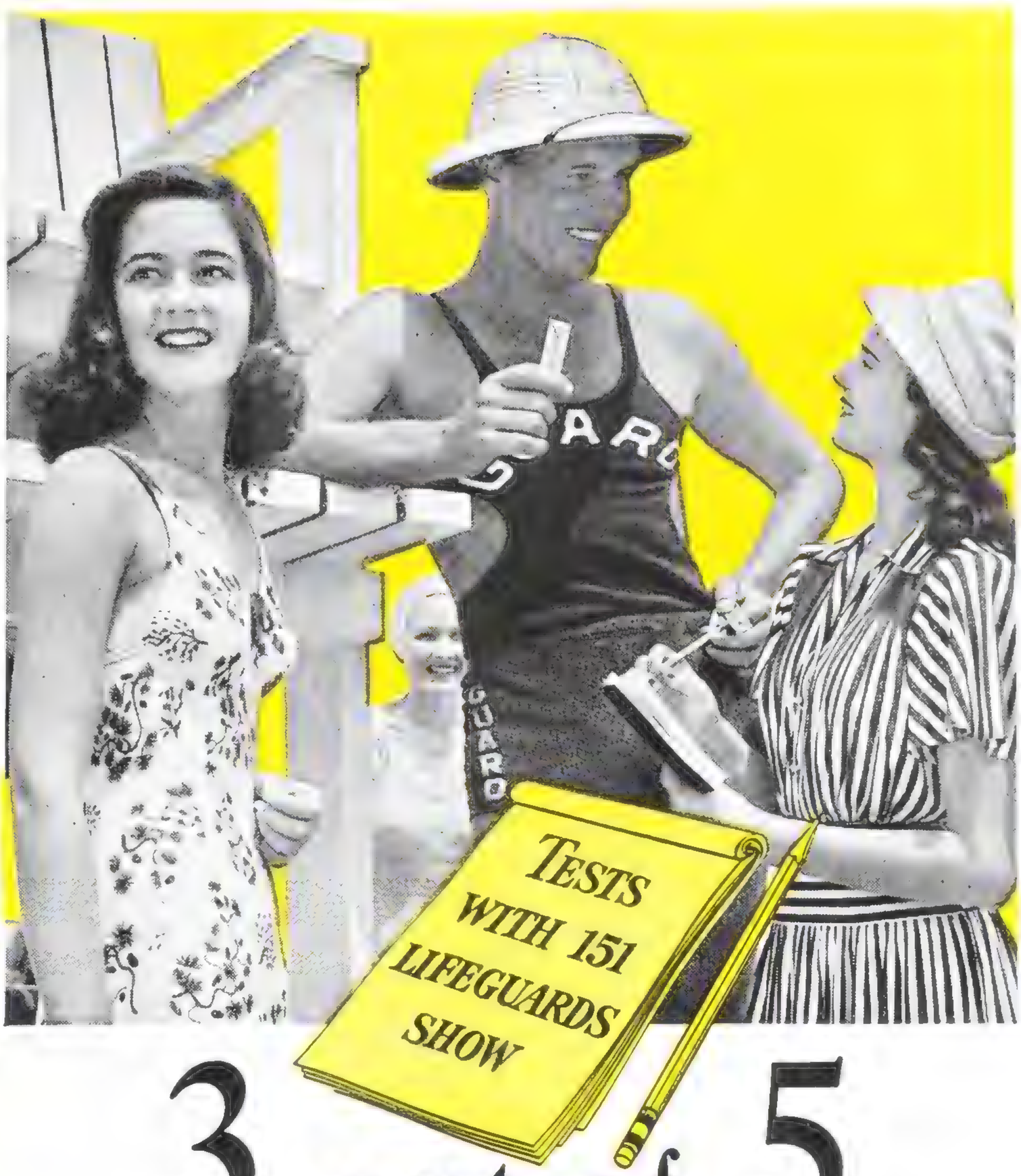
ESTELLE L. KATZ,
Brockton, Mass.

CAN YOU STAND A STIFF SHOCK?

Then be prepared, for next month

"FEARLESS"

goes to town on the truth about the stars' figures—and we mean anatomical, not financial!



3 out of 5

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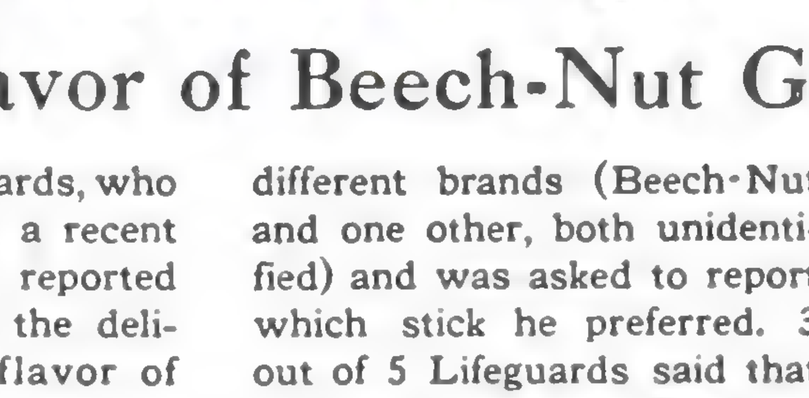
100 out of 151 Lifeguards, who were interviewed in a recent coast-to-coast test, reported that they preferred the delicious peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut Gum.

An independent fact-finding organization made the tests. Various brands of chewing gum of the same flavor were bought in local stores and identifying wrappers were removed. Each Lifeguard was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified) and was asked to report which stick he preferred. 3 out of 5 Lifeguards said that they preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut to that of the other brands.

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McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



Sun Valley Serenade

(Continued from page 53)

"Haven't you?" she inquired.

"Not yet."

She gave him a pleased smile. "Then you are single," she observed. After a thoughtful pause she added, "Perhaps it will be a burden for you to have one more mouth to feed."

"Well—nothing to worry about," Ted said uneasily.

"Oh, then you're rich!" she said happily. "I'm glad."

"Look," Ted said desperately. "That's the Manhattan skyline. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes," Karen said without taking her eyes off his face.

The taxi argued its way crossly through the Manhattan traffic and eventually stopped at the hotel where the band was playing before it left for a season at Sun Valley. Ted took Karen into the elevator and up to the room that had been prepared for her on the fifteenth floor. It was nicely furnished with a crib, teddy-bears, dolls, an electric train and a nurse in a starched white uniform. The nurse took one look at Karen and left in a temper.

"I'll have all these—things—taken out," Ted offered. "We thought you'd be younger."

"It's beautiful," Karen said and kissed him again before he had time to ward her off. "It's going to be very pleasant for us here together," she continued.

"Only *one* of us," he said hastily. "I live upstairs." Obviously it was best to change the subject. "Now, Karen," he said briskly, "we have to think about your future—make plans for you."

"Oh," Karen said sunnily, "I have plans made already."

"That's fine. What are they?"

"I'm going to find a man I like and get married," Karen confided. "Isn't that what every girl should do?"

"Um—yes, sure. But what I meant was, what did you do back in Norway?"

"The same thing. Only I didn't find anyone I liked." She smiled winningly.

"But didn't you ever do anything like beating a typewriter, or working in a beauty parlor, or—"

"Oh, no," Karen said. "My father was a schoolmaster and I kept house for him. I'm a very good cook, you know. But when the war came, first I lost my father and then I lost my house. But I could learn," she said willingly, "to beat a typewriter, I think."

"Oh, no . . . no," Ted said. He backed to the door and retired, defeated, just in the nick of time. Karen had been about to kiss him good-by.

THAT evening, after she had had dinner in her room, Karen put on her best dress and went downstairs to the Lido Terrace, where the band was playing. The headwaiter glanced at her frostily and asked if she had a reservation. Of course she hadn't, but she told him that she was living with Mr. Ted Scott in the hotel. He looked shocked, but he led her to a table marked "Reserved" near the bandstand.

She watched Ted at the piano. After a minute he stopped playing and came to the microphone to sing. It was a very pretty song about a broken heart and he sang it well. Karen listened adoringly.

Ted came to the table and stopped in amazement when he saw Karen. "Didn't you have dinner?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. But I wanted to see you," Karen said. "I've made up my mind."

"You . . . have?"

Karen nodded firmly. "And nothing will ever change it. I've found him!"

"Found who?"

"The man I'm going to marry."

"Already?" Ted was surprised, but relieved. "Well, that's swell. I'm sure you'll be very happy."

"You will be, too," Karen told him. "You'll make a wonderful husband."

Ted had been about to sit down, but the chair suddenly skidded out of his hand. "Hey! Wait a minute!" he said.

"I was sure of it when I first saw you," Karen said, "and just now when you sang that song I knew I was right."

Ted recaptured the chair and subsided into it, weakly.

"But I already have a girl!" he said in desperation.

"Only one?" she asked.

"Only *one*. And I happen to be very fond of her."

"You're not married yet," Karen said calmly. "There's always time for you to change your mind."

While he stared, opening and closing his mouth helplessly, a girl came up to the table. She was tall and slender in an evening dress that hugged her figure lovingly; she had coolly amused eyes and a sulky mouth and her complexion was as startling as Karen's, though perhaps not so natural.

Ted leaped to his feet. "Hello, Vivian," he said. "This is Karen Benson, the young lady I was telling you about. Karen—Miss Dawn. She sings with our band—she's going to Sun Valley with us tomorrow."

Karen looked at Vivian Dawn carefully.

"Why, Ted," Vivian said, "she's lovely! So pretty! You'll be terribly popular with your men friends, having such an attractive young—ward—in tow. I'll have to go along to protect her."

"I won't need protecting, thank you," Karen said.

Ted ran a finger around the inside of his collar, which fitted him perfectly and was not a bit too tight. "I think it's almost time for our next number, Vivian," he said.

LATER that evening Ted had a private conversation with Nifty Allen. Nifty received strict instructions to take Karen the next morning to his Aunt Rosie's house in Weehawken, New Jersey, and leave her there. The band was to start for Sun Valley that night and Ted was determined to get Karen off his hands before then.

He breathed a sigh of relief when, late in the afternoon, Nifty reported that Karen had been safely delivered into the comfortable arms of Aunt Rosie. For a while, it had looked very much as if she would be a real problem.

Ted boarded the train to Sun Valley with a light heart. It was the band's first big break, this season's engagement at the Lodge. And Vivian, the most beautiful girl he had ever known, was going along.

They reached Ketchum Station in the late afternoon and it was dark by the time they had all driven to the Lodge. Early the next morning Ted was up, gulping down his breakfast and putting on ski clothes. Rehearsal wasn't until noon. There would be time for a good run down Mt. Baldy. Whistling, he hopped down the corridor to Vivian's room.

She was in front of her mirror, putting the finishing touches to a handsome ski costume. "Like it?" she said to Ted's admiring face.

"Like it! You look marvelous! Are your skis downstairs?"

Vivian laughed. "You don't really think I'm going out there sailing over the hills and dales, do you?" she asked.

He made a puzzled gesture toward the ski costume. "Isn't that what you're dressed for?"

"Darling," Vivian said, "I never skied in my life and I don't plan on starting now."

"Why not let me teach you? Once you got the feel of it, you'd be crazy about—"

"That's right," Vivian said. "I'd be crazy. But," she added tolerantly, "I won't spoil it for you. Run along and play shoot-the-chutes."

Ted took her hand, looking down into her eyes. "You're the most regular girl I've ever met," he said feelingly.

"That's what I think of me, too." Her voice was light, caressing. He pulled her closer.

"Darling, what are we waiting for?" he pleaded. "Why don't you give in? Say yes and marry me."

"Aren't you afraid we'd spoil a beautiful friendship?"

"There's only one way we can find out."

Vivian reached up and patted him on the cheek. "Let's practice a little longer," she said. "Now run along and play. I'll see you at rehearsal."

OUTSIDE, the sun was dazzling on wide stretches of snow. The air stung dryly in Ted's nostrils and he felt light, as if he could fly. He took the lift up Mt. Baldy and when he got to the top stood still a long moment to look around in delight before poling off. After a preliminary run down the slope he paused again. Some fool in a green suit shussed down beside him and past, missing him by only an inch or so. He yelled angrily after the disappearing figure.

The next time he stopped, the same thing happened—same green suit, same speed, same frightening near-collision.

Five minutes later, he was herringboning up a hill when Green Suit shot down behind him and scared him into catching the edge of one ski on the other and toppling himself into the snow. This was too much. Angrily he started in pursuit.

Green Suit, who seemed to be a girl, was an astonishingly good skier. The chase led down practically vertical hills, through trees and brush, up and down and around and over until they reached the bottom of the lift. Green Suit skipped nimbly into a chair and Ted had to take the next one or lose her. Halfway up the slope her trailing ski caught in the snow and tumbled her out into a drift. Ted jumped out of his own chair. When she sat up he saw her face for the first time.

"How did *you* get here?" he asked incredulously.

"Hello," Karen said. "Didn't we have a wonderful chase? Let's do it again."

"Wait a minute." He laid a firm hand on her shoulder. "I said—"

"You're a wonderful skier," she interrupted. "Your people must have come from Norway."

"By way of Dublin. I picked it up when I was in college. Now—"

"I learned when I was in kindergarten," Karen said chattily. "I learned to skate then, too. I can skate better than I can ski." She dug her poles into the snow. "Are you ready?"

"You answer my question! *How did you get here?*"

Karen hung her head. "Nifty," she said defensively, "didn't have anything to do with it."

"So that's it," Ted said grimly.

"All he did was tell me which train to take and lend me money for the fare and tell me where to hide so you wouldn't see me," Karen said.



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his Christmas pie. He found a package of Dentyne on his plate too, (Dentyne — the warmly delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright).

"What's this?" said little Jack. And since no one answered, he went on: "Hm-m, nice looking package — flat — convenient to carry — easy to open."

He opened it. "Looky, six sticks — that's generous." Then he tasted. "Say — what a flavor — blended just right—**not** hot—not sweet—but mighty good and refreshing. That flavor lasts, too, not just a *few* minutes but as long as you'd want it."

Just then in popped his dentist. "Good boy, Jack," said the dentist, "chewing Dentyne is a pleasant, practical way to help keep your teeth clean and sparkling."

And little Jack smiled with satisfaction.

(*Moral:* You too will smile with satisfaction when you taste Dentyne's luscious goodness and see how it helps keep your teeth bright.)

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"I'll murder that guy," Ted promised.

"He was going to tell you this morning. I was out on the rink skating and he was going to your room and just sort of happen to have you look out of the window, so you'd see me and recognize me," Karen explained. "But you'd already gone. So I did all my skating for nothing."

"Look here," Ted said, "haven't you any idea of the spot you've put me in? After all, I'm responsible for you."

"Won't it be easier to be responsible for me here than in Weehawken?"

"No!" he shouted. "People'll get the idea that—that— If you were a kid, it'd be different. But you're a grown-up girl!"

Karen eyed him innocently. "What can we do about it?" she inquired.

"Just as soon as I get paid I can send you back," he declared. "In the meantime I guess you'll have to stay. But don't get the idea I can spend all my time skiing with you. I've got a job—Great Scott!" he moaned. "I forgot rehearsal!"

There was a noticeable chill in the rehearsal room when they finally got there. Most of the frigid atmosphere came from Vivian, even before she saw Karen. After that she became positively glacial. Ted had to apologize several times for holding up rehearsal before she forgave him.

THE next day Karen and Ted skated. Karen had told the truth. She *was* even better on skates than on skis. The following day they skied again. The third day they skated some more, and the fourth day was Sunday.

On Sundays the band didn't play at the Lodge, so Ted invited Vivian, Nifty and Phil to dinner at the Round House on the slope of Baldy. He and Karen would take a short run Sunday afternoon and meet the others there, he said, about seven.

It was eight when they arrived.

"Gosh, I'm sorry to keep you waiting," Ted apologized. "But have we had a time! The snow's softening up on the other side of Baldy and that slowed us down. Then we got lost and—"

"Weren't there any wolves?" Vivian asked.

"No wolves. But Karen thought she knew a short cut back to this side and—well—we got lost."

Vivian glanced at Karen and Karen looked back at her in wide-eyed innocence.

"I'm so glad, darling," Vivian said, "that you didn't have to spend the night in a deserted shack. The hero always has to sleep outside in the storm, you know."

"It was all my fault," Karen said.

Ted put his arm around her, big-brother fashion. "No it wasn't," he insisted stoutly.

Vivian dug the burning end of a cigarette into an ash tray as if she were trying to poke a hole with it.

"Is there any reason now we can't eat?" Phil inquired pitifully. "I want a steak."

"And some champagne," Vivian said offhandedly.

Nifty whistled in amazement. "Whose birthday?"

"In Norway," Karen said, "we only have champagne for a christening or a betrothal or a wedding."

"Darling," Vivian said, "you're psychic. I'm going to let you all in on a secret. I've accepted Ted's proposal. We're getting married."

TED started, then began to grin in delighted amazement. Karen said nothing, while her head and shoulders drooped slowly and she took her hands away from the table and put them in her lap.

"I wish you all the happiness in the world," she said quietly. "*Skajaara*—that means good luck."

"Thank you, darling," Vivian said.

A waitress came up and apologized, "I don't want to hurry you, but if you want to use the lift you'll have to be ready in twenty minutes. They're only running it for one trip."

"Twenty minutes!" Phil growled. "I'll get indigestion!"

"Don't rush," Vivian advised. "It'll take quite a while for the lift to accommodate all these people."

Karen lifted her head. There was a kind of determined look in her eyes. "You and Phil and Nifty will have it all to yourselves. A skier never takes the lift unless he's carried down on a stretcher."

"That's right," Ted agreed. "It's an old Norwegian tradition."

Vivian said, "Haven't you had enough skiing for one day—and night?"



Warning! You'll be singing two songs this summer—the two Glenn Miller and his band bring to the big time in "Sun Valley Serenade." Above: The three headliners of the Twentieth Century-Fox film: Glenn Miller, Sonja Henie and John Payne

"It isn't that," Karen told her. "But everyone would think Ted was an *ojaakbergaassum.* That means a softy."

"There you are," Ted said with a smile to Vivian. "We'll meet you at the Lodge."

"But I'm a little worried about your skiing after dark."

"Think nothing of it," Ted said. "There's a swell moon tonight."

"That," said Vivian, "is what I'm worried about."

There was, as Ted had said, a swell moon. Its light was as crisp and sparkling as the snow under their skis when Ted and Karen started out, having seen the rest of the party into the lift chairs.

They made a short run. Then Karen stopped on a crest. "My skis are iced up," she said. "Will you fix them?"

Ted bent down and unclamped his own skis, stepping out of them to move more easily. Balancing on her poles, Karen lifted one leg so he could get at the underside of the ski.

Ted scraped at the ski. Karen swayed, then yelped as she overbalanced and slipped. As she fell, her foot hit Ted's discarded skis, and sent one of them shooting down the hill. Gathering speed, it soon disappeared from sight.

"Oh," Karen said. "What a shame! I'm so sorry! Couldn't we have the ski patrol bring you up another one?"

"I hate to make 'em all that trouble. We'll have to use the lift."

"It's stopped running. But I could ski down and ask them to start it, while you wait." She pointed to a shelter-cabin that stood, unlighted, a couple of hundred feet away.

"Umm . . . I guess you'll have to," Ted agreed. "But take it easy."

Ted waved good-by to her before turning and floundering through the heavy snow to the cabin. There he set a match to the ready-laid fire and settled down to wait. He caught sight of a telephone on the wall and with an exclamation of annoyance went over to it. But it was dead.

LONG before he could expect the lift to start he heard Karen's voice outside, calling him. He opened the door to find her on the steps.

"My knee," she said. "I hurt it. The clamp on one of my skis broke and I fell."

He leaped to take her arm as she limped into the room. "Did you bang it up much?" he asked solicitously.

"It hurts when I walk on it. But it'll be all right if I don't have to use it for a couple of hours."

"In a couple of hours," Ted said gloomily, "the moon'll be on the other side of the mountain and we won't be able to find our way down the run." He thought a minute. "Are both your skis out there? If I could make your clamps fit my shoes—"

"You couldn't," Karen said. "Besides, the other ski is broken. I guess we'll have to stay here all night."

"Oh well," Ted said more cheerfully, "I don't suppose there's really anything to worry about. They'll wonder pretty soon why we don't come back and send the ski patrol out after us."

Karen started.

"But they might search all over the mountain before they think of coming here . . . I think I'd better rig up a signal of some kind. There's a lantern outside I can put up high."

He started for the door. Karen sat up. "Oh—er—wait. You—might fall down," she said.

Ted grinned reassurance, shook his head and went on out. He saw Karen's skis a few feet from the door. One was



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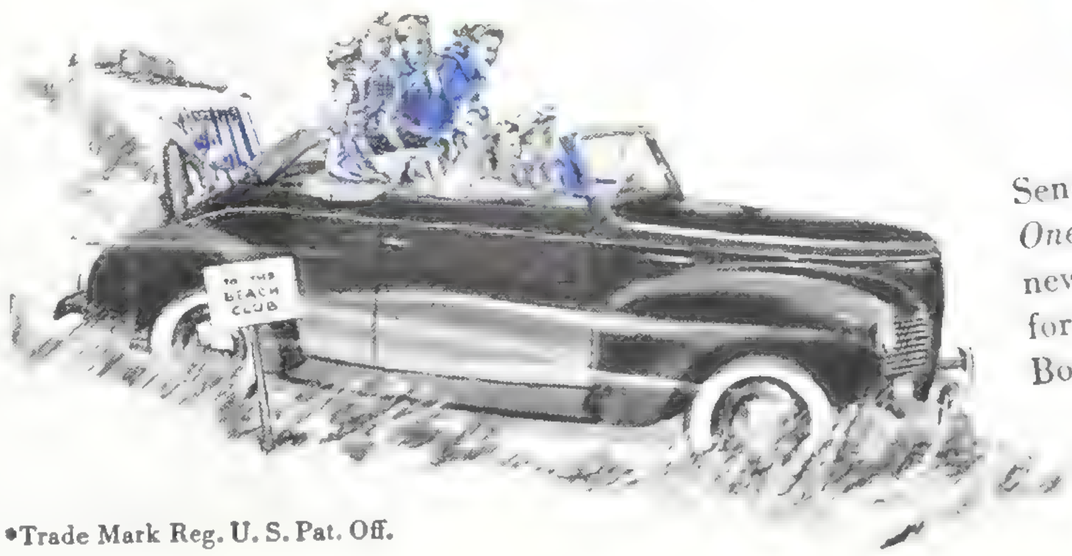
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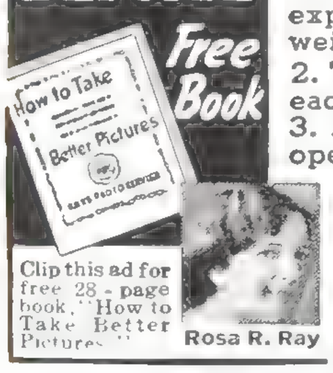
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broken, as she had said. He picked it up in both hands. It looked exactly as if it had been snapped over someone's knee. He thought a minute before he tossed it down and went around to the back of the cabin. A telephone wire dangled disconsolately from its insulator under the eaves. There were fresh ski tracks leading to the spot and away again.

He came back into the cabin. "Kick off your shoe," he ordered Karen. "And roll up your pants. I'm worried about that knee."

"I—I can't," Karen quavered. "They're too tight."

"Which knee is it?"

"The—left one."

He bent down and quickly unlaced her shoe. One jerk ripped the trouser-leg open to the knee. He shook his head gravely. "Pretty bad. Looks inflamed. Hurt when I bend it?"

"Ow—no," Karen said.

"It needs loosening up," Ted diagnosed, working the leg up and down vigorously. After several minutes of this he left her, dug in the first-aid box and brought out some splints and gauze, with which he made a huge, ungainly bandage around her knee. "There—that's got it. Just rest until I get back," he ordered. "I'm going to walk down and tell the ski patrol where we are. I'll follow the lift, so I won't get lost. You'll be all right if you keep the doors and windows locked."

Karen started to get up. "I think I'll go with you."

"With that leg?" He pushed her back on the divan and went out, making sure the door was latched after him. Grinning, he crept around to the side of the cabin and after a minute's silence emitted a long, quavering howl. He hoped that was how a wolf sounded. He heard a startled gasp from inside and the scurry of feet. Going around back, where the windows were shuttered, he howled again.

CHUCKLING silently, he sat down on a pile of logs before continuing his impersonation. There was a snap, and the next second he was on his feet, howling some more, and this time not imitating anything except a man who has sat down on the jaws of a steel trap.

Simultaneously the shutters flew open and one of them caught him smartly on the side of the head.

"What's the matter?" Karen asked.

"Get it off!" He whirled to show her the trap. Karen rose to the occasion. She climbed out of the window and pried the trap loose.

"I suppose you're shaking hands with yourself," Ted said sourly when they were inside again.

"No," Karen said. "Why?"

"Didn't you frame this whole thing? Didn't you kick my ski away and cut the telephone wire and pretend you'd hurt yourself and break your own ski?"

"Oh yes," Karen admitted. "I did."

"And you have the nerve to stand there and admit it! If we stay here all night do you know what Vivian will think?"

"Yes," Karen said again. "That's why I did it."

Ted clapped a hand to his aching head. "Of all the cold-blooded confessions! Haven't you any shame? Don't you care what people say about you?"

"I hope they say bad things," Karen told him. "Then you'll *have* to marry me." She set an absurdly small jaw. "I don't care. If you marry that girl she won't make you happy. She won't let you have any fun. She doesn't want to do anything you like to do. And she wouldn't keep house for you."

"Can't you get it into your head I don't want a housekeeper? I love her!"

"I don't believe it," Karen said, and added with an air of dismissing the whole subject, "Shall I fix you some supper?"

"I don't want any supper!" Ted said savagely. "Leave me alone."

Silence, except for the purring of the fire, settled down over the little cabin. Ted fidgeted under Karen's constant, adoring regard. Finally he stood up and arranged two chairs at one side of the hearth.

"If you think," he said, "I'm going to sleep outside and freeze, you're crazy."

She got up eagerly. "Here. I'll help you."

"I can do it myself! Fix your own."

"All right." She began to push the divan up to the hearth.

"That's close enough," he said suspiciously.

KAREN subsided. He blew out the lamp on the table and settled himself in one chair with his feet on the other. They were too close together and he tried to push the foot chair farther away without getting up. It went too far. In reaching for it he overturned the chair he was sitting in. A smothered giggle came from the divan.

Furiously, he grabbed the divan cover and yanked it, pulling Karen off onto the floor. She seized a pillow and fired it at his head. He caught it and threw it back. She tackled him around the legs. He realized he was laughing as they both rolled on the floor.

After a minute, Karen said softly, "You wouldn't have fun like this if . . . if you married someone else."

He might have answered. But the door of the cabin flew open.

"Well, how pretty!" Vivian said. Behind her were Nifty, Phil and two members of the ski patrol.

Ted scrambled to his feet. "We—had an accident," he said.

Phil cleared his throat nervously. "Well, I'm glad we found you. And—er—as long as Karen isn't compromised—"

"Oh, but I am," Karen said, from her position on the floor.

"Hey—wait a minute!" Ted cried.

"If I don't know what happened," Karen pointed out, "who does?"

"I think *I* do!" Vivian said. "It's obvious that you trapped Ted into this situation."

"Oh, he knows that," Karen said. "I told him."

Vivian advanced on Ted. "Either you send this designing little Scandinavian hillbilly back to New York—or *I'll* go instead!"

Phil moaned. "Tell her you'll send Karen away, Ted! We can't let Vivian go—the band needs her!"

Ted opened his mouth and shut it again. He looked at Karen, then at Vivian, then at Karen.

"Well?" Vivian said.

"Well," Ted said. "I'm sorry I caused you so much trouble coming up here, Vivian. But it's a lot better to get this thing straightened out. So let's be frank. . . ."

Vivian turned and walked out of the cabin.

"Now what'll we do?" Phil wailed. "Our star attraction's walking out on us!"

Nifty snapped his fingers excitedly. "Who cares? We'll put on a bigger show without her! There's lots of singers, but Karen's the only girl I know that can dance on skates. She's wonderful, Phil—honest, I've seen her—"

"Go away," Ted said to them all. "Please go away and leave us alone. I've got some unfinished business with the girl I'm going to marry."

I Almost Gave Up

(*Continued from page* 46)

But since I was a comparative stranger Hollywood, the question of an escort sented something of a problem. ally, Mother suggested a certain "man out town" whom I had met shortly er my arrival here and who seemed know everybody. He had asked to e me out several times previously, I had always refused. Still—

Since he is so persistent, why not go h him?" Mother said. "Certainly it 't do any harm!"

But I didn't have a very good time! was kind of fat and too bluff and breezy; the kind of man who always s you "Baby" and just can't quite p his hands off you. Oh, yes, it was ays in a very fatherly way. There s always an excuse for an arm around ir shoulders—he was just helping you with your coat; or a plump hand on ir elbow—he was just helping you oss a street. There wasn't a single nse you could put your finger on, lly, but I didn't feel quite comfort- e with him, somehow.

till, we were "being seen" and my nt was delighted with the arrange- nt. We would go to Ciro's, for in- nce, and he'd introduce me to pro- ers and directors and other important ple as "the little girl who is going to a sensation." Whereupon, they'd look over, often without the slightest sign nterest, and I'd feel like a monkey in oo. Or maybe some producer would n flatteringly interested; would sort move in on us and I'd think, *Well, be you're getting somewhere. . . .*

T all too soon I'd find that what I thought he was interested in and what actually was interested in were two erent things. So I'd put him straight. l after I had put him straight, he'd of fade away. And I'd go home that t feeling bored and humiliated. But, ourse, unless I was ready to give up, I wasn't yet, I had to be "seen." My t was certain about that.

ut I wasn't seen with that particular rt after a certain episode which, even gh it took place a long time ago, is a nightmare to me. This escort—I'll call him Joe—had won a lot of money the races and he was determined to ebrate." And "celebrate" he did, in e of all I could say. I don't drink ll and I must say that I had never re seen him take more than a couple cocktails, but now he seemed to be ng, deliberately, to get drunk. It was usting. Not that he was any noisier usual. He was always noisy. But e was something revolting about the he kept downing those cocktails, his getting redder and redder and his regarding me queerly. I tried to uade him to take me home. He ldn't do it.

ll right," I told him, "I'll go by my- " But—

h, no, you won't, Baby," he told me. you do I'll go after you and carry back." And he reached a hand ss the table menacingly. I felt faint so furious at finding myself in a tion like this I could scarcely keep tears back. But I just had to sit e until suddenly his head slumped on the table. I don't remember how t out of there, but I do remember I felt, riding home alone in a taxi- I wanted to chuck the whole Holly- business, then and there. But I not seeing things through, so I con- ed myself with the vow that I would

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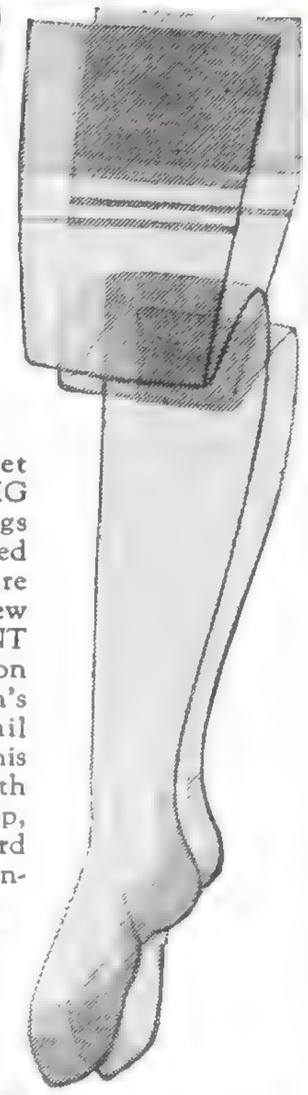
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never, never go out with anyone again, just for the sake of being "seen." I never have.

That resolve didn't seem to make things much easier, though. In fact, I had to be more persistent than ever, keeping appointments my agent made for me with casting directors, trying to speak up cleverly for myself, trying to gloss over my inexperience, trying to appear—well, how should a girl appear who is trying to catch on in the movies? "Glamorous," I guess, "individual," "successful." I don't exactly know. I don't believe anyone does.

I finally got a couple of bit parts—one in RKO's "Sorority House" and one in one of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Jones Family" pictures. I don't think anyone, not even the directors, knew I was on the lot. Then, one day, I went out to Metro for what they call a "group interview" in connection with the casting of "Forty Little Mothers."

With more than a hundred other girls, I stood on a low platform while directors, assistant directors, casting directors and so on—about fifteen in all, and all men—looked us over. Somehow, it was as though prize stock were being cut out of a herd. I felt the slow color rise in my face. I felt ashamed and a wild impulse came over me to run out of there, out of the Hollywood scene, and never come back. I think I might have done it, too, but just then I was "chosen." And I suppose that's fate.

NOT long after "Forty Little Mothers" was finished, I was sent by my agent to see a certain producer who was casting for a new picture. I shan't mention his name, nor even his studio. But he will know whom I mean if he reads this.

As it happened, I took Mother along that day. When I was ushered into his sanctuary, however, she remained in the waiting room. Well, this may sound like fiction, but it is the gospel truth. I hadn't been with him five minutes until he began to make advances. Not subtle advances, either. He came at me exactly like a movie bad man. I remember there was a bag of golf clubs standing in the corner toward which he was backing me and it came over me that perhaps I could protect myself with a mashie. Then I had a better thought.

"Mother," I screeched. *"Mother!"*

Mother came rushing in there like a small cyclone. But—and I say this with pride—after she arrived and I knew I was safe, I recovered some of my poise.

"Mother, I want you to know Mr. ——," I said.

Well, it almost sent me into hysterics to see the amorous Mr. —— gather himself together and shake hands with her. We all chatted, oh, so pleasantly for a few minutes. Then Mother and I left—without (need I add?) a role for me in his picture. Yes, we giggled over the incident all the way home, but just the same, I wondered again if a screen career were worth putting yourself in a position where such a thing could happen. I wondered again, if the game were worth the candle.

STILL, it was a very different circumstance that finally made me give up trying to have a movie career. It was the test I made at Metro, and what happened to it. While working in "Forty Little Mothers" I met Freddie Wilcox, Metro's test director, and Lillian Burns, the dramatic coach, and they both seemed to like me and to be interested in me. So much so, in fact, that they insisted I make a test and gave up many, many hours of their own time to help me prepare for it. You see, it wasn't to be just an ordinary test. It was to be one as perfect as time, thought and rehearsal could make it. They selected a scene from the English play, "Springtide," for me and, every day or so, when they'd have a minute to themselves, or at night when they'd finished work, they would give me a ring. Whereupon, I'd rush right out and we'd work until all hours.

It was scarcely remarkable, therefore, that when the test was finally made, it was good. That isn't my opinion, it was theirs. They were in ecstasy over it. "It will give you a contract! It will make you a star!" they told me jubilantly. They were as happy for me as though this good fortune they spoke of were their own. I was delighted, too, not alone



Cornering the glamour market: Ann Sheridan and Rita Hayworth caught talking tête-à-tête, two rivals in the siren field registering utter equanimity

because I seemed to be on the brink of success, but because I had found two such wonderful friends. *Hollywood is a grand place, after all,* I told myself. . . .

But I spoke too soon. You see, although most of the so-called "higher-ups" at Metro liked my test, there was a certain man, very powerful in the organization, who did not.

"That little blonde—a dime a dozen in Hollywood," he announced. "Phooey!" And so Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M Studios, never even saw my test.

And that, I said to myself bitterly, *is Hollywood! That is really Hollywood! You work and try. Your good friends help you, tirelessly, unselfishly—and one man kills your effort! Well—I don't want any more of it! There's no happiness in it. I am through!*

But the ways of fate are strange and inexplicable. A few weeks later, my telephone rang. It was Murray Feil, the well-known Hollywood agent. Freddie and Lillian had shown him my test, unbeknownst to me, and he had liked it and agreed to see what he could do for me. Now he said:

"Arthur Hornblow, of Paramount, has seen the test you made at Metro. He wants you for 'I Wanted Wings.' Meet me at Paramount as soon as you can!"

As it happened, I was preparing to shampoo my hair and had it soaked in oil when his call came. So I bundled it up in a turban; slapped on some lipstick and presented myself at Paramount, where Murray took me in to see Mr. Hornblow. As I signed my contract, a drop of oil seeped from under my turban and ran down my cheek. We all laughed.

So that is the story of how I almost gave up my pursuit of a career, or rather, how I did actually give it up, and what happened then.

After I was signed at Paramount, they wanted to "build" me into a glamour girl.

"We must prepare the public for your screen debut," they said. But I set my foot down. I had been engaged for several months to John Detlie, an art director at Metro. And so, one day before "Wings" went into production, we slipped off and were married.

My bosses at Paramount were pretty outraged. Here they were about to launch a new "glamour girl," only to find she'd quietly become a married woman. But I think I made them see my point of view.

"If I'm good in 'I Wanted Wings,' I believe the public will be interested in me, anyway," I told them. "If I'm not—what's the difference?"

I told them something like that, when, just before I went to work in my new picture, "Sullivan's Travels," I broke the news that John and I are going to have a baby next October.

"I shall do my best in any role you may give me," I said. "I shall work and study and be on time every day and do what the director tells me. But I shall also reserve time for my marriage. I know that fame is fickle and fleeting. I know that it will trick you and hurt you . . . just as I know that the happiness that John and I have, the love and companionship and trust, will, if we cherish them, endure as long as we live."

True, I hope that for a time I can have both career and all of the beauty that marriage can give me. I hope that I shall be as successful in "Sullivan's Travels" as they tell me I was in "I Wanted Wings." But if I am not, it won't break my heart. I had a dream about Hollywood, once. But I haven't that dream any more. I'll never care too much again about what Hollywood has to give me.

I'll save my all-out regard for my husband and home.

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She Had to Take No

Being the dramatic story of a girl who
forgot the two "d's" of feminine nicety

THE night was dark and stormy, but Mehitabel's mind wasn't on the weather, because Mehitabel had been asked to a party. Mehitabel is Our Heroine, a wistful golden-haired beauty with big blue eyes that you'd think would make any man put his hand to his heart, drop to his knees and do you-know-what.

Well, on this dark and stormy night Mehitabel was doing everything that everybody said any girl should do when she'd been asked out to drink some lemonade. That included relaxing in her bubble bath, creaming her face carefully, making up her face just as the beauty columns said. To top it all off, she used her new perfume, which was guaranteed to turn all heads like weathervanes. You see, this was sort of a Last-chance Gulch business for Mehitabel, because although she'd gone to a lot of parties, she'd never had any luck, if you know what we mean—and we think you do.

The time came and Mehitabel sallied forth with her umbrella (the night was dark and stormy—remember?) and high hopes. She didn't bring her sewing because all the lovelorn columns said she should devote all her attention to Capturing the Male and Mehitabel was certainly sick of never having come within ten yards of a wedding ring. She was determined that this night something would happen. It did.

THERE were a lot of nice men at the party and Mehitabel started out, in a ladylike fashion, of course, to snag one of them. But horror of horrors, she didn't make a dent.

That is, she didn't make a dent on anyone but the Villain, who had a big black mustache and a checked suit and one gold tooth that gleamed every time he smiled at Mehitabel.

She didn't like him, of course, but a girl just can't sit, so she rolled her eyes and rolled them again. It wasn't in vain. The villain took her and her umbrella home and there on the front porch he dropped to his knees, put his hand over his heart and . . . well, Mehitabel married him.

Pity, wasn't it, what happened to poor Mehitabel? But what would you have done? Well, not being a dope like Mehitabel, you would not have omitted the two basic "d's" in your make-up. You would have known that all the perfume in the world is of no use unless you have first used a deodorant. You would have known that sheer stockings won't do a thing for you unless your legs are smooth—meaning a depilatory—always!

You have your choice in the deodorant field—cream or liquid that can be applied as often as you wish; or liquid, one application of which will last for two or three days. But unless you want to end up like Mehitabel, don't face hot-weather hazards without those two basic "d" treatments.

As Jean Parker says:

"I guess I have always been meticulous about little things. Maybe living in California helps to make you that way . . . We wear shorts and bathing suits out here and we do have a lot of grand hot weather—and you have to be careful then. I don't know what people did before they began making the good deodorants and depilatories we have now."

BY GLORIA MACK



The girl who could have tipped off poor Mehitabel: Jean Parker, appearing in Paramount's "Power Dive"

The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 4*)

✓ Billy the Kid (M-G-M)

It's About: *The notorious outlaw who takes the law into his own hands.*

WE seldom explain our rating of a picture. With us it either is or isn't. But this time we feel we should warn readers who use this department as their guide to movies that the award of "Best picture of the month" is based, not on the story, which is strictly hokumy corn, but on the sincerity of Bob Taylor's performance as Billy plus (of all things) the breath-taking scenery enhanced by Technicolor.

They have whitewashed, alibied and cleaned up the character of this notorious young outlaw who actually lived but refused to let live, until his own grandmother wouldn't know him. And still Bob Taylor makes him a convincing, understandable and even menacing character.

Ian Hunter, Brian Donlevy and Mary Howard are splendid as the people who befriend the outlaw. Gene Lockhart's villainy is somehow deadlier for his round-faced pudginess.

But it's the color, the purple-red of New Mexico's dramatic scenery that really catches the eye, holds the interest and sends one from the movie with a yearning in his heart for the old west.

Your Reviewer Says: A colorful melodrama.

✓ Adventure in Washington (Columbia)

It's About: *The reformation of a toughie through his work as a United States Senate page boy.*

THIS reviewer believes that any rancor felt in Washington's Capitol, especially in the Senate, over Columbia's picture "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" should be dispelled by this sincere story that deals obliquely with that great body of men.

The casting of the very British Herbert Marshall as a United States Senator is one of Hollywood's amusing little whimsies, but somehow, on the screen, Herbert's English accent is forgotten in his very fine performance.

But it's Gene Reynolds who steals the show as the wrong-side-of-the-track lad who is brought to Washington as a Senate page boy by Marshall. Gene chaffs at the demands of his job and finally brings disgrace to his benefactor.

The manner in which he redeems himself provides material for a heart-touching scene that Gene meets like a veteran. Here is a truly fine young actor.

Virginia Bruce, as a radio commentator, is very pretty.

Your Reviewer Says: A novel and tender story.

✓ Million Dollar Baby (Warners)

It's About: *A department store clerk who inherits a fortune.*

REMEMBER the old song, "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store?" Well, Warners have taken that startling statement and built it into an amusing little story of a pretty department store clerk who actually became a million dollar baby.

Priscilla Lane is cuter than a bug's ear as the baby who becomes millionaireized when eccentric May Robson, in order to right a wrong done Priscilla's family, bestows upon the blonde head of the little clerk—one million smackers.

So what happens? So Priscilla discovers the money stands between her and her true but poor love Ronald Reagan, who runs away rather than marry money. The moral is, we suppose, money doesn't bring happiness, which should render us poorer mortals a bit more contented.

The story is punctuated with sock 'em down vitality that keeps it bobbing along. May Robson, Jeffrey Lynn and a grand supporting cast complement the splendid work of Priscilla and Ronald.

Your Reviewer Says: Daydreams become paydreams.

✓ Sunny (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *Rich boy kisses poor girl. Rich boy marries poor girl.*

CHALK up "Sunny" as the best of Miss Anna Neagle's three musical pictures —the others being "Irene" and "No, No, Nanette." The music, so liltingly gay and tunefully catchy, the dancing of Miss Neagle and Ray Bolger, the colorful settings, the gilt-edged work of the supporting cast, all tend to make this an event of complete charm.

Miss Neagle continues to amaze with her versatility. Her singing and dancing are superb. Ray Bolger all but steals the picture and the heart of the audience with his terrific stepping. John Carroll sings well and Edward Everett Horton clowns perfectly.

The Jerome Kern songs "Who" and "Sunny" bring back those nostalgic memories. Grace and Paul Hartman are a riotous dance team.

Your Reviewer Says: Bright and shining and "sunny."

✓ Love Crazy (M-G-M)

It's About: *A husband's attempts to thwart his wife's divorce.*

IT'S a Myrna Loy-Bill Powell special, with double whipped cream and literally polluted with nuts. In fact, it's so nutty the audience staggers out a bit dazed from laughter and half-mad at itself for howling at such silliness.

Still, it's funny, and a bit of fun never hurt anyone. However, in less competent hands, we're quite sure it could have been terrible, but the deft performance of Bill Powell keeps the comedy right on the beam.

Mr. Powell, a husband of four years' standing, is about to be divorced by wife Myrna for a slight case of cheating with lovely Gail Patrick. In order to thwart her plan, Bill pretends to be crazy and is committed to an asylum. He escapes dressed as his own sister and finds haven in Myrna's bedroom. Let your own imagination take it up from there.

Jack Carson as Bill's rival is good. Florence Bates as his mother-in-law is doubly good.

Your Reviewer Says: Laugh and grow happy.

ANNE SHIRLEY in "THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER"

AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE



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✓✓ Blood and Sand (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The rise and fall of a famous matador.*

AGAINST the trumping, tempting sounds of soft guitars, the louder beating, wailing throbs of Spanish music, the color, the glamour, the horror of Spain's greatest sport—bullfighting—is laid a story of a boy with one ambition burning in his heart, a boy who grew to realize that ambition and then to taste deeply the bitterness and loneliness of success.

Tyrone Power gives one of his finest performances as the ignorant, swaggering, defiant matador, the boy who grew to become Spain's hero—for one brief moment. The scene in the bull ring is one of great suspense, thrills and color. It will make the heart beat faster and pulses bound with something like horror. In this scene Tyrone is triumphant.

Rita Hayworth, the siren who lures Power away from his wife, Linda Darnell, is beautiful and alluring. Linda does her best work for our money.

Against any comparison to the picture made by Valentino, this one easily rates equal merit, and in many instances, surpasses it. John Carradine, Nazimova, Laird Cregar and J. Carrol Naish are perfectly cast. The musical score really lifts the story far above the level of average story-telling. It's the best music heard in a long time.

Your Reviewer Says: A double-check hit.

✓ One Night In Lisbon (Paramount)

It's About: *An American screwball who woos an English frigidaire.*

MAY we rise up on our two feet and demand to know why American young men abroad are constantly depicted on the screen as zany half-wits? Do we really behave so idiotically, imitating duck calls in London air raid shelters, lunching on sidewalks 'mid shot and shell, climbing in and out of strange windows à la Romeo?

Well, maybe if we don't we should, for audiences ate up Fred MacMurray's odd goings-on to the tune of much laughter, that's certain.

While we're quizzing, is it possible in this day and age, we wonder, for any young lady as comely as Madeleine Carroll to be so excruciatingly naïve?

Well, maybe we're being a bit too fussy, for this odd adaptation of "There's Always Juliet" certainly has its gay, light and amusing moments. Interesting, too, is its locale of London in wartime, that switches, in some queer manner, to Lisbon, Portugal, and ends up as the locale of a bedroom farce.

The dialogue is coy and suggestive. Fred MacMurray as the breezy (windy, even) American is appealing and John Loder as Madeleine's English suitor is something, believe us.

Your Reviewer Says: Incendiary love.

Her First Beau (Columbia)

It's About: *Puppy love and its cure.*

CHALK this up on the black board as a Jane Withers' honey. Note, also, that Jane had to wander away from her own studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, in order to get a vehicle halfway worthy of her.

While it pains the victim and is really no laughing matter, there is something screamingly funny to adults about puppy love. Poor Jane is its victim when her youthful uncle, William Tracy, brings around the handsome Kenneth Howell, who innocently steals Jane's heart.

Her first backless evening dress, the bewilderment of her steady beau, Jackie Cooper, the boy next door, her aggravated father, Addison Richards, all add to the hilarity.

Edgar Buchanan and Una O'Connor are swell. But it's Jane and Jackie who lead the grand march of fun.

Your Reviewer Says: A chuckle a minute.

She Knew All the Answers (Columbia)

It's About: *The show girl, a playboy and his guardian.*

JOAN BENNETT is a show girl who sets out to convince old Mr. Stuffed Shirt, Franchot Tone, that she would make a proper wife for his ward, John Hubbard.

In order to be near Tone, the stern guardian, and thus be able to break down his resistance, Joan takes a job in his Wall Street office. From then on it's everybody for himself as far as the love interest is concerned. This isn't a very good movie nor is it a bad one. Nestling comfortably somewhere between these two extremes it's a cozy little picture with several good corny laugh-provoking moments.

Tone is outstanding and Mr. Hubbard threatens to be very good one of these days.

Your Reviewer Says: Good summer fare.

The Black Cat (Universal)

It's About: *Murders in an old mansion.*

IT'S all been done before—the murders, the eerie old manse, the heirs who all become suspects, the blundering young man (this time it's a real-estate salesman) who eventually solves the mystery—but for some reason it still remains good entertainment.

It is even better entertainment than usual with such actors as Basil Rathbone, Hugh Herbert, Broderick Crawford and Bela Lugosi to raise goose pimples on the customers. Herbert, of course, tickles the funny bone when the others aren't "spooking," and even when they are, for that matter.

Gale Sondergaard, as the housekeeper, is the scariest dame you can imagine.

Your Reviewer Says: Boo! It's a scary-cat.

Too Many Blondes (Universal)

It's About: *A jealous wife and singer husband who save up for a divorce.*

THIS is definitely the worst picture to come out of Hollywood in a ripe old coon's age. It's simply unbelievable that anyone should expect customers to view this picture and not walk out. Here, in a nutshell, is the handwriting on the wall; Hollywood had better wake up to it and wake up fast.

Rudy Vallee, a nice guy and one we admire, should rush back to his radio microphone and stay there if this is a

ir sample of his acting ability. Helen arrish, his jealous wife, has been badly ast and has no opportunity to click.

Whether the fault lies with the pro-ucer, the director or the story we ouldn't know or care. All we're con-erned with is the result and that, ladies nd gentlemen, is nil.

our Reviewer Says: Picture, stay 'way rom my door.

Scattergood Pulls the Strings (RKO-Radio)

s About: *Our small-town sage rescues runaway waif.*

UY KIBBEE is so human, so natural in his role of *Scattergood Baines*, the nall-town Mr. Fixit, it's difficult to ealize where *Scattergood* leaves off and ibbee begins.

Second in the series, this story keeps ace with the first one and, in some stances, surpasses it. For one thing the ory of a runaway boy (Bobs Watson) as many appealing possibilities and ibbee and young Watson make the ost of them.

Emma Dunn is very good in her role f *Mirandy*. The whole cast, in fact, fit eir homey comfortable roles like gloves.

our Reviewer Says: Something for big-owners and small-towners alike.

ffectionately Yours (Warners)

's About: *The attempts of a divorced usband to win back his wife.*

AS Hollywood lost its fine old touch when it comes to farcical comedy? ertainly the recent crop of comedies ould indicate this to be a fact, with Affectionately Yours" one of the clum-est, unfunniest of the lot.

For one thing, everybody tries too hard. ituations are so obviously and labori-usly concocted the audience really eels sympathetically embarrassed for the ctors.

The cast is good and even the premise fair. It tells how Dennis Morgan, a oreign newspaper correspondent, tries nd tries to win back Merle Oberon, ho has divorced him. But, somehow, misses, despite the splendid support f Ralph Bellamy, Rita Hayworth and ames Gleason.

our Reviewer Says: Frankly—no.

Rookies on Parade (Republic)

's About: *Playboy, bad boy who be-omes good boy, soldier boy.*

A LOT of talented people mess around in this unimportant little movie that ill do nicely for hot-weather trade—hich means audiences won't be required o do a single bit of thinking. They can sten to Bob (Bing's brother) Crosby's arbling; laugh at the antics of Marie Vilson, Cliff Nazarro, William Demarest nd Eddie Foy, Jr.; enjoy the singing of uth Terry and Gertrude Niesen; and hen go home, if no wiser, at least a bit ore refreshed.

The Army camp routines are cute. ill Shirley, a newcomer, is the surprise f the show.

our Reviewer Says: You've seen worse.



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DO THE DEAD RETURN?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," tells of astonishing experiences in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. Here he lived among the lamas, mystic priests of the temple. "In your previous lifetime," a very old lama told him, "you lived here, a lama in this temple. You and I were boys together. I lived on, but you died in youth, and were reborn in England. I have been expecting your return."

The young Englishman was amazed as he looked around the temple where he was believed to have lived and died. It seemed uncannily familiar, he appeared to know every nook and corner of it, yet—at least in this lifetime—he had never been there before. And mysterious was the set of circumstances that had brought him. Could it be a case of reincarnation, that strange belief of the East that souls return to earth again and again, living many lifetimes?

Because of their belief that he had formerly been a lama in the temple, the lamas welcomed the young man with open arms and taught him rare mysteries and long-hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which have enabled many to perform amazing feats. He says that the system often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, can be used to achieve brilliant business and professional success as well as great happiness. The young man himself later became a noted explorer and geographer, a successful publisher of maps and atlases of the Far East, used throughout the world.

"There is in all men a sleeping giant of mindpower," he says. "When awakened, it can make man capable of surprising feats, from the prolonging of youth to success in many other worthy endeavors." The system is said by many to promote improvement in health; others tell of increased bodily strength, courage and poise.

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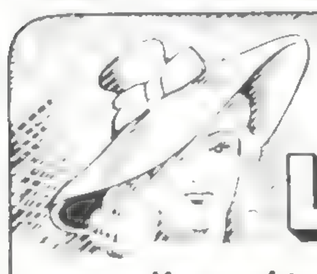
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RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Lady From Louisiana (Republic)

It's About: *Lottery rackets of the Old South that rival modern racketeering.*

JOHN WAYNE, given the proper vehicles, is a good actor, and Ona Munson a fine actress, but this one proved too much for both of them.

The color of the Southern city of New Orleans in the early '90's and even the climax when the mighty Mississippi floods its banks, fail to rescue this story from mediocrity.

Wayne, of course, is the upstanding young attorney who attempts to eradicate the lottery racket. Ona, with whom he falls in love, is the daughter of the main offender. Write your own ticket from there on in.

Your Reviewer Says: Much ado about nothing worth while.

I'll Wait For You (M-G-M)

It's About: *A smart young crook who finds refuge and love in the country.*

ALL those who remember that tiptop picture, "Hide-Out," please hold up your hands. Good, you'll be happy to know it's here again—the story of a night-club racketeer who flees the police and finally finds refuge on a Connecticut farm.

Robert Sterling is a sure-fire comer as the crook and Marsha Hunt is so good as the girl who cares for him. Virginia Weidler, Fay Holden and Paul Kelly add plenty of strength.

Your Reviewer Says: Human little document.

The People vs. Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)

It's About: *Dr. Kildare on trial.*

OUT of the hospital and into the courtroom goes *Dr. Kildare* to stand trial for malpractice. The suit is instigated by Bonita Granville, an ice skater, who emerges from an operation a paralytic.

The unpleasant theme is relieved in odd spots by the comedy of Red Skelton and Eddie Acuff as internes, but for our money it's far below the standard of these series. Lew Ayes as *Dr. Kildare*, Lionel Barrymore as *Dr. Gillespie* and Laraine Day as nurse *Mary Lamont* stand up under the ordeal rather well.

Your Reviewer Says: Passing fair.

Roar of the Press (Monogram)

It's About: *Murder that interrupts a honeymoon.*

A MAN can't even honeymoon in peace, according to the movies. Here's Wally Ford, for example, a crack newspaper reporter who marries his sweetheart, Jean Parker, and finds himself assigned to a murder story before he can so much as kiss the bride.

There's more darned complications always setting in that somehow, only don't press me for the details, get ironed out.

Wally Ford is a good actor and deserves better. For that matter, my friends, so do you.

Your Reviewer Says: Everyone means well, but—

Naval Academy (Columbia)

It's About: *Three boys who are "redeemed" by the Navy discipline.*

IN the rush of pictures dealing with some phase of military service we find this one just one too many.

The story deals with three lads, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon and Billy Cook, who is each a problem child in his own right (or is it wrong?). Due to the strict discipline of a naval academy, they find themselves bigger and better boys, ready to carry on the work with new problem plebes.

The three boys are good. Unfortunately, the story isn't.

Your Reviewer Says: A weakie.

✓ In the Navy (Universal)

It's About: *Pandemonium in the Navy.*

IN which direction the wind is blowing can best be judged by the actual title of this picture which is "Bud Abbott and Lou Costello and Dick Powell in the Navy." Try that on your marquee.

Our contention is that while the boys are good they're not that good and unless snappier, more unusual routines are immediately forthcoming this sure-fire box-office team (don't ask us how Dick Powell landed in the title) will be deader than a dodo bird.

"In The Navy" is not quite so funny as "Buck Privates," the team's Army picture, but it's funny enough to keep any audience amused and entertained. Some of the gags are hilarious, such as Costello's nightmare.

Dick Powell, Dick Foran, the singing, stepping Andrews Sisters and Claire Dodd add class to the antics of this pair of nitwits.

Your Reviewer Says: A real blues-chaser.

Time Out for Rhythm (Columbia)

It's About: *Two New York agents who find success only as a team.*

HERE is a B musical with an array of talent from here to there that goes to town in a big way, only to leave the picture right where they found it—in the B minus bracket.

Rudy Vallee sings; Ann Miller, the hit of the show, dances; Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Band along with Eddie Durant's Rhumba Orchestra supply the rhythm; and Six Hits and a Miss contribute some fine warbling.

Brenda and Cobina and the Three Stooges annoy the audience with corny attempts at humor. Allen Jenkins surprises with his fast stepping. Joan Merrill sings well and Richard Lane and Rosemary Lane handle the straight parts.

With all those people you'd expect bigger and better things, wouldn't you? Well, brother, you don't get them.

Your Reviewer Says: Good talent wasted.

Men of the Timberland (Universal)

It's About: *A plot to despoil a timber tract.*

THE big outdoors is crowded into a little indoor movie that emerges well-meaning action drama. It has Richard Arlen, a forest ranger who singlehanded frustrates a plot to despoil a timber tract, and Andy Devine as the lumber boss. Both are good.

Linda Hayes is a pretty heroine.

Your Reviewer Says: Little but peppy.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(*Continued from page 17*)

it gives us, right now, Spencer Tracy and Lana Turner two very "today" personalities in that creaky old "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" . . . can't the moviemakers realize that the basic thing that interests anyone in any story is "how does it come out?". . . can anyone today have any doubt, after the number of times it has been made and remade, how "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" comes out?

The loss to a star's value by being cast in a bad story is almost impossible to overestimate . . . if you admire that great actress, Martha Scott, don't go to see "They Dare Not Love" (George Brent is also in this one, but Brent has already survived so many horrors as to be absolutely turkey-proof) . . . the throwing away of Humphrey Bogart in such stuff as "The Wagons Roll At Night" . . . the ignoring of thousands of women practically drooling every time Mr. George Sanders comes on the screen and yet casting him again and again as the heaviest of cads. . . .

I WONDERED the other night as I sat at the terrific and amazing tenth anniversary dinner that NBC gave to Jack Benny . . . celebrating Jack's triumphant ten years in radio . . . what would happen to our movie stars if they could each of them have teams of writers working constantly and exclusively for them . . . as constantly and understandingly as Jack has had Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin working on his air shows . . . writers wringing out the star's best talents to maintain him year after year. . . .

Stars make mistakes on stories certainly . . . Carole Lombard, with absolute say-so on her vehicles, chose both those duds, "They Knew What They Wanted" and "Vigil in the Night". . . but Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, together and separately, know how to cast themselves correctly . . . so does Charles Boyer . . . so does the majority of stars who migrate from studio to studio . . . but the ones that are under contract all too often suffer . . . Walter Pidgeon, for example, after his delightful work in "It's A Date" should have done much better for himself than Metro did for him when they put him merely into another *Nick Carter* story, and a bad one at that . . . or when after Laraine Day's brilliance in "My Son, My Son!" they cast her once more as the practically speechless *Mary* in the *Kildare* series. . . .

Of course, sometimes in their choice of roles there is more than meets the eye . . as far back as two years ago Jeanette MacDonald was talking about doing a remake of "Smilin' Through". . . talking about it . . . being for it . . . for the heartwarming reason that she knew there was a fine role for Gene Raymond in it . . . Jeanette and Gene, both, want to work together to show the world one happily married Hollywood couple . . . just as recently, and so very successfully, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell revealed themselves in "Model Wife" . . . and as Ilona Massey and Alan Curtis will appear in "New Wine" . . . thus . . . even if our movie-makers balk at showing us love stories on the screen . . . at least we have them off screen . . . which really does balance the threat of the "sweater girls" by more than enough to keep us all safe . . . just as our grandfathers survived the threat of the "bloomer" girls and if you can recall any of their pictures you will know how truly terrifying they were . . . whoops!



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Casts of Current Pictures

"ADVENTURE IN WASHINGTON"— Columbia. Screen play by Lewis R. Foster and Arthur Caesar. From the story by Jeanne Spencer and Albert Benham. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Cast: *Senator John Coleridge,* Herbert Marshall; *Jane Scott,* Virginia Bruce; *Marty Driscoll,* Gene Reynolds; *Senator Henry Owen,* Samuel S. Hinds; *Senator Cummings,* Ralph Morgan; *Bundy,* Vaughn Glaser; *Collins,* Charles Smith; *Abbott,* Dickie Jones; *Frank Conroy,* Pierre Watkin; *Jim O'Brien,* J. M. Kerrigan; *Peewee Haynes,* Tommy Bond; *Chubby Wells,* Billy Dawson; *Lenny Root,* Charles Lind; *Miss Nolan,* Mary Currier.

"AFFECTIONATELY YOURS" — Warners. Screen play by Edward Kaufman. From the story by Fanya Foss and Aleen Leslie. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Cast: *Sue Mayberry,* Merle Oberon; *Richard Mayberry,* Dennis Morgan; *Irene Malcolm,* Rita Hayworth; *Owen Wright,* Ralph Bellamy; *Pasha,* George Tobias; *Chester Phillips,* James Gleason; *Cynthia,* Hattie McDaniel; *Cullen,* Jerome Cowan; *Butterfly,* Butterfly McQueen; *Mrs. Snell,* Renie Riano; *Tom,* Frank Wilcox; *Miss Anderson,* Grace Stafford; *Anita,* Carmen Morales; *Blair,* Murray Alper; *Matthews,* William Haade; *Harmon,* Pat Flaherty.

"BILLY THE KID"—M-G-M. Screen play by Gene Fowler. Story by Howard Emmett Rogers and Bradbury Foote. Suggested by the book, "The Saga of Billy The Kid," by Walter Noble Burns. Directed by David Miller. Cast: *Billy Bonney,* Robert Taylor; *Jim Sherwood,* Brian Donlevy; *Eric Keating,* Ian Hunter; *Edith Keating,* Mary Howard; *Dan Hickey,* Gene Lockhart; *"Spike" Hudson,* Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Tim Ward,* Henry O'Neill; *Ed Bronson,* Guinn Williams; *Sheriff,* Cy Kendall; *"Buzz" Cobb,* Ted Adams; *Judge Blake,* Frank Conlan; *Pedro Gonzales,* Frank Puglia; *Bart Hodges,* Mitchell Lewis; *Kirby Claxton,* Dick Curtis; *Ed Shanahan,* Grant Withers; *Milton,* Joe Yule; *Jesse Martin,* Earl Gunn; *Pat Shanahan,* Eddie Dunn; *"Bat" Smithers,* Carl Pitti; *Thad Decker,* Kermit Maynard.

"BLACK CAT, THE"—Universal. Original screen play by Robert Lees and Fred Rinaldo, Eric Taylor and Robert Neville. Suggested by the story by Edgar Allen Poe. Directed by Albert S. Rogell, Cast: *Hartley,* Basil Rathbone; *Mr. Penny,* Hugh Herbert; *Hubert Smith,* Brod Crawford; *Eduardo,* Bela Lugosi; *Abigail Doone,* Gale Sondergaard; *Elaine Winslow,* Anne Gwynne; *Myrna Hartley,* Gladys Cooper; *Henrietta Winslow,* Cecilia Loftus.

"BLOOD AND SAND"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Based on the novel by Vincente Blasco Ibanez. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Cast: *Juan,* Tyrone Power; *Carmen Espinosa,* Linda Darnell; *Dona Sol,* Rita Hayworth; *Senora Augustias,* Nazimova; *Manolo de Palma,* Anthony Quinn; *Garabato,* J. Carrol Naish; *El Nacional,* John Carradine; *Encarnation,* Lynn Bari; *Natalio Curro,* Laird Cregar; *Guitarist,* Vicente Gomez; *Don Jose Alvarez,* Pedro De Cordoba; *Pedro Espinosa,* Fortunio Bonanova; *Priest,* Victor Kilian; *La Pulga,* Michael Morris; *Pablo Gomez,* Charles Stevens; *Carmen (as a child),* Ann Todd; *Encarnation (as a child),* Cora Sue Collins; *Marquis,* Russell Hicks; *El Milquetoast,* Maurice Cass; *Juan (as a child),* Rex Downing; *Francisco,* John Wallace; *Attendant,* Albert Morin; *Engineer,* Harry Burns; *Gachis,* Jacqueline Dalya, Esther Estrella, and Cecilla Callejo.

"CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT"—Paramount. Original story and screen play by Harry Tugend. Directed by David Butler. Cast: *Don Bolton,* Bob Hope; *Tony Fairbanks,* Dorothy Lamour; *Steve,* Lynne Overman; *Bert,* Eddie Bracken; *Col. Peter Fairbanks,* Clarence Kolb; *Sergeant Burns,* Paul Hurst; *Yetta,* Ferike Boros; *Margie,* Phyllis Ruth; *Cogswell,* Irving Bacon; *Director,* Arthur Loft; *Recruiting Sergeant,* Edgar Dearing.

"HER FIRST BEAU"—Columbia. Screen play by Gladys Lehman and Karen DeWolf. Story by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. Directed by Theodore Reed. Cast: *Chuck Harris,* Jackie Cooper; *Penny Wood,* Jane Withers; *Milly Lou,* Edith Fellows; *Mrs. Wood,* Josephine Hutchinson; *Mervyn Roberts,* William Tracy; *Julie Harris,* Martha O'Driscoll; *Elmer Tuttle,* Edgar Buchanan; *Effie,* Una O'Connor; *Mr. Harris,* Jonathan Hale; *Roger Van Vleck,* Kenneth Howell; *Dr. Wood,* Addison Richards.

"I'LL WAIT FOR YOU"—M-G-M. Screen play by Guy Trosper. Based on a story by Mauri Grashin. Directed by Robert B. Sinclair. Cast: *"Lucky" Wilson,* Robert Sterling; *Pauline Miller,* Marsha Hunt; *Lizzie Miller,* Virginia Weidler; *Lieutenant McFarley,* Paul Kelly; *Mrs. Miller,* Fay Holden; *Mr. Miller,* Henry Travers; *Sergeant Brent,* Don Costello; *Sally Travers,* Carol Hughes; *Tony Barolli,* Reed Hadley; *Dr. Anderson,* Ben Weldon; *Cassell,* Theodor von Eltz; *Lapagos,* Leon Belasco; *Al,* Mitchell Lewis; *"Butch",* Joe Yule; *Joe,* Eddie Hart; *Pete,* Jerry Jerome; *Napkin Counter,* Steve Darrell; *Driver,* William Tannen.

"IN THE NAVY"—Universal. Screen play by Arthur T. Horman and John Grant. Original story by Arthur T. Horman. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: *Smokey Adams,* Bud Abbott; *Pomeroy Watson;* Lou Costello; *Tommy Halstead,* Dick Powell; *Dorothy Roberts,* Claire Dodd; *Patty, Maxene, LaVerne,* The Andrews Sisters; *Dynamite Dugan,* Dick Foran; *Butch,* Billy Lenhart; *Buddy,* Kenneth Brown; *Dizzy,* Shemp Howard. Dance specialties by The Condos Brothers.

"LADY FROM LOUISIANA" — Republic. Screen play by Vera Caspary, Michael Hogan and Guy Endore. Original story by Edward James and Francis Faragoh. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus Cast: *John Reynolds,* John Wayne; *Julie Mirbeau,* Ona Munson; *Blackie Williams,* Ray Middleton; *General Mirbeau,* Henry Stephenson; *Mrs. Brunot,* Helen Westley; *Cuffy,* Jack Fennick; *Felice,* Dorothy Dandridge; *Gaston,* Shimen Ruskin; *Pearl,* Jacqueline Dalya; *Judge Wilson,* Paul Scardon; *Senator Cassidy,* Major James H. Macnamara; *Littlefield,* James C. Morton; *Edwards,* Maurice Costello.

"LOVE CRAZY"—M-G-M Screen play by William Ludwig, Charles Lederer and David Hertz Original story by David Hertz and William Ludwig. Directed by Jack Conway. Cast: *Steve Ireland,* William Powell; *Susan Ireland,* Myrna Loy; *Isobel Grayson,* Gail Patrick; *Ward Willoughby,* Jack Carson; *Mrs. Cooper,* Florence Bates; *George Renny,* Sidney Blackner; *Dr. Wuthering,* Sig Rumann; *Dr. Klugle,* Vladimir Sokoloff; *"Pinky" Grayson,* Donald MacBride; *Cecilia Landis,* Sara Haden; *Mrs. Bristol,* Kathleen Lockhart; *Martha,* Fern Emmett; *Judge,* Joseph Crehan; *De West,* George Meeker; *Robert,* Clarence Muse; *Elevator Boy,* Elisha Cook, Jr.

"MEN OF THE TIMBERLAND"—Universal. Screen play by Maurice Tombragel and Griffin Jay. Original story by Paul Jarrico. Directed by John Rawlins. Cast: *Dick,* Richard Arlen; *Andy,* Andy Devine; *Kay,* Linda Hayes; *Jean,* Francis McDonald; *MacGregor,* Willard Robertson; *Lucky,* Paul E. Burns; *Tex,* Gaylord Pendleton; *Dudley,* Hardie Albright; *Withers,* Roy Harris; *Ranger,* John Ellis.

"MILLION DOLLAR BABY" — Warners. Screen play by Casey Robinson, Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald. From a story by Leonard Spigelgass. Directed by Curtis Bernhardt. Cast: *Pamela McAllister,* Priscilla Lane; *James Amory,* Jeffrey Lynn; *Peter Rowan,* Ronald Reagan; *Cornelia Wheelwright,* May Robson; *Josie La Rue,* Lee Patrick; *Mrs. Galloway,* Helen Westley; *Marlin,* George Barbier; *Flo,* Nan Wynn; *Dr. Patterson,* John Qualen; *Mr. Simpson,* Walter Catlett; *Mrs. Grayson,* Fay Helm; *George,* Richard Carle; *Ollie Ward,* John Ridgely; *Diana Bennet,* Maris Wrixon; *Callahan,* James Burke; *Parkinson,* Charles Halton; *Alvie Grayson,* John Sheffield.

"NAVAL ACADEMY"—Columbia. Original screen play by David Silverstein and Gordon Rigby. Based upon a story by Robert James Cosgriff. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Cast: *Steve Kendall,* Freddie Bartholomew; *Tommy Blake,* Jimmy Lydon; *Dick Brewster,* Billy Cook; *Captain Davis,* Pierre Watkin; *Lieutenant Brackett,* Warren Ashe; *Jimmy Henderson,* Douglas Scott; *Ray Cameron,* Warren Lloyd; *Matt Cooper,* James Butler; *Bill Foster,* Joe Brown, Jr.; *Fred Bailey,* David Durand; *Joey Martin,* Tommy Bupp; *John Frazier,* John Dilson; *C. P. O. Caldwell,* William Blees.

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"ONE NIGHT IN LISBON"—Paramount. Screen play by Virginia Van Upp. Based on a play by John Van Druten. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. Cast: *Leonora Perrycoste,* Madeleine Carroll; *Dwight Houston,* Fred MacMurray; *Catherine Enfilden,* Billie Burke; *Peter Walmsley,* John Loder; *Florence,* Dame May Whitty; *Gerry Houston,* Patricia Morison; *Sausalito Joe,* Akim Tamiroff.

"PEOPLE VS. DR. KILDARE, THE"—M-G-M. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck and Harry Ruskin. Based on an original story by Lawrence P. Bachmann and Max Brand. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: *Dr. James Kildare,* Lew Ayres; *Dr. Leonard Gillespie,* Lionel Barrymore; *Mary Lamont,* Laraine Day; *Frances Marlowe,* Bonita Granville; *Molly Byrd,* Alma Kruger; *Vernon Briggs,* Red Skelton; *Mr. Reynolds,* Paul Stanton; *Fay Lennox,* Diana Lewis; *Dr. Walter Carew,* Walter Kingsford; *Nurse Parker,* Nell Craig; *Mr. Channing,* Tom Conway; *Sally,* Marie Blake; *Clifford Genet,* Eddie Acuff; *Conover,* George H. Reeed; *Dan Morton,* Chick Chandler; *Mike Ryan,* Frank Orth; *Maisie,* Gladys Blake.

"ROAR OF THE PRESS"—Monogram. Screen play by Albert Duffy. Original story by Al Bloch. Directeed by Phil Rosen. Cast: *Wally Williams,* Wallace Ford; *Alice Williams,* Jean Parker; *Gorden Macewen,* Jed Prouty; *Angela Brooks,* Suzanne Kaaren; *Harry Brooks,* Harlan Tucker; *Louis Detmar,* Robert Frazer; *Robert Mallon,* John Howland; *Sparrow McGraun,* Paul Fix.

"ROOKIES ON PARADE"—Republic. Screen play by Karl Brown, Jack Townley and Milt Gross. Original story by Sammy Cahn and Saul Chaplin. Directed by Joseph Santley. Cast: *Duke Wilson,* Bob Crosby; *Lois Rogers,* Ruth Terry; *Marilyn Fenton,* Getrude Niesen; *Cliff Dugan,* Eddie Foy, Jr.; *Kitty Mulloy,* Marie Wilson; *Joe Martin,* Cliff Nazarro; *Mike Brady,* William Demarest; *Augustus Moody,* Sidney Blackmer; *Tiger Brannigan,* Horace MacMahon; *Bob Madison,* William Wright; *Tommy,* Jimmy Alexander; *Harry Haxom,* Louis Da Pon; *Bill,* Bill Shirley.

"SCATTERGOOD PULLS THE STRINGS"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Christy Cabanne, Bernard Schubert and John Kraft. From the stories by Clarence Budington Kelland. Directed by Christy Cabanne. Cast: *Scattergood Baines,* Guy Kibbee; *Jimmy Jordan,* Bobs Watson; *Ruth,* Susan Peters; *Urban Downs,* James Corner; *Mirandy,* Emma Dunn; *Pliny Pickett,* Dink Trout; *Hipp,* Paul White; *Homer Savage,* Gordon Hart; *Clara Potts,* Fern Emmett; *Ed,* Lasses White; *Ben Mott,* Monte Blue; *Emperor,* Rex; *Squire,* Carl Stockdale.

"SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS"—Columbia. Screen play by Harry Segall, Kenneth Earl and Curtis Kenyon. Based on the story by Jane Allen. Directed by Richard Wallace. Cast: *Gloria Winters,* Joan Bennett; *Mark Willows,* Franchot Tone; *Randy Bradford,* John Hubbard; *Sally Long,* Eve Arden; *Benny,* William Tracy; *George Wharton,* Pierre Watkin; *Elaine Wingate,* Almira Sessions; *J. D. Sutton,* Thurston Hall; *Ogleby,* Grady Sutton.

"SHINING VICTORY"—Warners. Screen play by Howard Koch and Anne Froelick. From a play by A. J. Cronin. Directed by Irving Rapper. Cast: *Dr. Paul Venner,* James Stephenson; *Dr. Mary Murray,* Geraldine Fitzgerald; *Dr. Drewett,* Donald Crisp; *Miss Leeming,* Barbara O'Neil; *Dr. Blake,* Montagu Love; *Professor Hermann Von Reiter,* Sig Ruman; *Dr. Thornton,* George P. Huntley, Jr.; *Dr. Hale,* Richard Ainley; *Dr. Bentley,* Bruce Lester; *Foster,* Leonard Mudie; *Mrs. Foster,* Doris Lloyd; *Dr. Esterhazy,* Frank Reicher; *Miss Hoffman,* Hermine Sterler; *Chivers,* Billy Devan; *Miss Dennis,* Clare Verdera; *Dr. Corliss,* Crawford Kent; *Jeweler,* Alec Craig.

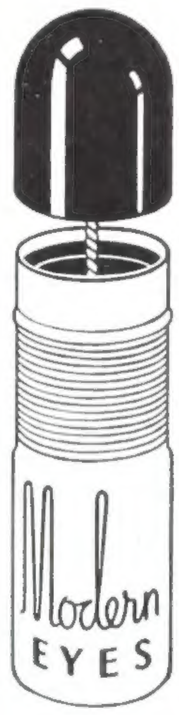
"SUNNY"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Sig Herzig. From the musical comedy "Sunny." Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Cast: *Sunny Sullivan,* Anna Neagle; *Bunny Billings,* Ray Bolger; *Larry Warren,* John Carroll; *Henry Bates,* Edward Everett Horton; *Juliet Runnymede,* Grace Hartman; *Egghead,* Paul Hartman; *Elizabeth Warren,* Frieda Inescort; *Aunt Barbara,* Helen Westley; *Maj. Montgomery Sloan,* Benny Rubin; *Muggins,* Muggins Davies; *Reporter,* Richard Lane; *Queen of Hearts,* Martha Tilton.

"TIME OUT FOR RHYTHM"—Columbia. Screen play by Edmund L. Hartmann and Bert Lawrence. Story by Bert Granet. Based upon a play by Alex Ruben. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: *Daniel Collins,* Rudy Vallee; *Kitty Brown,* Ann Miller; *Frances Lewis,* Rosemary Lane; *Off-Beat Davis,* Allen Jenkins; *Joan Merrill,* Herself; *Mike Armstrong,* Richard Lane; *James Anderson,* Stanley Andrews; The Three Stooges; Brenda & Cobina; Six Hits and a Miss; Eddie Durant's Rhumba Orchestra; Glen Gray and His Casa Loma Band.

"TOO MANY BLONDES"—Universal. Screen play by Maxwell Shane and Louis S. Kaye. Original story by Maxwell Shane. Directed by Thornton Freeland. Cast: *Dick Kerrigan,* Rudy Vallee; *Virginia Kerrigan,* Helen Parrish; *Marvin Gimble,* Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Wally Pelton,* Eddie Quillan; *Ted Bronson,* Jerome Cowan; *Hortense,* Iris Adrian; *Hotel Manager,* Edgar Kennedy.

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You Can't Print That about Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 29*)

The guests caught their breaths. One "friend" rushed down to the bar and said to Jim, "You'd better come and see what's going on upstairs!" Jim went up, and pulled his wife away from the party by her beautiful hair.

The next day, Barbara left home. A few weeks later, they were divorced, and the whole nation read of it with surprise over the breakfast coffee cups. Surprise, because no breath of scandal had ever touched either Jim or Barbara. They were supposed to be one of the few Very Happy Couples.

But you can't print that. Those things happen in Oskaloosa, too, but people would never think of that. People would just say, "Well, there's Hollywood for you." And it isn't.

JEANIE is the kind of girl you expect to know all the answers. For years she was the screen's foremost exponent of the good-natured, wisecracking, flip, glib, now-I'll-tell-one type of celluloid heroine. She won't see thirty again, and although she's smart and attractive, she's far from beautiful. And she's much too hail-fellow-well-met to be anybody's Dream Girl.

She should have known better, but three years ago Jeanie fell madly in love with a young business executive, and she wore her heart on her sleeve to the tune of headlines and romantic interviews in the fan magazines. Dick—the object of her affections—was so dazzled by the publicity and the reflected glory that he led Jeanie to believe he cared much more than he really did.

When he visited Jeanie on the Coast, she introduced him to everybody who was Anybody—and partly because they adored Jeanie, partly because Dick was good-looking and a nice fellow, everybody took him up socially. He had a wonderful time, and the columns kept predicting wedding bells for him and Jeanie.

Then the inevitable happened. Dick, who loved the glamour of it all, met one of the most glamorous stars of all—let's call her Eve. Eve was everything Jeanie was not. She was beautiful, dreamy, wistful, and clinging. Dick fell madly in love with her. Their wedding was one of the most elegant ever to take place on the West Coast.

Poor Jeanie was so stunned by this sudden switch in events that she turned her back on her career in pictures and went to New York to forget. Before long, she had captured the star part in a Broadway show.

But she threw herself into her work with such a vengeance that she seemed to be on the verge of a collapse. The press agent of her show summoned a doctor to attend her—a nice friendly fellow named Dr. Smith. The doctor treated Jeanie, nursed her back to health, fell in love with her—and, to provide the happy ending, married her.

But you can't print that. Dr. Smith knows he cured Jeanie's physical ailments. He's not aware that he mended a broken heart, too!

A FEW years ago Red was one of our best known amateur sportsmen, a lad whose chief weakness was dice. Red's losses over the gambling tables mounted into thousands of dollars every year, and he was constantly looking around for new sources of income so he could pay his debts.

One day Ronald, a movie producer, offered him a film contract at close to $2,000 a week. Naturally Red grabbed at it. And equally naturally, the night before he was to leave for the Coast he visited a gambling room over in New Jersey and wound up $14,000 in the red.

Jerry, who ran the gaming place, was known to be a bad boy when it came to handling welshers, but Red gave him some fast talk. He explained that he was heading for Hollywood the next day and would mail back a thousand dollars a week until the debt was paid.

After a month in Hollywood, Red found he was unable to pay even the first installment, thanks to a couple of Los Angeles dice games he had discovered. Jerry, furious by now, decided not to wait any longer. He flew to the Coast prepared to collect or pass out a bit of lead.

After some searching he located Red at a smart country club, where Red was playing poker with Ronald, his producer, and three other famous cinema biggies. When he saw Jerry, he excused himself from the game, pulled the gambler into a quiet corner, and began to unwind a long series of excuses.



Revolutionary fashion in Hollywood: Paulette Goddard's evening shorts

Jerry wasn't listening. "Who else is sitting in on that game?" he asked. Red named the players and pointed each out.

"Well, look," bargained Jerry. "I need some fast cash. None of these guys know me, so introduce me as a society pal from the East—I can get away with it. I'll do some fast dealing, and if I can knock off twenty thousand in the game we'll forget what you owe me."

Red agreed. Jerry sat in and started to use all the little tricks so easy for a professional gambler. It was easy to get the stakes raised, and within two hours he was ahead $110,000, with Red and his boss, Ronald, still even, and the losses split among Ed, Dave and Abe, the other players.

That night Ronald summoned Red to his home. "That was a pretty dirty thing you did this afternoon—ringing in a professional card shark to take us," he said.

Red, flustered, protested, but Ronald brushed off his explanations. "In a way," Ronald said, "you did me a favor. Ed is short of ready cash, and he was cleaned out today. So now I can buy my way into his studio, along with Abe and Dave. I'm really not mad. But don't think I like what you did. You're finished in Hollywood as soon as you finish your picture."

Red figured he'd been let off easy. He was egotistic enough to think that once his picture had been released he'd be in demand at every other studio in Hollywood. But he reckoned without Ronald's contempt for him. Ronald released the picture—but before he did, he cut every good scene Red had played, and it was one of the year's worst turkeys.

Red never made another picture. But Ronald made plenty. He's now one of the industry's greatest producers.

Still, you can't print that. It would shock the more upright members of the movie colony, who wouldn't consider it cricket for a lad—even a genius—to step into power because a friend had gone for a sleighride in a poker game. They might start snubbing Ronald, and he couldn't bear that. Because Ronald is a social climber. That's why he hired Red in the first place!

LITA'S fortune lies in her face and her form. On the screen she's a *femme fatale*, and when she kisses her celluloid sweethearts, brother, they stay kissed.

If you read the columns, you know that Lita has as many romances off screen as she has in pictures. In fact, a casual glance at the record would lead a gullible soul to guess that Lita makes Cleopatra look like a wallflower.

Well, newspaper chroniclers are kinder than you might suspect. Sometimes they choose not to print all they know, if the information isn't too important and if it would hurt someone's career. And thereby hangs Lita's tale. . . .

Lita was married to a husband she loved dearly, and she was thinking of quitting the screen and settling down to have a family when suddenly something happened. She and her husband were divorced, and before many months had passed he married a beautiful non-professional girl.

Lita fell in love then with a handsome orchestra leader who looked a lot like her ex-husband. This, she thought, was real. This would last. But it didn't. It was over before you could say, "What, again!" and a few weeks later the bandleader married a lovely blonde.

After a bit of torch-carrying, Lita fastened her heart onto her new leading man. He was charming, handsome, devoted. Everyone predicted they'd be married—you could see the lovelight in their eyes, couldn't you? Well, you could see it in Lita's. Not so brightly in the actor's. And after breaking it very gently to Lita, he eloped with another sweetheart.

As we go to press, Lita's in love again. This time it's a lad in the producing end of the business—a lad who was just jilted by a prominent star. He met Lita just after she'd been jilted, too, and they've decided they can forget with each other. Oh, it's a romance all right—but not exactly the kind Lita's fan club imagines.

But you can't print that. Every schoolgirl in the country thinks Lita is a perfumed killer-diller, eligible for honorary membership in the Northwest Mounted Police. They'd never again believe her scenarios if they knew that actually, Lita is just another girl who's unlucky in love.

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